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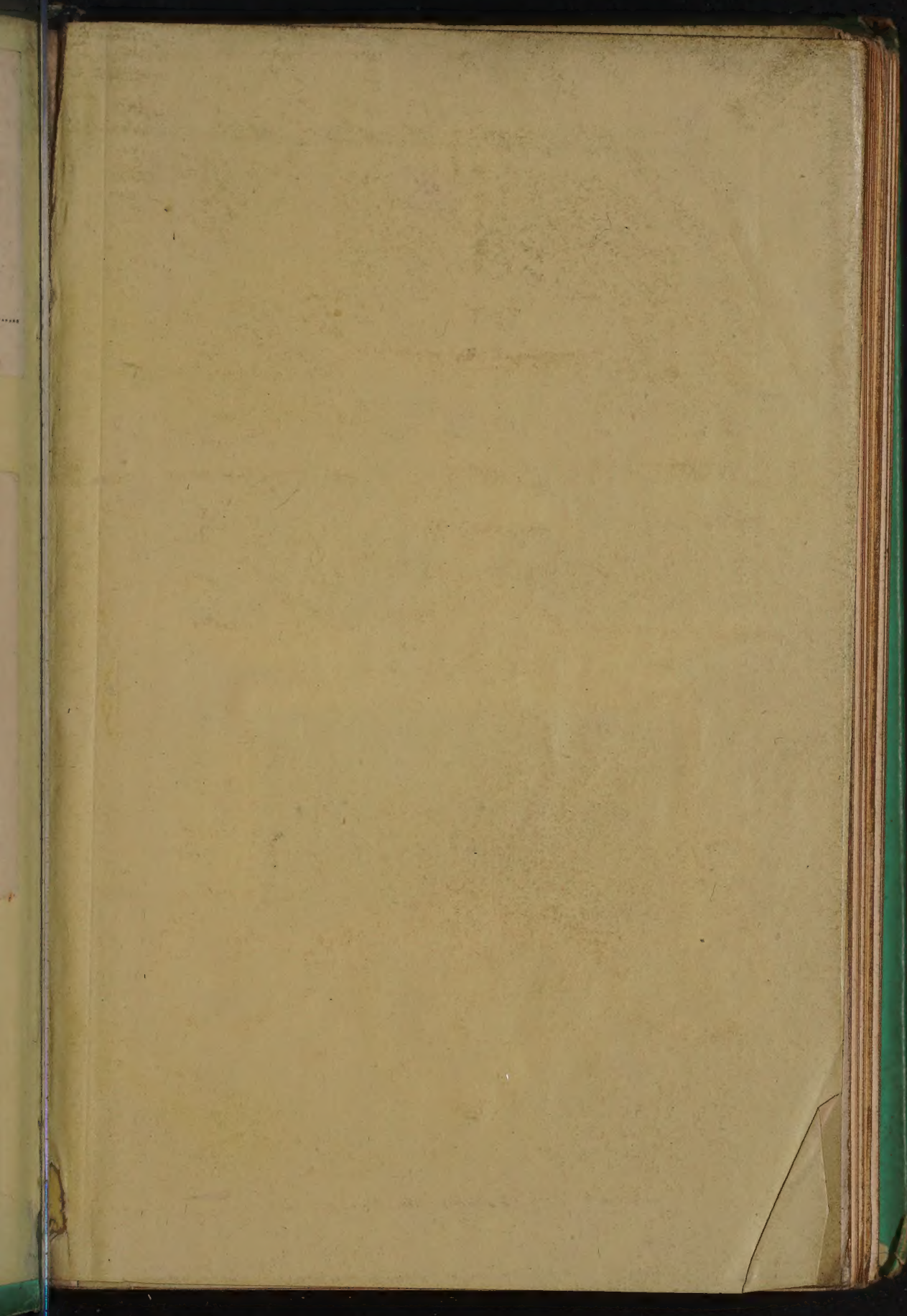
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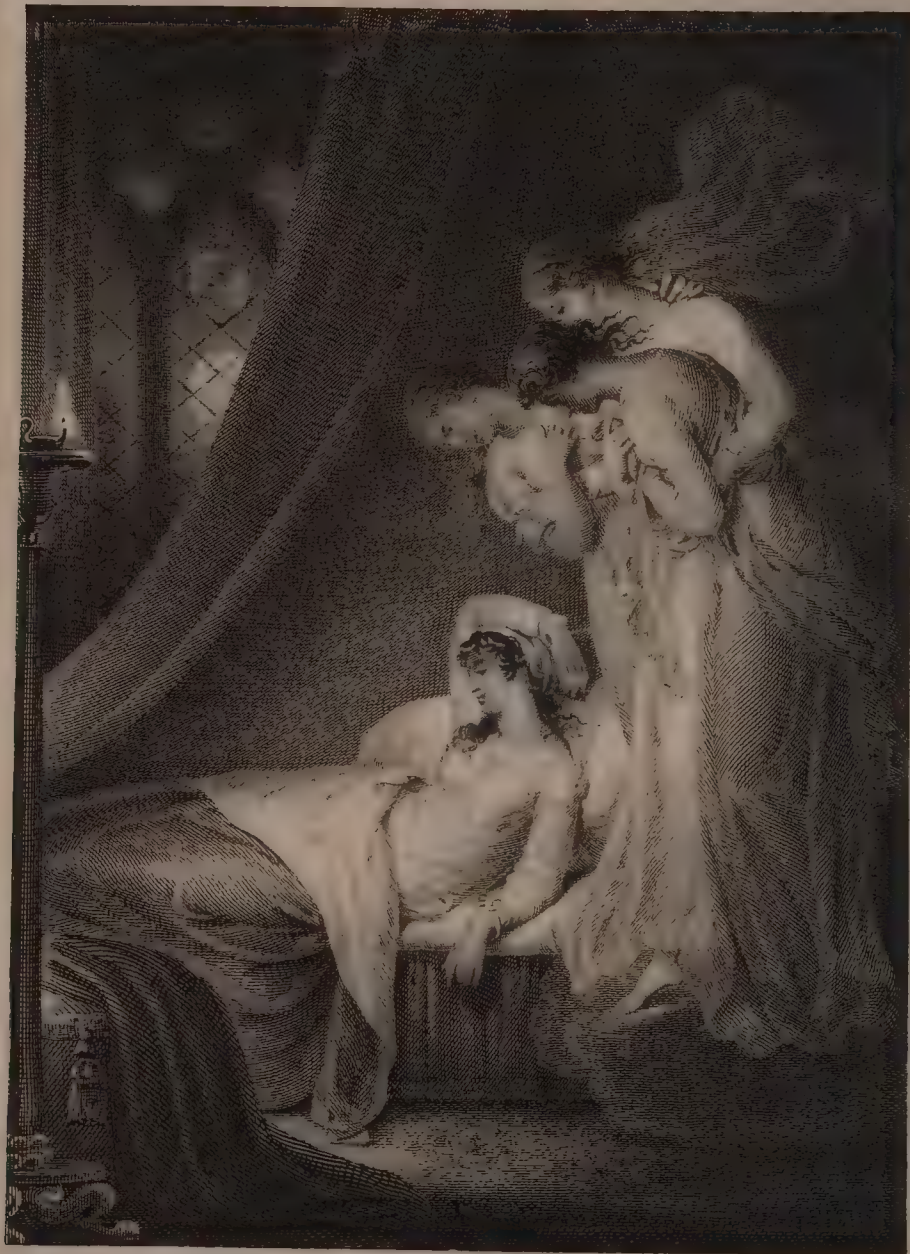
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SISTER'S DREAM.

Pub. by R. Ackermann T. London. 1825.

FORGET ME NOT;

A

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S PRESENT

FOR

MDCCCXXVIII.

Appealing, by the magic of its name,
To gentle feelings and affections, kept
Within the heart like gold.

L. E. L.

EDITED BY

FREDERIC SHOBERL.

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PREFACE.

DURING the five years which have elapsed since the appearance of the first portion of this Miscellany, it has so firmly established its claims to public favour, that the Editor conceives it to be scarcely necessary to detain the reader with any prefatory address, either for the purpose of bespeaking indulgence for defects, or directing attention to the merits, of this sixth volume—confident, from experience, that the one will not fail to be cheerfully granted, and the other to be duly appreciated. Without enlarging, therefore, on these topics, he submits it to the world, such as the united talents of the literary contributors, and of the artists engaged in its embellishment, have enabled him to make it.

The Editor cannot, however, forbear observing that, owing to the limits to which he is confined, and the unexpected length of some of the articles in this volume, he has been prevented from introducing many compositions intended for insertion; and he parti-

cularly regrets this circumstance on account of the disappointment that he well knows it will occasion. The liberality, indeed, with which materials have been supplied, has left him no difficulty but in the selection, and rendered that task not a little embarrassing: and though the manner in which he has performed it may, in certain cases, have excited feelings of personal pique, and even anger, still he cannot suffer that consideration to deter him from the conscientious discharge of the duty which he has undertaken.

It is but justice to remark, that the Editor is indebted for the short poems to which the distinguished names of CAMPBELL and MOORE are affixed, and also for the *Fragments* by TANNAHILL, to the kindness of literary friends, by whom they have been communicated in the persuasion that they are genuine, and that they have never yet appeared in print. With these exceptions, the present volume contains no compositions but what have been contributed by the writers themselves.

The estimation in which this Miscellany is held, both at home and abroad, might be in-

ferred from the extraordinary circulation alone which it has attained, were it not indicated by other circumstances. To say nothing of the Spanish translation, which has for some years past been provided by the Publisher in the *NO ME OLVIDES*, a German version of the prose tales in the last volume has been printed at Stuttgard, as the commencement of a series. The plan of a French translation has also suggested itself; and it seems not improbable that at least partial copies of this work may, ere long, make their regular appearance in the principal languages of the civilized world.

The Publisher and Editor cannot omit this opportunity of presenting their best thanks to all the literary contributors and artists whose talents have co-operated in the production of this volume. They also acknowledge their particular obligations to John Allnutt, Esq. of Clapham, for the gratuitous loan of two pictures in his valuable collection, *The Hop Girl*, and *The Logicians*; to Mr. T. Lupton, for the use of Martin's exquisite drawing of *The Seventh Plague*; and to Mr. Freeman, of Norwich, for that of *The Wedding Ring*.

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FORGET ME NOT.

THE SISTER'S DREAM.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

SHE sleeps!—but not the free and sunny sleep
That lightly on the brow of childhood lies ;
Though happy be her rest, and soft, and deep,
Yet, ere it sank upon her shadow'd eyes,
Thoughts of past scenes and kindred graves o'erswept
Her soul's meek stillness—she had pray'd and wept.

And now in visions to her couch they come,
The early lost—the beautiful—the dead—
That unto her bequeath'd a mournful home,
Whence with their voices all sweet laughter fled :
They rise—the sisters of her youth arise,
As from the world where no frail blossom dies.

And well the sleeper knows them not of earth—
Not as they were when binding up the flowers,
Telling wild legends round the winter-hearth,
Braiding their long fair hair for festal hours ;—
These things are past :—a spiritual gleam,
A solemn glory, robes them in that dream.

Yet if the glee of life's fresh budding years
In those pure aspects may no more be read,
Thence; too, hath sorrow melted—and the tears
Which o'er their mother's holy dust they shed
Are all effaced;—there earth hath left no sign,
Save its deep love, still touching every line:

But oh, more soft, more tender, breathing more
A thought of pity than in vanish'd days;
While hov'ring silently and brightly o'er
The lone one's head, they meet her spirit's gaze
With their immortal eyes, that seem to say,
“ Yet, sister! yet we love thee—come away!”

'Twill fade, the radiant dream!—and will she not
Wake with more painful yearning at her heart?
Will not her home seem a yet lonelier spot,
Her tasks more sad, when those bright shadows part?
And the green Summer after them look dim,
And Sorrow's tone be in the birds' wild hymn?

But let her hope be strong! and let the dead
Visit her soul in Heaven's calm beauty still!
Be their names utter'd, be their memory spread
Yet round the place they never more may fill!
All is not over with earth's broken tie—
Where, where should sisters love, if not on high?

LINES WRITTEN IN SICKNESS.

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL, ESQ.

OH, Death ! if there be quiet in thine arms,
And I must cease—gently, oh, gently come
To me ! and let my soul learn no alarms,
But strike me, ere a shriek can echo, dumb,
Senseless, and breathless.—And thou, sickly life,
If the decree be writ, that I must die,
Do thou be guilty of no needless strife,
Nor pull me downwards to mortality,
When it were fitter I should take a flight—
But whither ? Holy Pity, hear, oh hear !
And lift me to some far-off skyey sphere,
Where I may wander in celestial light :
Might it be so—then would my spirit fear
To quit the things I have so loved, when seen—
The air, the pleasant sun, the summer green—
Knowing how few would shed one kindly tear,
Or keep in mind that I had ever been ?

THE SNOW.

BY THE "AUTHOR OF THE LEGEND OF GENEVIEVE," &c.

THE snow ! the snow !—'tis a pleasant thing
To watch it falling, falling
Down upon earth with noiseless wing,
As at some spirit's calling ;

Each flake is a fairy parachute,
From teeming clouds let down,
And earth is still, and air is mute,
As frost's enchanted zone.

The snow! the snow!—behold the trees
Their fingery boughs stretch out,
The blossoms of the sky to seize,
As they duck and dive about :
The bare hills plead for a covering,
And, ere the gray twilight,
Around their shoulders broad shall cling
An arctic cloak of white.

The snow! the snow!—alas! to me
It speaks of far-off days,
When a boyish skater, mingling free
Amid the merry maze :
Methinks I see the broad ice still ;
And my nerves all jangling feel,
Blending with tones of voices shrill
The ring of the slider's heel.

The snow! the snow!—soon dusky night
Drew his murky curtains round
Lone earth, while a star of lustre bright
Peep'd from the blue profound.
Yet what cared we for darkening lea,
Or warning bell remote? .

With shout and cry we scudded by,
And found the bliss we sought.

The snow! the snow!—'twas ours to wage,
How oft, a mimic war,
Each white ball tossing in wild rage,
That left a gorgeous scar:
While doublets dark were powder'd o'er,
Till darkness none could find,
And valorous chiefs had wounds before,
And caitiff chiefs behind.

The snow! the snow!—I see him yet,
That piled-up giant grim,
To startle horse and traveller set,
With Titan girth of limb.
We hoped, oh, ice-ribb'd Winter bright!
Thy sceptre could have screen'd him;
But traitor Thaw stole forth by night,
And cruelly guillotined him!

The snow! the snow! Lo Eve reveals
Her starr'd map to the moon,
And o'er hush'd earth a radiance steals
More bland than that of noon:
The fur-robed genii of the Pole
Dance o'er our mountains white,
Chain up the billows as they roll,
And pearl the caves with light.

The snow! the snow! It brings to mind
 A thousand happy things,
 And but one sad one—'tis to find
 Too sure that Time hath wings!
 Oh! ever sweet is sight or sound
 That tells of long ago;
 And I gaze around, with thoughts profound,
 Upon the falling snow.

Δ.

ERIN MA VOURNEEN.

BY THOMAS MOORE, ESQ.

WHEN the pure soul of honour shall cease to inspire
 thee,
 And kind hospitality leave thy gay shore,
 And the nations that know thee shall cease to admire
 thee,
 Then, Erin ma vourneen! I'll love thee no more!

When the trumpet of Fame shall cease to proclaim thee
 Of heroes the nurse, as in ages of yore;
 And the muse and the records of genius disclaim thee,
 Then, Erin ma vourneen! I'll love thee no more!

When thy brave sons shall cease to be generous and
 witty,
 And cease to be loved by the fair they adore,
 And thy daughters shall cease to be virtuous and pretty,
 Then, Erin ma vourneen! I'll love thee no more!

TIME EMPLOYED, TIME ENJOYED.

ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG LADY FROM WHOM THE AUTHOR
HAD RECEIVED AN ELEGANTLY WROUGHT WATCH-
POCKET.

WITHIN this curious case
Time's sentinel I place,
Who, while calm unconscious slumber
Shuts creation from mine eyes,
Through the silent gloom shall number
Every moment as it flies,
And record, at dawn of day,
Thrice ten thousand past away.

On each of these my breath
May pause 'twixt life and death;
By a subtler line depending
Than the ray of twinkling light,
Which the smallest star is sending
Every moment through the night;
For, on films more finely spun,
All things hang beneath the sun.

Rapt through a wildering dream,
Awake in sleep I seem;
Sorrow wrings my soul with anguish,
Joy expands my throbbing breast;
Now o'erwhelm'd with care I languish,
Now serene and tranquil rest:

Morning comes; and all between
Is as though it ne'er had been.

But Time has day-light hours,
And man immortal powers;
Waking joy and sleepless sorrow,
Worldly care, celestial peace;
Life, renewing every morrow,
Not with death itself shall cease;
Man, through all eternity,
What he here hath been shall be!

May she, whose skilful hand
This fairy net-work plann'd,
Still in innocent employment,
Far from vanity and vice,
Seek the pearl of true enjoyment,
On her path to Paradise;
Time, for earth or heaven employ'd,
(Both have claims) is Time enjoy'd.

Every day to her in flight
Bequeath a gem at night,—
Some sweet hope, some hallow'd pleasure,
From remembrance ne'er to part;
Hourly blessings swell the treasure
Hidden in her grateful heart;
And may every moment cast
Brighter glory on her last!

Sheffield.

J. M.

THE HAREBELL AND THE FOX- GLOVE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NUGÆ SACRÆ," &c.

IN a valley obscure, on a bank of green shade,
A sweet little Harebell her dwelling had made :
Her roof was a woodbine, that tastefully spread
Its close-woven tendrils, o'erarching her head ;
Her bed was of moss, that each morning made new ;
She dined on a sunbeam, and supp'd on the dew ;
Her neighbour, the nightingale, sung her to rest ;
And care had ne'er planted a thorn in her breast.

One morning she saw, on the opposite side,
A Foxglove displaying his colours of pride :
She gazed on his form that in stateliness grew,
And envied his height and his brilliant hue ;
She mark'd how the flow'rets all gave way before him,
While they press'd round her dwelling with far less
decorum ;
Dissatisfied, jealous, and peevish she grows,
And the sight of this Foxglove destroys her repose.

She tires of her vesture, and swelling with spleen,
Cries, " Ne'er such a dowdy blue mantle was seen !"
Nor keeps to herself any longer her pain,
But thus to a Primrose begins to complain :
" I envy your mood, that can patient abide
The respect paid that Foxglove, his airs and his pride :

10 THE HAREBELL AND THE FOXGLOVE.

There you sit, still the same, with your colourless
cheek;

But you have no spirit—would I were as meek!”

The Primrose good-humour'd replied, “ If you knew
More about him—(remember I'm older than you,
And, better instructed, can tell you his tale)—
You'd envy him least of all flowers in the vale:
With all his fine airs and his dazzling show,
No blossom more baneful and odious can blow;
And the reason the flow'rets before him give way
Is because they all hate him and shrink from his sway.

“ To stay near him long would be fading or death,
For he scatters a pest with his venomous breath;
While the flowers that you fancy are crowding you there
Spring round you, delighted your converse to share:
His flame-colour'd robe is imposing, 'tis true;
Yet who likes it so well as your mantle of blue?
For we know that of innocence one is the vest,
The other the cloak of a treacherous breast.

“ I see your surprise—but I know him full well,
And have number'd his victims, as fading they fell;
He blighted twin violets that under him lay,
And poison'd a sister of mine the same day.”—
The Primrose was silent—the Harebell, 'tis said,
Inclined for a moment her beautiful head;
But quickly recover'd her spirits, and then
Declared that she ne'er should feel envy again.

THE SUN-DIAL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE LEGEND OF GENEVIEVE," &c.

But oh the scenes 'mid which they met and parted—
The thoughts, the recollections, sweet and bitter—
The Elysian dreams of lovers, when they loved—
Who shall restore them ?
Less lovely are the fugitive clouds of eve,
And not more vanishing.

MATURIN.

THE crimson sunshine of a July evening streamed in through the eastern window of the cottage, illuminating all the apartment with a mellow richness. Without-doors the wind was breathing so gently, as scarcely to stir the limber strings of honeysuckle which encircled the casement, amid the moony flowers of which the bees profoundly murmured, as if revelling to intoxication in an elysium of sweets. My heart partook of the hue of the hour, and I could not help exclaiming to my worthy old friend, "Come, let us throw aside this everlasting chess-board, and take a stroll through your garden. 'Tis sinful to strangle such an hour within doors."

"With all my heart," answered the veteran; and throwing open the glazed door of his sanctuary, we were at once in the heart of greenery, sunshine, and perfume.

Considering the size of the house, the garden was disproportionately large; but it was not only admirably laid out, but kept in the trimmest order. Not a weed

was to be seen in the flower-border, not a tuft of grass on the gravel walks; yet my friend informed me that he employed no gardener, and took the whole charge upon himself.

After admiring the rich variety of his fruits and flowers as we passed along, he next conducted me to a stone summer-house, handsomely supported on pilasters; on ascending the steps and entering the door of which, I found myself in a remarkably snug, and somewhat elegant, little library. Its shape was octagonal; and there was a window for each of the cardinal points, commanding extensive prospects of the country around; the concave roof was somewhat elaborately ornamented with stucco emblems and figures, to use the fantastic expression of Coleridge, "all cut out of the carver's brain;" and beside some open books on the table lay a large telescope.

The country around looked so beautiful in the declining sunlight, that I could not help expressing my admiration. Immediately beneath the eye lay the rich labyrinth of the garden. Afar to the right extended a wide luxuriant country, with its woods, rivers, corn-fields, and meadows; while, to the left, at no great distance, shone the burnished face of ocean, with its anchored vessels and gliding fisher-boats. I could not but exclaim, as I gazed around me, "Can any suppose that earth has degenerated from its primitive beauty? If such there be, they need only enter your summer-house to be converted."

"Yes, 'tis a sweet place, I allow," said the old sailor; "and many a time, on the other side of the world, have I spent an idle hour in dreaming of it. To be sure, it belonged to others then; and though it be mine now, the purchase was any thing but a joyful one."

Upon hinting my ignorance of the circumstances alluded to, he said, "Come, then, as we saunter through the garden, I will unravel to you a little of my knotted history; and should you find me tedious, impute it, in charity, not to egotism, but friendship, for I trust I am not proverbially garrulous about my private matters."

"Should the disclosure be painful, let not my curiosity induce you," said I, "to awaken unpleasant feelings."

"Not a bit, not a bit," he answered. "What has been has been, and cannot be altered. The subject has been too long familiar to my thoughts to act otherwise than—but, in short, you shall hear."

"That cottage wherein I dwell, and this shrubbery where we now stand, came to me not by inheritance, but by purchase. Perhaps you knew as much before, but may not have heard that its former proprietor and occupant was a Mr. Wardlaw, a retired gentleman of the law, whose son, Alexander, was my most intimate friend and school-companion."

"For years Alexander and I were quite inseparable, for our friendship was cemented by similarity of tastes and habits; and it would have been almost as impossible to find the one without the other, as without

his shadow. The consequence of this intimacy necessarily was, our chalking out some path through life where we might have the chance of being together: our favourite reading had been voyages and travels, and we determined both to go to sea.

“It was determined, however, by our friends, that, previous to this, we should be sent together for a session to the university; and though this was not much to our minds, we were necessitated to submit, and were placed in lodgings in the High-street of Edinburgh.

“Saturday being an idle day with us, we regularly set out early in the morning for home, alternately spending the Sunday at each other’s houses.

“It is here that my story commences, for I soon found, notwithstanding my strong predilection for our own cheerful hearth, that I yet felt an intenser degree of happiness in the anticipations of a visit to the parents of Alexander. Would you know the reason of this?—He had an only sister.

“Sophia Wardlaw was at that time about fifteen years of age, rather below than above the common stature, and of a slender figure. Her eyes were of a fine blue, her hair auburn, and her countenance not only handsome, but sparkling with animation. Sometimes she walked out with us, and sometimes we accompanied her. She was fond of her brother; he of her; and I of both.

“Almost before I was aware, the liking which I felt towards this interesting object was rapidly maturing

into a deep and rooted affection. Sunday afternoons now came with regret, because they brought separation along with them, and I looked forward with anxious longings to the Saturday of the succeeding fortnight. Month succeeded month in pain and pleasure, till, at length, my hopes were crowned in the discovery of a reciprocal passion. 'Tis the remembrance of the delightful days I then passed that hallows this spot to me; for, beautiful though it be in itself, it is doubly endeared to me by a throng of tender and melancholy associations.

"Our college-session closed; and as the time of departure was drawing near, being both already rated as midshipmen, the idea of separation from Sophia Wardlaw became more and more dreadful: yet pride was strong enough in my heart to bear me out, though I confess that had half the world been in my gift, I could have freely given it up for the privilege of remaining beside her.

"I see," continued my interesting old friend, "that you are admiring that old sun-dial opposite."

"Yes," said I; "its beautiful carving attracted my attention: but pray proceed. Did you then set sail together?"

"Two days before our departure I found opportunity of engaging Sophia to a moonlight walk in this place; and our talk, you may naturally infer, was full of fondness,—fondness rendered more tender by the circumstances in which we were placed. We were

both yet almost children; but Heaven seemed to have formed us for one another; and, ere we parted, I had vowed, in the romance of my passion, not only to love her till my dying hour, but, happen what might, never to love another.

“ ‘So you devote yourself to me,’ said Sophia, in words whose music I almost yet think I hear, ‘and still would leave me free? No, no; either recall your vow, or take mine in return. As Heaven would despise such selfishness, so do I reject it.’ So saying, she produced a thin silver piece from her pocket, which, in the ancient Scottish fashion, we broke between us, over that sun-dial; and, with many a tender embrace, we parted,—whether to meet again or not, you shall hear.

“ Alexander and I joined our respective ships at Portsmouth; and, for a while, the bustle, animation, occupation, and novelty, on board a man-of-war, served in some degree to distract that attention which would otherwise have been entirely engrossed by one object. Though sent to different ships, Alexander and I had almost daily opportunities of seeing each other; but, in a few weeks, news of our destination arrived, and we set sail in company for the West Indies.

“ Of course you would care little for details of my seafaring life; so I shall spare your patience, and merely give you the outlines of my love-story.

“ As soon as we reached our destination I wrote home to my friends, not forgetting to be remembered to the

Wardlaws. To Sophia herself I dared not write, our connexion being a secret one, consequently, had no opportunity of hearing about her, save in the casual mention of the family in the letters of my friends.

“ We had scarcely been twelve months on the station when my poor friend, Alexander, fell sick and died. He had one day gone ashore at Kingston with a boat’s crew, for provisions, and on his return was seized with rigours, which, terminating in violent fever, carried him off in three days—leaving a blank in the world which has never been filled up to me.

“ Three years went lagging past—”

“ And did you never hear directly of Miss Wardlaw in all that long period?”

“ Though I frequently wrote home to my friends, a false delicacy, somehow or other, prevented my indulging in particular inquiries. I heard, however, of the marriages or deaths of my old acquaintances, and of many things, which informed me, that, return when I might, I should find the world sadly changed. It was merely by negatives that I could learn of Sophia’s being unmarried—of that I felt assured—and of her being still alive.

“ When, at the termination of four dreary years, we sailed for England, a thousand happy thoughts seemed to light up the faces of our crew, many of whom were exhausted by sickness; scarcely one on board having not experienced, in some shape or degree, the baleful effects of the climate. All rejoiced at the thoughts of

home and seeing our friends ; but in this we were disappointed.

“ Scarcely had we cast anchor on the shores of England, when our more severely sick were draughted away, and our complement made up with fresh men. Orders were issued for our refitting with all haste ; and we were dispatched to the American coast, to take part in the war then raging with violence between the colonies and the mother country. My utmost exertions could only procure me six days’ leave of absence ; and I travelled night and day till I reached the neighbouring village. My parents were both well, and could scarcely set bounds to their joy at seeing me again ; but, though my heart leaped in sympathy with theirs, there was wormwood in my cup of pleasure ; for I learned from them, that, more than two years before, the affairs of Mr. Wardlaw having gone into disorder, from some unfortunate investments of his money, he had been obliged to dispose of his property, and had subsequently passed over, with his wife and daughter, to Ireland. My utmost exertions could glean no farther knowledge concerning them.

“ This shock I was unprepared for and could ill sustain,—regretting in the bitterness of my heart my foolish backwardness in writing to Miss Wardlaw ; but my sorrow was unavailing ; and though I have experienced many gloomy hours, some of these were among the darkest in my life. For years I had looked forward with intense hope to the opportunity I was then enjoy-

ing, as the season which was to quiet my own doubts and remove those of Sophia ; but, behold, the issue of all was disappointment !

“ From what you have heard of my history, I need scarcely tell you that I parted from my parents with ill-subdued tears, although a lieutenant’s commission awaited my arrival. England was again bidden farewell to, and less than three months beheld us on the coast of Florida.

“ In the course of our cruising along the American shores I had many opportunities of questioning a variety of Irish emigrants, but from none could I learn—nor was it wonderful—any tidings of the Wardlaws : and letter after letter arrived from home, without a single satisfactory mention of their fate. ‘ Hope deferred,’ saith the proverb, ‘ maketh the heart sick ;’ and I can speak from sad experience of its truth. Many times did I suffer the rackings of a doubt, worse and more intolerable than the most calamitous certainty. Had I been assured, even were it of Sophia’s death, I could not have been agonized so much as in this dire state of miserable uncertainty ; for my punishment was twofold—as feeling that all my efforts were unavailing to discover the object of my search, and as fearing that she, most probably, regarded me as one of the faithless and forgetful !

“ Our tediously long years of watch and warfare having crawled over, the ship which was to relieve us hove in sight ; and notice of reprieve to the condemned

criminal never came with a more welcome sound than to me the bustle of preparation for retracing the Atlantic."

"In your state of excitement," I said, "your voyage would doubtless feel a tediously long one. But, pray, how did you come on?"

"You guess right," continued my friend; "although, in point of time, the wide seas have seldom been more expeditiously traversed. As soon as we anchored at Portsmouth, I made application for leave, which being granted, I set out for Ireland on my wild-goose search. In hopes of success, I travelled through great part of the island, but success found none. Clarkson's search of the slave-ships was a task scarcely more arduous than mine, and our enterprises had a similar result; for, almost when my efforts were palsied, a glimpse of light shone in on my darkness.

"My passage had been taken out in a smack for England, when I learned from the landlord of our coffee-house in Dublin that a family from Scotland, of the name I was inquiring after, had resided in a neighbouring street about three years before; but that, along with several other families, who found that their El Dorado did not lie in this hemisphere, they had then embarked for the United States or Canada, he was not sure which.

"This news smote me like a thunder-clap. For a great length of time I had been on that coast, and, in all likelihood, many times in the vicinity of the object

of my search and solicitude. My eyes may often, I thought, have looked on the woods around her dwelling-place; and perhaps, many a time, the eyes of Sophia may have beheld our vessel as we rode at anchor, marvelling that none ever brought any tidings to her! When coasting that continent, often have I mused in my admiration of its magnificence and beauty; and I have prayed, in the words of the psalmist, for the wings of a dove, that I might flee away and be at rest; as I thought how happy that man could be, who, far from the contention of the busy world, pitched his tent amid such valleys, with the object of his tenderest hopes and wishes to soothe his solitude! and then my dreams would roam to Europe for that idol of my thoughts. To Europe I had returned, like an Arabian in the desert, panting for the sweet sound of waters; and where was Sophia?—as far removed from me as ever!

“Chagrined to the soul, I was now almost quite at a loss what to do, and, in distraction, wrote a variety of letters, which I found means of getting dispatched to the principal towns in the United States, in the almost forlorn hope of some one of them reaching its intended destination. The scheme was as feasible as that of reaching the moon in an air-balloon, and probably as successful, for in all likelihood not one of the bundle ever reached her.

“After being six months at home, we were ordered out to the Cape. I deny not that the orders were unwelcome; as, uncertain though it still was, I could not

altogether abjure the expectation of receiving some information concerning the fate of one with whose destiny mine had been so solemnly united, and who had been so fatally dear to me. What, however, did complaint avail? I uttered none; and embracing my parents—alas! for the last time—left my native land, once more, in the midnight of ignorance.

“ We remained on the Cape station for three years; and instead of being then sent home, as I expected, received orders to join the Bombay squadron.

“ Under this series of disappointments my health began to decline, and my usual amusements of reading, drawing, and music, lost, in a great degree, their accustomed power of interesting me. Having been for some time first lieutenant, many important duties consequently devolved upon me, in the performance of which I found some respite from thought; but even my duty became at length irksome, and my ship-mates noticed me falling off daily.

“ While thus harassed in mind, and debilitated in body, I received intimation of my mother's death. Though old and infirm, when I last left home, I had hoped to embrace her once more; but, alas! for earthly anticipations—I had experienced enough of their fallacy. I could not help pondering on the inanity of a man's toiling, in distant lands, for wealth and splendour, while those from whom he anticipated gratulations on his return were, day by day, swept into the grave.

“ The string of my spirits slackened under such repeated trials, and my mind gathered upon it the dim haze of despondency. I petitioned to be sent home to England invalided; and my application was generously paid attention to, with all convenient speed.

“ In a short while it appeared that I had taken fright only in time; for, on our touching at the Cape, I was so debilitated that it was deemed advisable to put me ashore, that rest might recruit me somewhat, ere the next ships neared Table Mountain.

“ It was then spring, and the aspect of a fine country luxuriating into green magnificence operated wonderfully in recruiting me. I had become a very child in my love of fruits, and flowers, and blue skies, and green hills, and murmuring waters: so all these being about me, I rapidly recovered, to the extent of being able to walk out in the mornings. At a public news-room I here enjoyed a treat, which one who has not travelled much cannot appreciate, and that was the perusal of an immense file of newspapers, recent and old; but in the midst of my revelry I stumbled on the announcement of my father's death.

“ The feeling of bereavement now pressed gloomily on my heart, and I felt myself a desolate being. I was alone in the world; my constitution was broken down; and, in hopes of recruiting it, I was hastening to a country now friendless and homeless. The letter conveying this melancholy intelligence had passed on to India.

“ On my arrival, a proper representation having been made of my services, I was rated on the books of the Admiralty as commander, and obtained leave to retire on half-pay. Succeeding also to the effects of my parents, I found myself, if not in affluent, at least in easy circumstances.

“ After having resided for a little time in the old village hard by, that I might look around me over old haunts, and pry about for old faces, I found that this, the quondam residence of the Wardlaws, was in the market, and I made a purchase of it, determining to spend the remainder of my days here.”

“ And have you never then heard any thing regarding Miss Wardlaw ?” I asked.

“ Oh, yes !” answered he ; “ you shall hear :—I had resided here for I suppose two summers, when one evening I was waited upon by a gentleman, recently come over from New-York.

“ After having identified me as the person of his search, I learned from him the following particulars :

“ From Dublin the family had emigrated to Quebec ; but in the course of less than a year had left Canada for the United States, and finally settled in New-York. My visitor, Mr. Blackstone, a respectable and opulent merchant of that city, had not only formed the acquaintance of the family, but had made proposals to my poor Sophia, which, to his own mortification and the astonishment of her parents, were rejected.

“ The friendly visits of Mr. Blackstone to the family

were, however, continued as before ; but a few months afterwards the affectionate and faithful Sophia fell into a lingering illness, from which she never recovered. A few weeks before her death, she had called him to her bed-side, and revealed, with a modest sincerity, the motives of her apparently strange conduct ; at the same time charging him with a sealed packet, not to be destroyed, unless the death of the person to whom it was inscribed could be clearly ascertained.

“ On eagerly breaking the seal, I found a few tender lines traced by the dear hand long cold in the grave, and the broken silver coin, together with the blue riband, which had been worn in her bosom from the evening of our almost childish separation. Such is a picture of the fidelity which the heart of a woman can treasure up, even to its hurt.

“ You have now, my friend,” he concluded, “ an outline of my not very pleasant history, a momentary point in which coloured the destinies of life ! Fifteen years of seclusion and solitude have served, if not to efface the remembrance of my disappointments, at least to soothe their virulence ; and from this uncertain world I trust I have taught myself to look forward to a better.”

I was strongly touched with this practical sermon, which not only conveyed a glowing picture of earthly disappointments, but elucidated some noble points in the constitution of the human mind.

The sun had sunk beneath the horizon ; and, pursuing common talk, we sauntered along shady path-

ways, which were now, to my eyes, invested with a grandeur and solemnity unfelt before ; nor could I help occasionally glancing at my kind old friend with something of a romantic interest.

After parting from the recluse at his gate, I could not avoid musing, as I leisurely pursued my way homewards, on the miserable vicissitudes of human existence ; but my despondency was sweetened by the exemplification I had just heard, of there being traces of nobility in our nature, fallen though it be, beyond what the misanthropist will allow, or the sceptic is aware of.

SONNET.

BY DAVID LESTER RICHARDSON, ESQ.

IMPASSION'D grief is dumb—no earthly sound
Can form a faithful echo. Sorrow's dart
In fever'd frames awakes a secret smart
That Friendship may not share. Oh, curse profound !
To bear each agonizing impulse bound
Within that dreary cell—the shrouded heart !
The quivering lip and quick convulsive start
Are all that tell the strife. The gazers round,
When sinks the strong man 'neath the sullen stream,
Thus mark the bubbles rise. These ill reveal
The struggler's pangs. When mourners pant and teem
With silent thought, and voiceless anguish feel,
The world's calm brow—the charms of Nature, seem
To mock the smother'd soul's unheard appeal.

THE SKY-LARK.

BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

BIRD of the wilderness,
Blithesome and cumberless,
Light be thy matin o'er moorland and lea!
Emblem of happiness!
Bless'd is thy dwelling-place!
O to abide in the desert with thee!

Wild is thy lay and loud,
Far in the downy cloud;
Love gives it energy, love gave it birth.
Where, on thy dewy wing,
Where art thou journeying?
Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on earth.

O'er fell and fountain sheen,
O'er moor and mountain green,
O'er the red streamer that heralds the day;
Over the cloudlet dim,
Over the rainbow's rim,
Musical cherub, hie, hie thee away!

Then when the gloaming comes,
Low in the heather-blooms,
Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be!
Emblem of happiness!
Bless'd is thy dwelling-place!
O to abide in the desert with thee!

ON THE LEGEND OF ST. CECILIA AND THE ANGEL *.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES.

'Twas when, oh, meekest Eve! thy shadows dim
Were slowly stealing round;
With more impassioned sound,
Divine Cecilia sung her vesper-hymn,
And swell'd the solemn chord
In hallelujahs to thy name, O Lord!
And now, I see her raise
Rapt adoration's gaze,
With lips just opening, and with humid eyes
Uplifted; while the strain
Now sinks—now swells again—
Now, rising, seems to blend with Heaven's own harmonies.

But who is that, divinely fair,
With more than mortal beauty in his mien;
With eyes of heav'nly light, and glist'ning hair;
His white and ample wings half seen?
Oh, radiant and immortal guest!
Why hast thou left the seraph-throng?
On earth the triumph to attest,
Of BEAUTY, PIETY, and SONG.

* See Golden Legend and Dryden's Ode.

THE SWORD.

'T WAS the battle-field, and the cold pale moon
Look'd down on the dead and dying,
And the wind pass'd o'er with a dirge and a wail,
Where the young and the brave were lying.

With his father's sword in his red right hand,
And the hostile dead around him,
Lay a youthful chief; but his bed was the ground,
And the grave's icy sleep had bound him.

A reckless rover, 'mid death and doom,
Pass'd a soldier, his plunder seeking;
Careless he stept where friend and foe
Lay alike in their life-blood reeking.

Drawn by the shine of the warrior's sword,
The soldier paused beside it;
He wrench'd the hand with a giant's strength,
But the grasp of the dead defied it.

He loosed his hold, and his English heart
Took part with the dead before him,
And he honour'd the brave who died sword in hand,
As with soften'd brow he leant o'er him.

" A soldier's death thou hast boldly died,
A soldier's grave won by it;

30 THE FRIENDSHIP OF HOME.

Before I would take that sword from thine hand
My own life's blood should dye it.

“Thou shalt not be left for the carrion crow,
Or the wolf to batten o'er thee;
Or the coward insult the gallant dead,
Who in life had trembled before thee.”

Then dug he a grave in the crimson earth
Where his warrior foe was sleeping;
And he laid him there in honour and rest,
With his sword in his own brave keeping.

L. E. L.

THE FRIENDSHIP OF HOME.

BY MISS EIZABETH SHERIDAN CAREY.

OH, no!—not through the glitt'ring crowd
For faith or stedfast friendship roam:
Or rich or poor, or meek or proud—
Thy friend is home.

E'en though thou 'lt meet the glance, the smile,
The greeting fond, the deep'ning hue:
Heed—heed them not! they but beguile!—
Thy home is *true*.

What are all other friends to those
Who circle round thy own fireside,
Whose sympathy for ever flows,
To thee allied ?

The dew, the flower, the zephyr's sigh,
The heaving ocean's silv'ry spray,
The flakes that gild the ev'ning sky,
Are brief as they.

Bright is thy sun, thy skies are clear,
And fragrant garlands o'er thee twine ;
Crown of them all, in beauty dear,
True love is thine !

Not only then !—let tempests low'r,
And blot the disk of life with care,
Still, 'midst the wreck of joys no more,
That love is there !

Then stray not from the hallow'd bound
Which kindred makes thy bosom's own,
Nor seek elsewhere the light that's found
In that alone.

There thou wilt meet the zeal that knows
No chill, no change, no nerveless rest—
Balm of the heart ! which HOME bestows,
Thy name be blest !

THE KNIGHT OF THE FADED PLUME.

BY MRS. HENRY ROLLS.

THE lady left her splendid bower
As night's first shades began to lower,
And gentle twilight spread her reign
Over the vine-clad hills of Spain;
Whilst sad and sweet, the vales along,
Rose the lone nightingale's soft song,
As balmy zephyr's whisper'd sigh
Wafted around the melody.

A knight came slowly through the gloom,
Dim were his arms—faded his plume:
What once was white look'd dank and gray,
The crimson rest was stained with clay:
The rust, fast gathering on his shield,
His badge of chivalry conceal'd;
The broider'd scarf his shoulder bore
Was soil'd with dust and steep'd in gore.

No sound the verdant turf return'd
When by his sable war-horse spurn'd.
He look'd like one who from the bray
Of battle fierce had shrunk away;
Or in the trial combat's strife
Had deign'd to take a forfeit life;
Or on the tourney's gallant field
Was by a rival forced to yield.

As slow she saw the knight advance,
The lady turn'd a scornful glance.
"No chief is this, with gallant air,
My evening festive board to share;
No knight, to drain the blood-red wine,
And tell bold tales of Palestine;
Yet must the hospitable rite
Be offer'd at the close of night.

"Sir!—shelter at the evening hour
Is ever offer'd 'neath this tower:
Here may you enter as a guest,
And take your needful food and rest;
Here may you taste the sparkling wine,
And once more bid your armour shine;
And, as becomes a gallant knight,
Make clean your spurs—they are not bright!

"Here may you clear from rust your shield,
Till its high blazon is reveal'd;
Some maiden may your scarf repair,—
Perchance 'twas gift of lady fair!
Your gilded helm would look more gay
If wiped was that tale-telling clay;
And, above all, that faded plume
Its native brightness might resume!"

She spake—nor seem'd her words in vain,
The stately warrior check'd his rein;

34 THE KNIGHT OF THE FADED PLUME.

She started at his bearing high,
Befitting loftiest chivalry.—
He turn'd his sable war-horse round,
Whose trampling hoofs produced no sound;
And to the lady's scornful pride,
In deep low hollow voice replied :

“ Why should I clean these arms from rust ?
Their owner's honour lies in dust !—
Why from my spurs efface the stain,
For falsehood to affix again ?
Why bid my shield's high blazon glow ?
My name, my race, my house lies low :
That clay-stain'd helmet shows what bed
Each night sustains this wearied head.

“ This gore-dyed scarf, this faded plume,
Have lain within a distant tomb :
With them a solemn pledge was given—
Dare woman trifle thus with Heaven ?
That fair one, as she gave it, vow'd
The scarf should be our mutual shroud ;
And that this faded plume should wave
On the high trophy o'er our grave.

“ To me this castle's rules are known ;
Lady, its towers were once my own !
But all its honours sunk and fell
When fail'd thy honour—Isabel !

I cannot drain thy blood-red wine ;
This night I sleep in Palestine,
Where the scorn'd scarf and faded plume
Wave o'er thy husband's lonely tomb."

The lady shriek'd in wild despair :
She turn'd—no warlike form was there ;
Nor was the stamp of steed impress'd
Upon the smooth lawn's verdant breast :
Though, by the rising moon's soft light,
Each object round stood clear to sight ;
And the sweet nightingale's low song
Was heard each distant vale along.

THE SEA-SHELL.

And even then, his fancy, like the shell upon our mantel-
piece, will sound of the distant and dangerous ocean.

GREENWICH PENSIONER.

UPON a rock's extremest verge,
Round which the foaming billows beat,
I sat and listen'd to the surge
Which threw its white spray o'er my feet.

Long, long I linger'd, lost in thought,
Still gazing on the boundless sea :

In whose unceasing flow is wrought
An emblem of eternity.

I gather'd from the pebbled shore
A shell, with rainbow beauties tinged;
And home my ocean prize I bore
With many-colour'd sea-weed fringed.

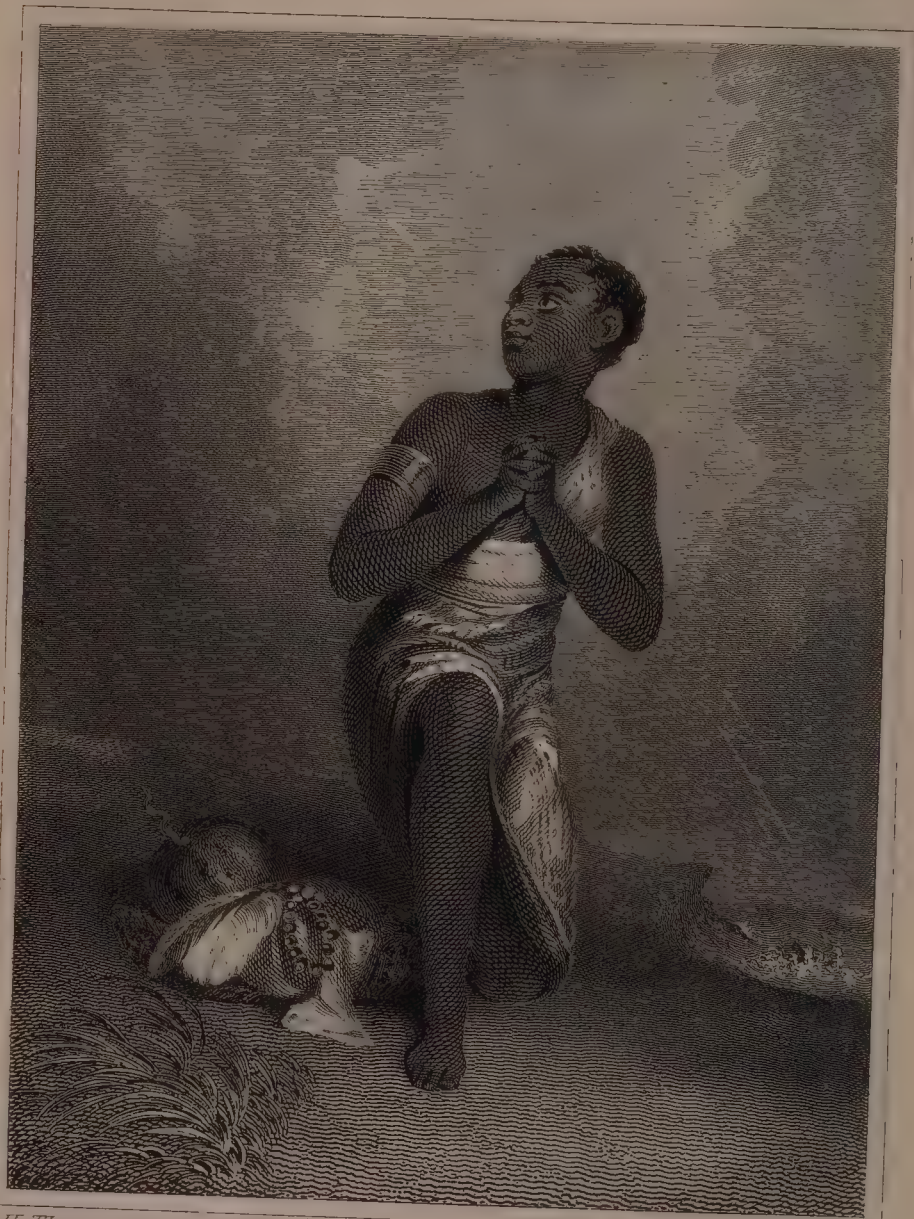
As to my listening ear I held
The shining gem the billows gave,
Within its fairy cavern swell'd
The mimic murmur of the wave.

Though distant far my footsteps stray'd
Through shady grove or sunny plain,
Still, still its fairy cadence made
An echo of the roaring main.

'Tis thus the aged seaman dreams,
When anchor'd in his tranquil home;
In wand'ring fancy still he seems
Through dark and stormy seas to roam.

He slumbers in a land of peace;
He hears no more the waters' strife;
But faithful memory still will trace
The dangers of his early life.

ROSA.



H. Thomson. R.A. del.

E. Finden sculp.

THE BOOROOM SLAVE.

Pub. by R. Ackermann. London. 1828.

THE BOOROOM SLAVE.

BY MRS. BOWDICH.

THE village of Melli, in the country of Booroom, stood close to an immense forest ; and almost within the forest was the dwelling of Amanqua, the chief. At the back were plantations of various kinds ; maize, rice, yams, tobacco, &c. On the one side were poultry-yards and pens for sheep and cattle ; and these, as well as the plantations, were fenced round with high bamboo stakes, to prevent the approach of panthers, lions, and other wild beasts : on the other side was the forest. The residence itself was an assemblage of white buildings, thatched with palm-leaves, ranged round a square court. The hall of audience fronted the street ; the chief's own sleeping-room stood opposite ; the rest of the quadrangle was occupied by the apartments of the women, children, and slaves, mingled with offices for cooking, store-rooms, and the like.

None but Amanqua, his favourite wife, and his visitors, were permitted to enter through the great hall, but there were three other means of ingress and egress : one led into the plantations, and was always fastened, to prevent depredations ; a second opened upon the village, and through this came the provisions. With them came all the gossips of the place, who, under pretence of bartering goods, curing disorders, shaving children's heads, and procuring charms, retailed all the scandal they could pick up, or, in the dearth of realities,

invented all the falsehoods which they thought might amuse the wives of Amanqua, or wheedle them out of a few beads, a little snuff, a looking-glass, or a share of the delicacies destined only for the table of the chief. The third door opened into the forest, and through this was conveyed the refuse thrown to the hyænas and vultures. It was a forbidden pass to the women and children; but there the slaves stole out with their own secret little hoards, to sell them in the market-place; there they assembled at night, to indulge in the noisy and mirthful sports denied them within the quadrangle; and many a peal of laughter, ringing through the forest, finished the narrative of the light-hearted negro, enjoying only the present, and careless of the morrow.

The interdiction placed on the above door only made the children more desirous of profiting by it, and they slipped through it at every opportunity, to practise their gambols in the forest, or to listen to the marvellous tales related by their father's followers. Two of these children were distinguished above the rest by their personal beauty and the affection of Amanqua. They were the only offspring of his darling wife Zabirma, who was sister to a neighbouring chief, herself superior in person and disposition to the generality of Booroom women. Kobara, the eldest, was sixteen, and, according to the line of succession in that country, was heir to his maternal uncle. Early impressed with the importance of his prospects, in comparison with the rest of his father's children, he was grave and thoughtful;

but being kind and generous in his nature, instead of assuming any airs of consequence, his principal aim was to afford assistance and protection to his youthful companions; and he only used his influence with his father to obtain indulgences for others, or forgiveness for an offending culprit. His sister, Inna, resembled him in the sweetness of her disposition, but was a complete contrast in manner and habits. When he formed his brethren and friends into a little army, and commanded it with becoming dignity, or called his little council around him to settle the affairs of his tiny state, Inna would be laughing and romping with her companions, clambering over the stakes in order to race through the plantations, or riding on the shoulder of a slave through the village. Not a hut was there at which she was not known; not a child in the neighbourhood who had not gamboled with her; not a sport was there at which she was not an adept: mirth and gladness danced in her eyes, archness lurked in the dimples of her cheek, and, more graceful than the antelope which bounded past her door, she alike disarmed both gravity and reproof. One thing alone seemed to tame this laughter-loving spirit. Sickness she knew not from personal experience, but the sight of it in others transformed this wild gazelle into a gentle, soothing being, unwearied with long watching, meekly bearing the petulance of suffering; whose light, airy step was unheard by the patient, and whose activity was solely directed to the contrivance of means for

affording relief. Her father, her mother, even the slaves of the household, had benefited by her gentle cares; but when her dear Kobara was stretched on the bed of sickness, no hand but hers placed his cushions, no fingers but hers bathed his burning temples with lime-juice; motionless she watched his slumbers, and the moment of his waking was the moment of her alacrity.

"It will never do, Inna; you must not leave us," said Kobara, one day, raising his languid head from his pillow.

"Leave you, Kobara—what mean you?" exclaimed Inna.

"Know you not, Inna, that old Amoo, the cabboceer of Mosin, seeks you in marriage?"

Kobara's information was correct. The fame of Inna's beauty, and the knowledge that Amanqua was too rich to exact a large sum for his daughter, and generous enough to make her handsome presents, had attracted many suitors, most of whom retreated before the wealthy and powerful Amoo, who, notwithstanding the burden of years and infirmities, sought this youthful prize, and by his offers and consequence had tempted Amanqua at least to deliberate. This was the first intimation of it to Inna, who for an instant stared with astonishment; but the person and decrepitude of her lover started into her imagination, so much alive to the ridiculous, and instantly hobbling up to Kobara's side with a perfect imitation of Amoo's walk and ges-

tures, she threw herself upon the mat near his cushions, and burst into an excessive fit of laughter. In spite of his better reason, Inna's mirth was contagious, and her brother joined in the laugh for a few moments; but reflection restored him to seriousness, and commanding composure on her part, he told her, that, independent of his unwillingness to lose her, he could not bear that she should be given to Amoo, who was so aged, that in all probability he could not live long, and it was very likely that she might be one of those selected to accompany him to the next world, and be put to death on his grave: "but," added he, to these representations, which did not fail to make a strong impression upon Inna, "if my father will betroth you to my friend Miensa, who is heir to the stool (throne) of Berrakoo, we shall retain you near us, and you may be as happy as your mother, for he loves you." The giddy Inna assented to this proposal, and sought her father, whom she brought to Kobara's side to settle her fate; while she took that opportunity of seeking her favourites within the quadrangle, from whom she had absented herself during her brother's illness.

Kobara prevailed upon his father to act according to his wishes: and to prevent all further trouble from the old chief, Miensa was summoned, and Inna formally consawed (betrothed) to him, he giving Amanqua four ounces of gold, and leaving the rest of the marriage-fee to be paid when Inna should be thought old enough to leave her home. Amoo's deputation was dismissed,

and, on the recovery of Kobara, all things resumed their former position, even to the continuance of Inna's sports, her late seclusion giving double zest to the enjoyment of freedom. The forest was again the scene of her wild pranks, and frequent trophies of her prowess did she bring home; such as a basketful of guavas gathered by herself from the top of a lofty tree, a deer caught in the snare she herself had contrived, or a serpent, the neck of which was pierced by her own javelin. One day when she had wandered far from her followers, she perceived Miensa returning from a hunting excursion, and hiding herself in the thick branches of a tree, as he passed underneath she suddenly let fall upon his head a large plantain-leaf, which flapped in his eyes and arrested his progress; and judging from the rustling noise that some monkey had blinded him, he put an arrow to his bow, and aimed it in the direction of Inna's hiding-place. "Stop! Miensa, stop! It is I! it is Inna!" exclaimed the wily girl, suddenly dropping from the bough. Astonishment and alarm silenced her intended husband for an instant, when he uttered, in angry tone, "You here, Inna! and alone too! What can have induced you to wander thus far?" "I came out to play, as I often do," was the reply; "and have run away from the boys, who, I dare say, are now looking for me in the bush." "Will you never be tamed, Inna?" said Miensa; "I shall join your father's and brother's authority to mine, to put a stop to these tricks. You must be mad, to expose yourself to

the danger of the slave-catchers, who are incessantly prowling about; and I command you never again to venture beyond the walls of the quadrangle without a proper escort." The word *command* did not accord with the free and daring temper of Inna. "This," thought she, "is the good of being betrothed!" and as she silently walked home by the side of Miensa, she resolved, in her own mind, not to heed what he had said: however, when Amanqua and Kobara laid their restrictions upon her, she was forced to obey; and till the novelty wore off she strung beads, sewed Kobara's charms* in silk cases, and danced and sung so close by her mother's side, that all suspicion vanished, and she was no longer watched. Happy for her would it have been had she then subdued her love of wandering; but by degrees she passed beyond the limits of the quadrangle, and that alone too, as she dared not take any of the slaves with her, for fear of bringing punishment upon them if found out. One evening, about sunset, as she strolled along, she heard the birds singing their last song before they settled for the night; and the three which always perch on the same bough, and fly off again as they utter their melody of *Too Hoo!* in three descending notes, attracted her attention. "Now," thought she, "if I creep softly I may be able to see these birds:" and she glided gently through the bushes, till she suddenly found herself seized by two men, who fastened a piece of stick

* Scraps of the Koran, which are esteemed as charms by many of the Pagan nations in Africa.

across her mouth, to prevent the screams which she loudly uttered, and tied her ankles and wrists together; then slinging her across their shoulders, they bore her swiftly through the forest. The hanging down of her head, the tightness of the ligatures, the speed with which she was carried, the tearing of her flesh by the boughs against which she was rudely brushed, added to fright and horror, soon rendered her insensible, and she did not resume her consciousness, till a violent gushing of blood from her nose relieved her head, and she opened her eyes to see herself surrounded by a hundred other victims, alike bound hand and foot, and crowded together in a wretched shed, in readiness to start the next day for the coast, to be sold to the slave-shippers. A little dirty water was given her to drink; she was washed; her bonds were loosened, and she was then submitted to the inspection of the master of the kaffle. "Why, Zimbo," exclaimed he, "your last is your best prize: we must take care of this girl; for by my father's ghost (turning her round) she will fetch two hundred dollars. Let her have something to eat directly—What, you won't eat!" he added, as Inna turned away her head, determining to die rather than be carried into slavery: "I think we shall make you," he continued, and applied a seven-thonged whip smartly to her shoulders. She writhed with pain, but persisted in her refusal, when a voice in her own language exclaimed from among the crowd, "If you do not take it willingly the food will be crammed with violence into

your mouth, and you will be tortured till you swallow it." Inna looked round, and almost started with joy at perceiving that she had a companion whom she knew; for in the girl who had spoken she beheld a playmate from her own village, though a burst of tears showed that she commiserated her fate as much as she felt her own. Her comrade told her, while she now quietly took the proffered nourishment, that she herself had been snatched away some days before, as she was carrying a bundle of clothes to the pond to wash, and finished by lamenting the sufferings of her mother when thus deprived of her. These words recalled to Inna all she too had left: Zabirma, Amanqua, Miensa, and above all, her beloved Kobara, rushed into her memory; and hiding her face in her hands, and groaning aloud, her anguish was heightened by her present situation being the consequence of her disobedience and imprudence: then suddenly starting up, and standing before her master, with a look of dignity, she told him who she was, and that if he would take her back he should receive a magnificent ransom; or if he would only allow her to communicate with her friends, she would shortly put him in possession of so much gold for her release, that it would be worth his while to stay where he was till the matter could be negotiated. The man answered with a mocking shout, "No, no! I have already had a great deal of gold for taking you away, and I shall make much more than you can give, if you get safe to Acoo; so be quiet and obey, or you will

feel this," striking her again with his whip, "and this too;" showing her a heavy iron chain to fasten round her leg. But we must leave her with the slave-herd or kaffe, stripped of her beautiful cloth and ornaments, and clothed in the coarsest materials, despairingly lying beside the Booroom girl, till all the scouts came in with their prey, and it was deemed safe to advance.

It was morning before Inna was missed, for she had no settled place to sleep in, taking her rest either by her mother's or some favourite companion's side, as suited the fancy of the moment; but when Kobara found that she did not bring his breakfast of *foofoo* * as usual, he inquired if illness had prevented her appearance. Every room was searched, and great was the consternation at not finding her; no one dared to utter the fact to Kobara, till a woman, with frantic gestures, rushed in from the village, carrying an anklet of coral, recognized as having been worn by Inna the preceding day, and which her son had picked up in the forest. All was confusion, screaming, and yelling; Amanqua and Zabirma were stupified, but Kobara and Miensa, seizing their javelins, swiftly proceeded to search through the forest for their lost innocent. Unavailing were their efforts: her own light step had made no impression on the ground; and as the boy who picked up the anklet could not return to the spot, no traces could be perceived. Of one thing alone they felt secure—that as there were no marks of blood, or of a body having been dragged

* A kind of paste made of millet.

through the grass, it was not likely that the thief had been a greater brute than man, and they divined the truth. Inquiries were made, without gaining any tidings even of a kaffle in the neighbourhood, so well did the slave-takers arrange their measures. Several in the village, who were aware of the circumstance, and would willingly have helped to release Inna, dared not interfere, lest they should betray their own dealings with the kidnappers.

“Kobara,” said Miensa, “do you think old Amoo has had any thing to do with Inna’s disappearance? Perhaps,” continued he, “she may now be in his possession.” “Very likely,” returned Kobara; the idea rousing him from the deep grief in which he had indulged ever since the loss of his sister. “Come, Miensa, let us consult my father.” Amanqua had already suspected that this might be the case, and proposed that Kobara should go, as if on a visit to Amoo, in his way to his uncle’s, and taking with him two or three clever and trusty slaves, he should, through their means, while he amused the chief of Moisin, find out if Inna had been seen there. This once ascertained in the affirmative, Miensa, who was to wait at some little distance with a small band of followers, should immediately advance, and, if necessary, regain her by force. These plans were carried into execution; but Amoo, who was expecting some efforts on the part of Amanqua, was prepared for all, and no tidings of Inna could be gained at his court. He had indeed been privy to the

stealing of Miensa's bride; for, mortified and disappointed at the refusal of his offers, he had secretly vowed revenge. He dared not attack Amanqua openly, for he was more powerful than himself; and, determined that no one should possess this beautiful girl if he did not, he bribed the slave-takers to seize and carry her off. Her own imprudence speedily presented them with a favourable opportunity; and we must now follow her, leaving her father and mother languishing through their numbered days in lamentations for their lost darling, and Kobara and Miensa overwhelmed with a grief which time alone could alleviate.

At dawn all was in motion throughout the kaffle, preparing for departure, but every thing was conducted in silence to avoid discovery; and if some wretched victims sent forth a groan or an exclamation, they were struck with the tremendous whip of the master. Inna herself, not being able to judge of her distance from home, and hoping that her friends might be in search of her, uttered a piercing cry as the assistants proceeded to tie her to a girl of more robust form than herself, for which she was instantly felled to the earth. Fortunately for her, the companion to whom she was linked was Beeah, the Booroom girl, who was supposed to be capable of aiding the slighter limbs of Inna, and who, in this instance, as well as others, contributed to her preservation. She was gentle and patient, and wisely counselled her friend to be submissive; for the proud and thoughtless Inna answered each stroke of the whip

by a scowl of defiance, and thus brought double punishment on herself. The kaffle had assembled several miles from Melli, in the heart of one of the great forests, where had formerly stood a village, the ruined habitations of which were now so completely surrounded by thick and high underwood and runners from the trees, that it was hidden from the eyes of all passengers. The only entrance was stopped up after each coming in or going out by branches of trees, which were cut down and so artfully disposed as to look like the brushwood itself. This being removed, the slaves were driven out, linked two and two, and a thick cord running along the whole file, so as to connect them all in one line. The males were followed by the females, one or two of whom were mothers, torn from their husbands and families, and bearing one of their offspring to share their misery and bondage. This shadow of consolation, however, was denied to one of the sufferers; for when she dropped from fatigue, the poor infant was rudely snatched from her and hurled upon the ground. Happily, life was extinguished by the blow; but the wretched mother, who screamed in agony, with her eyes averted, was goaded on till her whole nature seemed to sink into apathy, and she passed along, alike indifferent to the commiseration of her companions and the lashes of her torturer. Much of this insensibility seemed to pervade the greater number, and it forms a part of the negro character under great suffering. Without it many of the captives could not survive to reach their

market, nor could they endure the cruelties practised on them when in bondage to their own countrymen.

The victims passed on through the most magnificent vegetation, through fine savannahs, over noble rivers, across well covered plantations; they traversed populous cities and wretched villages; they saw strange faces and strange animals; their flesh was mangled by thorns, their feet swollen by fatigue; their unwashed skins were cracked by the sun, and peeled off in large scales; their hair was rusty, their cheeks were hollow, their eyes inflamed, their lips parched, their limbs wasted and cut by their manacles: no matter what were their sufferings, on they went. Food and drink were given in scanty portions, and only at night. A murmur was punished with blows; attempt to escape was prevented by heavy irons; refusal to go on was followed by the pricking of the spear. Some sunk under it, and when, from their appearance, it was deemed impossible to take them further, they were unbound, and the kaffle passed forward, leaving them to perish alone in the wilds, without a drop of water to allay their thirst, or strength to escape the fierce animals who seized them, while living, as their prey. Our heroine, convinced of the necessity of obedience, and young and active, suffered less than could have been expected; but, when she reached the end of her journey, none could have recognized her as the pride of Melli, so little trace was there of her beauty or sprightliness. The kindness of her nature alone seemed to survive the

wreck of her attractions, for frequently she and Beeah relieved the mothers of the children which they bore in their arms, to avoid a repetition of the before-mentioned horrors; and seldom did they lie down to rest without some good office exercised upon greater sufferers than themselves. As far as their situation could allow them to feel, the objects of their kindness were grateful, and the whole kaffle loved the two Booroom girls.

One morning the party emerged from a thick forest, and a range of high blue hills suddenly burst on their view. "Look," said the master to Inna; "pass those, and you will see the great water, which will take you to white man's country." Inna turned away her head, and quietly breathed a defiance. "Beeah," she softly whispered to her companion, "I never will go upon that water; I will die first." Beeah shook her head with an incredulous smile, and Inna was silent. They passed through the defiles of these mountains, traversed sandy plains, which scorched their feet as they walked over them, and ascending an eminence, beheld the sea. A cry of astonishment escaped the lips of all. The port for which they were destined lay at the foot of the hill, and the town was an assemblage of huts, thatched mud houses for the higher classes, and a few built of white stone, with flat roofs and verandas, for the European merchants; beyond was the sea, and on it a large vessel and numerous small craft were riding at anchor. A heavy surf beat on the shore, and canoes alone

could be employed in transporting the merchandize backward and forward. Inna gazed intently on the scene, and not without a sensation of horror, as she listened to the stories now told by some of the slaves who, in a state of freedom, had previously visited the coast. They were suffered to repose one night after their arrival, but the next morning they were completely unbound and washed; their skins were impregnated with perfumed vegetable butter, or oil; their heads shaved, leaving a tuft of hair for the fixing of ornaments; and good kanky, foofoo, and pure water allowed for their meals; theirs legs were rubbed, to reduce them to their natural size; and when, after some days, they were thought to be sufficiently recovered from their journey, they were dressed for the market. Inna had her own ornaments and cloth restored to her; some coloured feathers were stuck in her hair; and she was put, with her friend Beeah, foremost in a lot selected for youth and beauty, and for which an unusually high price was to be demanded. They were then marched into a large space in the middle of the town, and examined under a shed by those who came to purchase. "Why," said some of the brokers to the European trader, on seeing Inna, "here is one worth them all; she will fetch a good price, supposing she should live through the voyage, and would sell well to wait on a master or a mistress." All were anxious to purchase her, and her master, raising her price accordingly, made so much money, that he even spoke kindly to Inna, as she parted

from him to go to her new possessor, and offered to inform her friends of her destiny, provided he could do so without endangering himself; but Inna scorned to reply, her heart swelling with indignation and agony, yet throbbing with the purposes which then occupied her thoughts. Beeah was purchased by the same trader, and both were led to the house he occupied, as it was intended that they should be treated in a superior manner. Inna spoke more than one language, and from her father's slaves had acquired one or two common on the coast; she could therefore comprehend the conversation between the two men, who were placed as guards at the door of the room where she and Beeah were locked in. "When do you think the slaves will be shipped?" said one. "Not for these three days," returned the other; "for it takes some time to pack them." "I cannot understand," rejoined the first speaker, "how the ship can hold so many; have you been on board to see?" "Yes," was the reply; "and a curious sight it is, and I could not help thinking I should be very sorry to make one among them: the floor is full, and so there are some bits of wood, which stick out from the sides of the hold like straight branches of trees, and all the fresh comers will be made to sit on these, like a parcel of monkeys or birds, and the ship will be quite lined with them."—"Do you hear that, Beeah?" said Inna; "will you submit to that?" for she too understood what had been said. "How can we escape it?" she returned. "Why, by running away,"

was the answer. "But how?" "Look at the room in which we are; it is only made of bamboo-stakes, covered with palm-leaves. I picked up a knife yesterday, which I have secreted in my cloth; with that I can cut a hole in the stakes, and by pulling down enough of the palm-leaves to admit of our creeping through, we may be beyond pursuit before morning. Those who watch us sleep at the door, and the nights are so dark that nothing is stirring in the village, and we may be far away before they begin to seek us." Beeah hesitated, but, as Inna did not purpose making the attempt before the next night, when she thought all would be in repose, before the labours of shipping were begun, she made use of all her eloquence to persuade Beeah to accompany her, and the timid girl at length consented.

The captives appeared so content, and were so little suspected, from their age and sex, of any intention of making their escape, that their limbs were not bound at night, nor was it thought necessary to place at their door more than a boy, who soon fell fast asleep. When all was hushed, and the whole village silent, Inna began her work, and without much difficulty severed the stakes, making thereby a hole big enough to admit her body, and then proceeded to drag down or separate the leaves. "Inna," said Beeah, trembling in every limb, "I hear some one coming." It was their master. In an instant the two girls appeared to be in a profound sleep, wrapped up in their cloths; and the man retired, fastening the door after him. On passing to his bed-

room by the outside of the house, he had heard the rustling of the leaves as Inna pulled them; but when he entered, and saw the slaves in a tranquil slumber, he thought that a rat had occasioned the noise, and he laid himself upon his couch in perfect security.

When all was again quiet, Beeah exclaimed, "Inna, I beseech you not to go: if retaken, they will cut off your head, or beat you to death." "You fool," returned Inna, "do you think they can come again directly to look at us?—this is just the moment; but if you are afraid, you had better stay behind, for you will only incumber me. But think of your mother." "Ah! I will come," said Beeah. Inna then made a packet of the supper which had been left for them, and snatching up her feathers and ornaments, which she thought might hereafter purchase food, she proceeded to the aperture, and when half through felt herself pulled back; but it was only Beeah, who now declared she would rather submit to her fate than be caught in the attempt to escape. "Well, then, stay for a coward," replied Inna; "but may the great fetish keep you, and guard you across the big water! Do not tell any thing about me, but say you were asleep when I ran away, if they question you in the morning." As she finished these words she disappeared through the opening, and cautiously and softly treading the sandy path, she, as she fancied, took the way to the forest. She wandered on for a considerable distance, till it became so dark, that she was totally unable to see where she stepped. The

low hollow murmurings of the ocean gradually stole upon her ear, accompanied by a shrill whistling sound: she became alarmed, and stopped. The blast increased, and the waves roared; she again went forward, unconsciously approaching the shore, and a sudden flash of lightning showed her that she was close to the element she most feared. Appalled, she remained motionless, when the sound of voices and footsteps told the approach of her supposed pursuers: breathless, she sunk upon one knee, her head thrown back with intense listening, her hands clasped, and raised for aid to the great Being, of whom, alas! she had but an imperfect notion. The sea, the tempest, every horror vanished before the idea of falling again into the hands of those from whom she had escaped; but the dreaded sounds subsided, and, drenched by the rain and stiff with terror, Inna rose, and with difficulty skirted along the beach, till, by the lightning gleams, she discovered some rocks at a distance, and it occurred to her that in some cavity there she might lie in security till the great ship was gone away, and she was no longer sought after. Thither she accordingly bent her steps, found the shelter she required, and hid herself in a secure retreat, still grasping the little packet which was to afford her sustenance.

When the door of the hut was opened in the morning, Beeah feigned sleep, and missing Inna, the boy who had entered flew to call his master. Questions were asked, the door examined: Beeah pretended to stare with astonishment at the one, and the other afforded no evidence

of Inna's escape. As they proceeded, however, to examine the apartment, they saw the aperture, and her flight was explained. Beeah was threatened, but as she persisted in her ignorance, her hands and feet were merely tied together, to prevent her from following her friend's example, and the trader who had sold them was summoned. He was as much astonished as the rest; scouts were sent out in all directions from the village to the various parts of the forest; the vessel was delayed a whole day, and yet no news of Inna. The insufficiency of her guard, the final visit of her master, causing additional security, both favoured Inna's flight; the darkness of the night and the tempest had kept many within their huts, who would otherwise have been straggling about; the torrents of rain had washed her footmarks from the sand, and, not supposing that she would venture to approach the sea, of which she had so much dread, no one thought of seeking her in that track. The mistaking her path was thus a strong circumstance in her favour, and securely she lay in her wave-washed cave for two days, when she saw the moving house unfurl her wings, as she supposed, and majestically glide across the broad Atlantic, bearing with her hundreds of heart-broken creatures, crammed together till disease thinned their numbers; and the wretched survivors reached their market in too enfeebled and emaciated a condition to be sensible to their miserable destiny. Much squabbling had taken place between the master of the vessel, or in other words,

the European slave-trader, and the first possessor of Inna; as the latter refused to refund the money paid for her, she having escaped after she had been taken out of his hands; but another valuable slave at length settled the difference: the European departed, the African staid to rest and carouse with his friends, and Inna was left to proceed unmolested.

She continued her way along the shore, only making occasional incursions into the forest to procure fruit and water, and frequently suffering dreadfully from hunger and thirst. In one or two instances she met with wandering parties of the natives, but hid herself from them among the trees; and once or twice a few stragglers appearing on the beach, she laid herself flat on the ground behind a sand-heap, and thus escaped unnoticed. She slept chiefly by day, but the damp breezes from the sea, to which she was unaccustomed, united to fatigue and privation, brought on fever and ague, and frequently she sat herself down to die: but when the fit left her, though weak, she again crawled forth, till by degrees she gained the mouth of a considerable river. Here she paused, unknowing what to do: to cross it was impossible; she could with difficulty see the opposite bank, and the water came from the right, far, far as she could see. She had no alternative, therefore, but to turn also to the right, and continue along the bank. This soon involved her in forest, and frequently she lost sight of the flood which guided her steps, and incurred fresh dangers from the

number of wild beasts which prowled backward and forward in the vicinity of the river, as they were alternately impelled to seek the cool breezes by day, and their prey by night. She adopted the usual method of getting up into the trees, and after many days passed in difficulties and escapes, she reached the precincts of a village, where she remained concealed till night-time; she then sought some of the open plantations, where she secured a supply of ears of maize and water-melons, with which she proceeded, till within a quarter of a league of the village, she again reached the flood. Poor Inna, who thought, because Melli was surrounded by forest, her way home must lie through the same sort of scenery, almost despaired; but observing, at the same time, that the river went through these interminable shades, she determined to get into a canoe which was drawn up close to the bank. She dared not seek assistance from her fellow-beings, for fear of being again taken and sold as a slave; and the stillness of the water no longer presenting the angry and fearful features of the ocean, but resembling her Booroom streams, tempted her to try its surface. The chief difficulty was how to guide her canoe; but of what is not human nature capable when hoping to reach all that is dear? Upon a small river, near Melli, Inna and Kobara had frequently been in a canoe, which had been guided by one of their father's slaves, who came from the coast. She therefore took hold of a paddle, and as well as she could, from recollection, tried to make use of it. She launched

her little bark, but kept close by the side of the land ; and getting accustomed to the effort, the next morning was far from the village. Fortunately for her, she had not courage to push out into the middle of the river, where the current would have borne her back ; but that on the side rapidly setting towards the source, she had but little occasion to use her paddle, and the comparative rest recruited her frame, almost worn out by her long sufferings. She feared to stay on the water during the day, from the risk of meeting other travellers ; therefore, drawing the canoe to the shore, and hiding that and herself in the thick foliage of the banks, she did not proceed till the evening, when she resumed her new mode of conveyance.

As she continued her way after sunset, she was startled by the appearance of one of the monsters of the flood, which seemed to be pursuing her, and slowly raised its head close to the side of the canoe ; its enormous round eyes seemed to roll with satisfaction at the prey which its huge jaws appeared about to swallow ; its misshapen and broad head seemed to belong to a still more unwieldy form, which, when she suddenly started up in the canoe with terror, plunged down to the bottom, but rose again ahead of her, as if to await its victim. Inna had just strength enough left to turn her canoe towards the shore and paddle thither, when she fled to a little distance, and secured herself among the branches of a tree : from this retreat, however, she was soon pelted by the monkeys, who broke off short pieces of wood

and threw at her, chattering and squeaking with indignation at her invasion of their dominions. She knew them too well to attempt to dispute their authority, and the unhappy girl again sought her canoe, when she saw a huge scaly form lying beside it, apparently asleep; presently, however, it crept into the long grass, and as it hid itself uttered a cry like that of a child. "It is very like a lizard," thought Inna; "it cannot do me any harm:" but on advancing she saw its long jaws filled with sharp teeth extended to deprive her, at least, of a limb, and she as suddenly retreated, when the animal took a leap into the water and disappeared. Night at last came on: even the hippopotami and crocodiles were at rest, and the poor persecuted Inna again took her way along the river, where the current became less rapid; the banks were closed in with large high trees, and the jungle assumed the appearance of long slender branches. Sleep overcame the weary wanderer, and in the morning she found her canoe resting against a fallen tree in a creek of the river, up which she had been unconsciously proceeding. Neither crocodiles nor other monsters here assailed her, and as she ate the remainder of her provisions, she felt herself invigorated sufficiently to look around.

Nothing could exceed the lovely tranquillity of the scene. The narrow-leaved mangrove grew far in the water, and the younger shoots, with their dark shining foliage, started from the bed of the creek like beautiful myrtles. From the higher stems hung long scarlet

berries, from which dropped the embryo of a new tree, shooting forth its seminal leaves before it left its parent trunk to fix its independent growth. The white and withered branches which hung below were covered with small oysters of the richest flavour, the broken shells of which, glittering in the light, repeatedly gave a pearly lustre to the twig which supported them: as far as the eye could reach nothing was to be seen but forest, which, at a distance, between the trees, looked like a subterraneous cavern supported by columns, it was so dark and still. The redwood and ebony towered above the rest, some way from the banks; and here and there a fairy wreath of parasitical plants waved gaily in the gentle breeze of approaching morning, and added to the lightness and delicacy of the sharp forms of the mimosas, which bent beneath their clusters of scarlet or yellow flowers, and perfumed the atmosphere. The stream itself was clear, and fishes of the most brilliant colours were seen sporting below. But the sun rose, and awoke every thing to life and motion; myriads of insects stretched out their little wings and displayed their jewelled sides; the monkeys raised their heads from under their arms, shook themselves, and chased each other from branch to branch; the white pelicans solemnly stalked down to the water's edge to steal their morning repast; the gray cranes, with their yellow legs, hovered over the spot with the same intention; the parrots, fluttering their variegated plumage, and fixing themselves on the loftiest summits, screamed with

delight. All nature appeared to evince by its joy the goodness of God, and even the most insignificant of his creatures seemed to thank him for adding another day to their existence. The way-worn and desolate Inna was not insensible to the charms of this earthly paradise; she thought how much better it was than being a slave in white man's country, although neither Kobara nor Zabirma was present. She became desirous of landing, and, disengaging her canoe from the tree, proceeded up the creek. She had not gone far when she heard voices, speaking in an unknown tongue, gradually advancing; and at the next winding of the creek she saw a boat making fast towards her, pulled by black men, but containing Europeans. She sickened at the sight, turned the head of her canoe, and tried to escape; but, unused to the complicated navigation of the mangroves, she became entangled among them, and, as she still tried to urge on her canoe, it upset, and she was plunged beneath the water.

On recovering her senses, Inna found herself in the boat, and her canoe fastened to the stern. She was assailed on all sides by questions, none of which could she answer, for she was as much a stranger to the language of these negroes as to that of the white men. They tried to make her understand by signs what they wished to know, but the affrighted Inna was too unhappy to attempt to comprehend them. The white men asked the rowers if she belonged to the village up the creek, but they disclaimed all knowledge of her,

and her countenance was totally different from the national features of the neighbouring countries. They roughly shook her, to rouse her and make her speak; then mentioning the names of several places, implied their desire of knowing whence she came: but all these names were strange to her, and she shook her head. Giving up the endeavour, they briskly resumed their way to the ship, which lay up the river, a little beyond the creek, and took Inna with them. For the first time the poor girl gave herself up to despair; her sufferings had subdued her spirit, and, hopeless, she now calmly resigned herself to her fate. One of the white men seemed to be superior to the rest, and his face expressed benevolence. On him Inna repeatedly fixed her eyes, and felt a slight degree of pleasure, when, on his arrival at the vessel, he desired she should accompany him. He led her gently to a raised part of the deck, where sat an English female, who welcomed the return of the party, and evidently inquired who Inna might be. The story told, she suggested that some of the people on board might be able to speak the language of the fugitive; and summoning her head-servant, she gave him orders to make the trial. He was from Houssa, and for a moment a gleam of animation illumined Inna's sunken cheeks; for the frequent communication between that country and Melli rendered the tongue of each familiar to the other. To his questions of how she got there, and who she was, she returned a narrative of all that had befallen her, and

finished by throwing herself on her knees, and imploring that she might not be reduced to slavery, or taken to white man's country. As she spoke, the interpreter had evidently shown signs of considerable feeling, and his eyes were even filled with tears as he repeated Inna's story to his mistress; and when he concluded with her request, the lady desired him to say, that English people never made slaves, and that she herself would take care of Inna, and, if possible, help her back to her own country. On hearing this Inna started from her knees, and, taking the lady's hand, burst into tears, the first she had shed since her departure from Booroom. From that moment a new existence seemed to dawn upon her: she was fed, and laid upon a mattress to repose herself; she soon sunk into a profound slumber, which lasted several hours, and when she at length awoke, she saw the smiling face of the white woman hanging over her. Astonished, she arose; she believed herself enchanted; but the Houssa-man reassuring her, and refreshed and invigorated by her long rest, she eagerly gazed on the novel scene around her. She was environed by unknown forms and objects, and her eyes were never satiated with looking at them; incessantly she followed the Houssa-man to ask the use of every thing she beheld, and afforded infinite amusement to his master and mistress. Glass, and many other novelties, she supposed were to eat; but the dress of the white woman seemed to create more astonishment than any thing

else : the cap on her head she thought grew there, and when the lady pulled it off to dress her hair, Inna uttered a cry of surprise. Gloves she thought to be double skins, drawn on and off at pleasure, and expected every part of white people's skins to possess this happy contrivance. Divested of all fear, impressed with the animating hope of again reaching Booroom, she rapidly acquired the English language ; she was told the name of every thing, made to pronounce it slowly and accurately, and before the expiration of a fortnight could utter several English phrases with a perfect comprehension of their meaning. We shall therefore cease to speak of her interpreter, as she so soon became independent of his assistance.

The lady and gentleman into whose hands Inna had fallen were residents at one of the English settlements, and the health of the former requiring a sea voyage, they had made an excursion on board a trading vessel while she took in her cargo, and were then to return to Igwa. They were delighted at meeting with our heroine, and determined to keep and instruct her, in the hope of making her a valuable attendant. They were enemies to all harshness, and the life of Inna would have been happy could she have forgotten her country and still dearer relatives. The anchor was weighed, and with the movement of the vessel returned a portion of Inna's alarm and horror : she knew she was not going to the land of white people, but still an indescribable terror assailed her. Sickness, however,

soon overcame every other feeling, and she remained nearly insensible for several days. On reviving a little she crawled on deck, and shuddered at beholding herself surrounded by water without a glimpse of land; no persuasion could induce her to look over the side, and when she arrived at Igwa she rejoiced almost to happiness at being lifted out of the ship into a canoe. This joy was increased when a black man, wading through the surf, seated her on his shoulder, and carried her to the beach, after her mistress had been conveyed in the same manner. All the girls of Igwa ran along the sand to look at the white woman, and when they beheld her accompanied by a stranger, they set up a shout, and surrounded her with eager curiosity. Inna was soon established within the walls of a large fortress, and lodged in the rooms appropriated to her mistress and her husband in the castle. Once every day she was suffered to go out and bathe, but the rest of her time was devoted to her mistress, learning to prepare food, to work at her needle, and a number of useful offices, which she performed with great dexterity and alacrity. She soon felt an attachment to the white woman sufficiently strong to prevent her from running away, but she never lost an opportunity of reminding her of her promise to aid her in returning to Melli. The beauty of Inna's form and expression of countenance now returned; her limbs again became polished and round, her movements graceful and elastic, her eyes sparkling, and her whole face lighted up with that mirth-

ful smile which gladdened those with whom she associated. She went to purchase the provisions of the family in the market, where her gentle manners and personal beauty rendered her a welcome customer; and no one could make a better bargain than Inna. The result of this exposure to public eyes was many a loving whisper from the youths of Igwa; but she appeared perfectly indifferent to their advances. She met one or two men who had known her at Melli, having been captured and brought down to the coast before her own seizure; they bore witness to the wealth and consequence of her father and brother, and she was then accosted by the first men in Igwa. They even applied to her mistress, who referred them to Inna herself; and her constant reply was, that she was consawed, and they knew the penalty to be paid on taking another man's wife*. The reason of her refusal being thus published, she was freed from further persecutions, except the sly glances and squeezes of the fingers offered by the more incautious youths.

We have again to speak of Inna in the quality of a nurse; for, on looking at her mistress one day, she perceived a livid blue tint over her whole face. Alarmed, she begged permission to seek medical aid, and carefully listening to the instructions of the doctor, prepared her lady's bed. In that bed the patient remained six weeks: she was frequently delirious, and became so enfeebled that she could not raise her hand to her

* A fine according to the wealth of the offender.

mouth. On Inna rested the whole responsibility, for her master was absent, and she was found worthy of the trust: she never erred in administering the prescribed remedies; her slumbers, taken on a mat by the side of the bed, ceased at the slightest movement of the sufferer. The keys of the gold and the stores were committed to her care, and when she gave back the charge nothing was wanting. At length, her beloved lady gave signs of convalescence, and eagerly did Inna watch the increase of those symptoms. She constantly lifted her from her bed to her chair; invented delicacies to tempt her appetite; and was almost wild with joy when she saw her go out, for the first time, in a little carriage drawn by black men. After the comparative recovery of her lady, Inna said to her, "Missy, you no cry when you sick; black woman cry—make noise—say, oh!—Why for you no cry?" "Because, Inna," answered her mistress, "I think the great and good God will take care of me, and I hope he will let me live to see my husband again." "Ah, look, lady! you want to see your husband—you no think I want to see my brother, my father, my mother;—can great God take me back to Booroom?" "Certainly, Inna; he can do what he pleases." "Oh then, Missy teach me to pray to God, that I may ask him." This was an opportunity long wished for by the English lady, and she did not fail to embrace it. There must be some powerful motive to induce an unlettered being to admit truths which are not evident to the senses; and before a sa-

vage can be truly converted, we must make him sensible of the advantage of embracing a new faith. Religion must also assume a cheerful form ; for negroes cannot be expected to leave their fetish, which permits them to dance and enjoy themselves, for the gloomy contemplation of everlasting torments and a deity always in anger. The first steps of conversion must be founded on facts ; for negroes are also shrewd arguers, and not very open to conviction : their ruling passions are not tempted by the Christian religion, and very slow and gentle must be the first advances, to do any real good. Inna's rude creed did indeed tell her, that there was a great and superior spirit presiding over the whole creation ; but the minor spirits, or fetishes, were so interwoven with every circumstance of common life, that this great power was almost lost in the frequent appeals to the less. Many were the questions she asked, and difficult was it to answer them ; but by degrees the truth broke upon her, and she received it with enthusiasm. The first error which underwent a change was the belief that poor people were excluded from heaven, and stood no chance of entering it, unless it was in the suite of a great man, who took them in to wait upon him. Inna soon became sensible that heaven was open to all who deserved it ; and the idea was so cheering, that she eagerly sought the means of obtaining such grace. The virtues of patience and forbearance had already been taught to this poor girl by her captivity and subsequent wanderings ; the habit of obeying her mistress had

taught her meekness ; and the comparison she made between the capabilities of blacks and whites had taught her humility. Thus she had, almost unknowingly, imbibed the grand principles of the Christian religion. What, then, was wanting ? That great feature which distinguishes it from all others—" To return good for evil." Revenge is a leading passion among all barbarians ; can it be wondered at, then, that Inna had constantly prayed to the fetish to punish the master of the slave kaffle, the man who had purchased her from him, &c. &c., and could with difficulty be persuaded that she ought to implore the Almighty to bless and forgive these her persecutors ? She long remained obstinate on this point ; but one day, instead of getting her mistress's bed ready, she staid to talk to her Booroom friends till long after the usual hour. Suddenly recollecting her neglect, she flew back to her mistress, yet weak with illness, and suffering from fatigue and thirst ; for purposely she had not allowed any one to perform Inna's duties for her. Upon the latter inquiring if the other servants had been employed, the lady answered, " No ; I look to you to do these things : the others have performed their tasks, and gone out to play : I had no right, because you staid away, to make them work in your place." The conscience-stricken Inna rapidly executed what was required, and in trembling silence assisted her mistress to bed, and then, throwing herself on her knees by her side, implored forgiveness. " How can you, Inna," returned the lady, " expect me to for-

give you, when you do not forgive those who have done wrong to you?" The truth flashed upon the mind of the defaulter, and she retired to her mat to weep, till fatigue closed her eyes. Long before her mistress was stirring did she eagerly place herself close to her, and await the opening of her eyelids. The moment she awoke, Inna exclaimed, "Missy, I know all! if I no forgive wicked man, God no forgive me!" This important point was thus far gained, and carefully did the lady watch for the recurrence of a feeling so interwoven with the nature of her *protégée*.

But the task of instructing Inna was soon terminated; for one day, passing the great hall of the castle, where audience was given by the governor to those who craved it, and where all public business was transacted, Inna heard the well known sounds of her native language. Breathless, she listened, and a voice fell upon her ear which raised her emotion to agony. The next moment she sprang forward, dashed through the crowd that filled the hall, and sunk at the feet of Kobara. A young man darted from the opposite side, and helped Kobara to carry the senseless form to the air. It was Miensa. All their followers gathered round them and shouted at beholding the lost Inna; while the governor remained an astonished spectator of the unusual scene. Inna recovered to a consciousness of her happiness; and after returning the caresses of her brother and affianced husband, animated by the new feelings which had been awakened in her bosom, she flung herself on her knees,

and thanked God for having at length heard her prayers; then, rising, she with earnest gestures told her friends that good white people had taken care of her, and taught her to call on God. Their question of how she got thither induced the governor to step forward and relate the manner in which she had been found; and Inna filled up the narrative with the leading circumstances of her escape, reserving the details for another opportunity. Suddenly recollecting her mistress, she broke from Miensa, and flew to solicit permission to introduce her relatives to her. "Lady, lady!" she exclaimed, "Kobara found! Kobara come!—I go back to Booroom—your Inna happy—she thank God for all!" She then rapidly described the meeting, and having obtained the permission she sought, she triumphantly led back her brother and her husband to her benefactress. She was now interpreter in her turn: and the Melli party earnestly thanked the lady for her goodness to their poor wanderer, and requested permission to take her back to Booroom. No denial could be given; but the Englishwoman felt that the loss would not be easily repaired. No more work for Inna! she returned to the town with her companions, and listened to the causes of their arrival. They had taken advantage of the new communication with Ashantee, and prompted, partly by curiosity to see white men, and partly by a hope of opening a trade, they had joined a deputation from the king of Ashantee, little supposing that the most important result of their expedition would be the restora-

tion of their lost treasure. Inna gave them a minute description of her adventures; and when she told her reasons for supposing that Amoo had been the instigator of her capture, the young men both started up, and were about to swear revenge—not upon him, because he was dead—but upon his surviving family; but Inna stopped them, exclaiming, “White woman had taught her to know God, and she would by-and-by teach them; and they must stop a little before they vowed revenge.” The time for executing her evening duties now returned, and she left Kobara and Miensa, promising to return next day and settle their future proceedings. She entered her mistress’s door with the step of gladness, and was accosted by the sentence—“You come back, Inna! I thought you were too happy to recollect me.” “You think me wicked girl, then, Missy?” “No, Inna; it was natural you should.” “Ah! black man got better heart than that; Inna no forget you—can’t leave you till she teach some more girl to do for you as she does.” She then quietly performed her usual offices, and settled herself for the night, not to sleep, for she was too happy, but to form schemes of future enjoyment, and think of her parents, of whose welfare Kobara had assured her on her recovery from fainting. The next day she again sought her brother, and discussed their affairs. Miensa now claimed her, and was impatient of delay; but both she and Kobara insisted that the marriage ought not to take place until she returned to her father and mother. The

Englishwoman heard of the dispute, and settled it by saying that she considered Inna as her child, and she wished her to be married before she left Igwa. The gratitude which Kobara felt towards her made him readily acquiesce in her wishes; and that day week Inna was led home to the happy Miensa by the principal women of the country, the priest blessing her as she entered the door. A marriage-feast was given by her late master and mistress, even to the followers of the brother and bridegroom, and a portion bestowed upon the bride, of gold, cloths, and every article necessary to keep up her knowledge of the useful arts which she had acquired. Preparations were made for departure; and Inna employed the interval in qualifying another girl to take her place by her mistress. The moment of separation arrived, and both mistress and servant were agitated. Inna's grief amounted to agony; but her mistress, raising her from her knees, besought her never to forget the most important of the precepts she had instilled, and to do her utmost to save her fellow-creatures, and teach them all she knew. Inna promised. Kobara and Miensa uttered many expressions of thanks, and then carried her away, commencing their journey on the spot. They purposely avoided the capital of Ashantee; for Inna was too beautiful not to attract notice, and their small party was not deemed sufficient protection to repel any endeavours that might be made to carry her off. After two months' travelling the party reached Melli, and Inna sprung to the arms

of her father. But alloy must creep into all human enjoyment; and when Inna clasped her mother, she pressed a lifeless being to her heart. Poor Zabirma, weakened by her previous affliction, expired with joy at the sight of her lost child. No marriage-feast followed their arrival; but when Inna had a little recovered from the shock, she made her recent wedding an excuse for preventing the sacrifice of more lives. Several girls had already been immolated to the manes of her mother; these were deemed sufficient for the moment; but on the anniversary they promised to be doubly profuse of human blood. By that time, however, Inna had worked a little reformation in her husband and brother; through their influence the number of human victims was lessened, and the first step taken towards a total cessation of these dreadful sacrifices. Inna became a mother, and fervently and ably did she exert herself to rear her children in her own belief. In this she succeeded. The family was powerful and flourished, therefore neither priests nor neighbours dared to interfere; and no human beings were murdered at the death of Inna and her descendants.

We must not close this little narration without mentioning that Kobara and Miensa demanded permission of the king of Ashantee for presents to pass through his country from them to the white woman, as a small tribute of gratitude. Orders were issued to the caboceers of the different towns to allow Kobara's followers to travel unmolested; and they safely deposited

swords with gold handles, a set of gold ornaments of exquisite workmanship, a large piece of rock gold, cloths of the finest texture interwoven with silk, valuable monkey, panther, and boa skins, ivory, samples of their pottery, of working in leather, of their dyes, their carving, feathers, perfumed vegetable butter; in short, specimens of every art practised in Boorom, and every natural production found there and in the neighbourhood.

THE WOODEN WALLS OF ENGLAND.

BY THE REV. CHARLES STRONG.

YE sacred arks of liberty! that float
 Where Tamar's waters spread their bosom wide,
 That seem, with towering stern and rampart side,
 Like antique castles girt with shining moat:
 Should war the signal give with brazen throat,
 No more recumbent here in idle pride,
 Your rapid prows would cleave the foaming tide,
 And to the nations speak in thundering note.
 Thus in the firmament serene and deep,
 When summer clouds the earth are hanging o'er,
 And all their mighty masses seem asleep,
 To execute Heaven's wrath and judgments sore,
 From their dark wombs the sudden lightnings leap,
 And vengeful thunders peal from shore to shore.

TO A LITTLE GIRL,

WHOM THE AUTHOR SAW PLAYING WITH A SNAKE.

BY JAMES BIRD.

BEWARE ! beware, young thoughtless Fanny !

Unloose that glittering aspick's throat !

O, giddy !—thou art like the many,

Caught by the glare of a showy coat.

Grasp it not so !

Let the serpent go !

Thou art charm'd with its gaudy speckled pride ;

While thou heedest not,

On that sunny spot,

The violets that modestly spring by thy side.

Ah ! thus mankind are oft enchanted

By gilded thorns, with which they play,

While honeyed flowers that Nature planted

Around their hearts, are thrown away.

O Fanny, beware

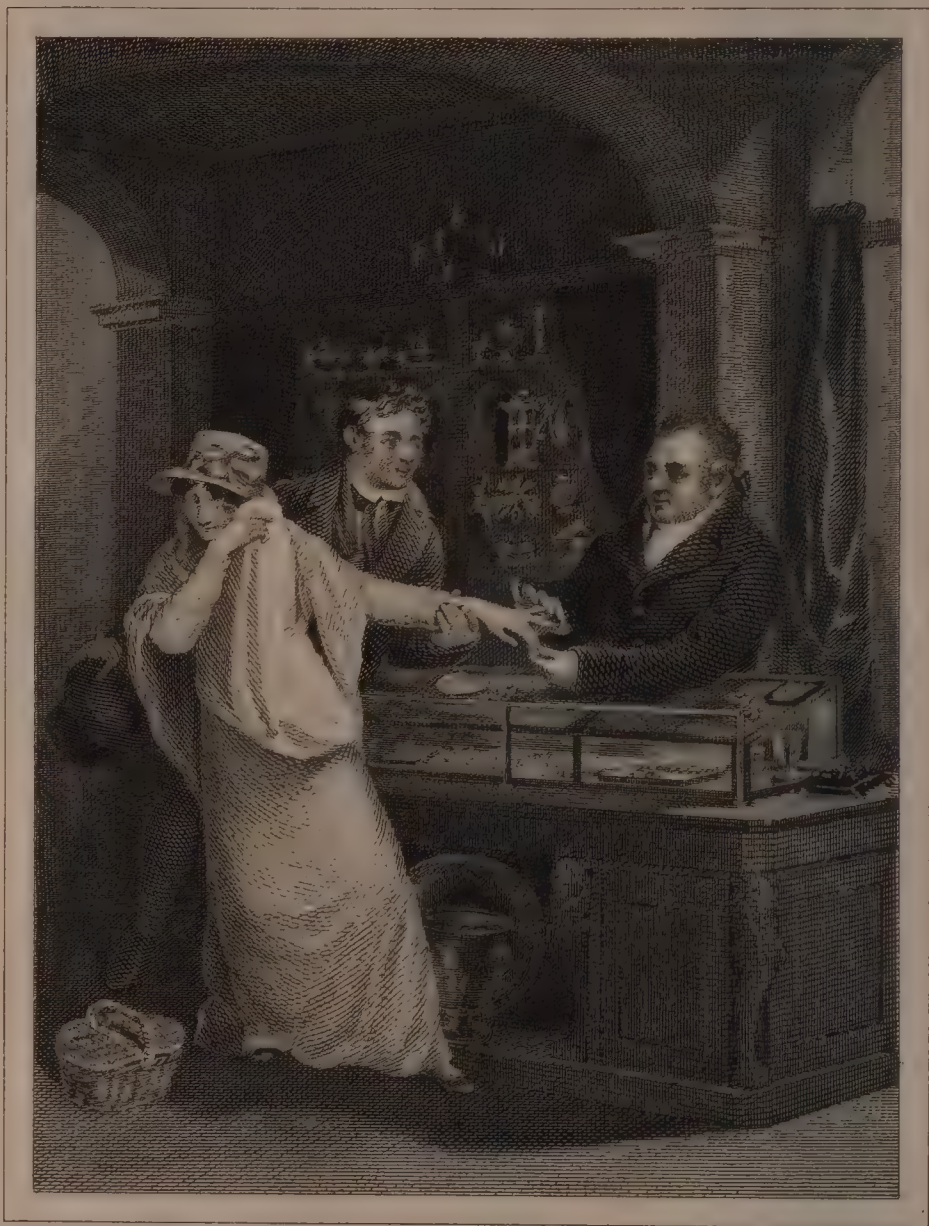
Of *some* things which are fair !

Lest their beauty thy fate should embitter, my dear ;

And remember this truth—

All the playthings of youth

Are not gold that may happen to glitter, my dear !



M.W. Sharpe pinx.

J. Romney sculp.

THE WEDDING RING.

Pub. by Rackermann. London 1828.

THE WEDDING RING.

BY MISS MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

NAY, Annie, start not thus aside,
Nor strive to reach the door,
When we have ta'en a ten-mile ride
To view the goldsmith's store.
See that gay brooch, that bracelet see,
And that fine glittering thing,—
And look—oh dearer far to me !
On this plain golden ring.

Wilt thou not look ?—nay, shrink not, sweet,
Nor turn thine eyes away :—
What canst thou see in yon dull street,
And this no market-day ?
Two children toddling home from school,
Link'd gravely hand in hand ;
An old wife perch'd upon a stool
Beside her apple-stand ;

A burly burgess, grand of pace,
As vessel under sail ;
A handbox'd miss, all smirk and grace,
With flounce, and scarf, and veil ;
And, as I live, on spavin'd steed,
Our vicar spare and wan :—
Full soon may we his reverence need,
Heaven shield the holy man !

Nay, Annie, catch not back thy hand,
Nor turn away thine eye,
Nor hang thy head, nor sidling stand,
As the whole world were by.
There's none to scare my trembling dove,
Or her sweet shame to see—
Ay, that's the very finger, love,
And that the ring for me!

THE SABBATH BELL.

BY MRS. CORNWELL BARON WILSON,

AUTHOR OF "ASTARTE" AND "HOURS AT HOME."

PILGRIM, that hast meekly borne
All the cold world's bitter scorn,
Journeying through this vale of tears,
Till the promised land appears
Where the pure in heart shall dwell—
Thou dost bless the Sabbath Bell!

Idler, following fashion's toys,
Seeking, 'mid its empty joys,
Pleasure that must end in pain;
Sunshine that will turn to rain;
What does whisp'ring conscience tell,
When thou hear'st the Sabbath Bell?

Poet, dreaming o'er thy lyre,
Wasting health and youthful fire;
Wooing still the phantom fame,
For, at best, a fleeting name;
Burst the chains of Fancy's spell—
Listen—'tis the Sabbath Bell!

Monarch, on thy regal throne;
Ruler, whom the nations own;
Captive, at thy prison grate,
Sad in heart and desolate;
Bid earth's minor cares farewell—
Hark! it is the Sabbath Bell!

Statesman, toiling in the mart,
Where Ambition plays his part;
Peasant, bronzing 'neath the sun,
Till thy six days' work are done;
Ev'ry thought of bus'ness quell,
When ye hear the Sabbath Bell!

Maiden, with thy brow so fair,
Blushing cheek, and shining hair;
Child, with bright and laughing eye,
Chasing the wing'd butterfly;
Hasten, when o'er vale and dell
Sounds the gath'ring Sabbath Bell!

Trav'ler, thou whom gain or taste
Speedeth through earth's weary waste ;
Wand'rer from thy native land,
Rest thy steed and slack thy hand
When the seventh day's sun-beams tell :
There they wake the Sabbath Bell !

Soldier, who, on battle-plain,
Soon may'st mingle with the slain ;
Sailor, on the dark blue sea
As thy bark rides gallantly ;
Prayer and praise become ye well,
Though ye hear no Sabbath Bell.

Mother, that with tearful eye
Stand'st to watch thy first-born die,
Bending o'er his cradle-bed,
Till the last pure breath has fled ;
What to thee of hope can tell
Like the solemn Sabbath Bell ?

“ Mourner,” thus it seems to say ;
“ Weeping o'er this fragile clay,
Lift from earth thy streaming eyes,
Seek thy treasure in the skies,
Where the strains of angels swell
One eternal Sabbath Bell !”

TO A NAMELESS ONE.

BY MRS. PERRING.

I HAVE wander'd where the woodbine
Its choicest perfume throws,
Where the jessamine mingled sweetly
Its fragrance with the rose ;
Where oak and elm, entwining
Their graceful foliage, made,
In noon-day's cloudless shining,
A kind and welcome shade.

I have wander'd where the river
Its wild meander takes,
By brooks which murmur ever,
By bright and sunny lakes ;
Where nature's softest breathing,
The melody of love,
Sounds sweet amid the wreathing
Of branches high above.

I have wander'd silent, lonely,
Among these scenes of joy ;
For one dear object only
Could then my thoughts employ :
And separated from thee,
Creation's brightest beam
Fell cheerless—cold—upon me,
As the glaring meteor's gleam.

The woodbine softly twining
 Its lithe limbs with the rose ;
The sunny fountain shining,
 Which oak and elm inclose ;
The merry songsters singing
 Their notes of love and bliss ;
The gentle streamlet winning
 The way where flow'rets kiss ;

The river's wild meander ;
 The cool transparent lake,
Where fleecy clouds that wander
 Their fair impression make :
One moment could not sever
 Thine image from my breast ;
My spirit, dove-like, ever
 Would seek its native rest.

I have stray'd o'er barren mountains,
 Where nature had denied
Clear rills, or gushing fountains,
 Or lofty forests' pride ;
I felt not sad or weary—
 For, loved one, thou wert nigh,
And prospects dark and dreary
 Grew bright beneath thine eye.

Yes, sorrow's brow is calm, love,
 Less sad affliction's tear,

When, like a holy balm, we feel
A kindred spirit near.
And while with rapid pinion
Time wings his noiseless way,
Affection's sweet dominion
Shall bless each happy day.

COMMUNINGS WITH NATURE.

BY DERWENT CONWAY,

AUTHOR OF "TALES OF ARDENNES."

As the tempest lifted the northern sea
With its wintry rage and its roar,
Tossing the bounding and crested waves
On old Norway's desolate shore,

I said—Magnificent, Nature, art thou ;
My spirit shall commune with thee :
I want no other balm to my soul,
Thou dark and stormy sea !

As the sun on the Mediterranean set,
And rosy and calm it lay,
And the stars came out in the deep blue sky
While it dream'd the fair night away;

I said—Oh beautiful, Nature, art thou!
Let me thy worshipper be!
I'll need no living love in my heart,
While I gaze on the dreaming sea.

As the thunder broke on the towering Alps,
And the rent clouds hung on the peaks,
And the lightning flung on the snowy scalps
Its waving and blood-red streaks;

I said—Sublimity, Nature, art thou!
No sympathy need I but thine;
Enough are thy glories to fill up the soul;
Thy communion alone shall be mine.

As the evening its rays mildly shed o'er the scenes
Where the Loire glides in beauty along,
While faintly the convent-bell came on the ear,
To chime to the nightingale's song;

Oh, Nature! I said—what can mortal wish more
Than to feast on thy beauties so mild?
I'll cling to thee thus—and I ever will be
Thy fond, thine affectionate child.

But a time there comes when a void is left,
And a living love must fill it;
And the trouble that comes to a desolate heart
Needs a living love to still it.

THE HOUR OF VICTORY*.

BY CHARLES BRINSLEY SHERIDAN, ESQ.

DAWN broke o'er Gaul's phalanxes, proudly array'd
In the terrible beauty and grandeur of war ;
Her lightnings flash'd wrath through the sulphury shade :
Her deluge of horsemen swept fiercely and far.
The freedom of man in a balance was placed—
The hopes of all nations were centred in *one* :
'Tis midnight—Gaul trembles—defeated, disgraced—
And Albion's proud task of deliverance is done.

But where is *he*—the mighty chief,
Who brought the suffering world relief?

* The anecdote here versified at the time of its first appearance in print, is as follows:—"They parted: Blucher proceeded on his way; Lord Wellington returned to Waterloo. As he crossed again this fatal scene, on which the silence of death had now succeeded to the storm of battle, the moon, breaking from dark clouds, shed an uncertain light upon this wide field of carnage, covered with mangled thousands of that gallant army, whose heroic valour had won for him the brightest wreath of victory, and left to future times an imperishable monument of their country's fame. He saw himself surrounded by the bloody corpses of his veteran soldiers, who had followed him through distant lands—of his friends—his associates in arms—his companions through many an eventful year of danger and of glory: in that awful pause which follows the mortal conflict of man with man, emotions, unknown or stifled in the heat of battle, forced their way—the feelings of the man triumphed over those of the general—and, in the very hour of victory, Lord Wellington burst into tears." *The Battle of Waterloo, by a near Observer*, page 40, 4to. edition.

Slow pacing o'er the trampled plain,
Deform'd by heaps of hostile slain;
That altar where one righteous blow
Laid Europe's worst oppressor low;
What rapture swells the hero's breast,
By victory's holiest triumph blest!
He eyes the scene of freedom's fight—
The patriot-leader's dearest sight—
Oh! surely ne'er so dear as now:
His fingers press his throbbing brow.
In victory's proud and rapturous hour,
Pregnant for him with fame and power,
Fresh feelings, voiceless, veil'd, and deep,
Make Europe's blest deliverer—*weep!*—
He weeps to see around him lying,
Now fallen and faint, or dead and dying,
The tried and true, the young and bold:
The veteran, midst his victories, old;
 The late-confided boy,
Hush'd in the sad repose of death,
Nor roused by e'en that clarion's breath,
 Those cheering comrades' joy.
With tearful eye he marks the rays
Where moonlight o'er the corpses plays,
As though that lustre from above
Kiss'd virtuous wounds with heavenly love:
He weeps to think how many a tear
Must drop for all who slumber here;

How every bright and bridal eye
Will swim in speechless agony;
How oft the unconscious orphan's tones
Will wake its widow'd mother's groans.
Why need that manly struggle seek
To hide the pale and streaming cheek?
When earth receives the hero's frame,
Will all the deathless deeds which claim
A nation's hymns, to bless a name
Which liberty reveres;
Will all his country's love, decreed
To prove her poor though grateful meed,
For England saved and Europe freed
Outweigh those hidden tears?

SONG.

(FROM AN UNPUBLISHED OPERA.)

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE LEGEND OF GENEVIEVE," &c.

Up among the mountains,
With their peaks of snows;
Down beside the fountains,
Where the heifer lows;
Beneath the star of gloaming,
By mount and mossy tree;
Ellen, I am roaming—
What hath come of thee?

Hath thy light of gladness
 Been eclipsed by care?
Doth the gloom of sadness
 Dim thy raven hair?—
Say, can no scene of brightness
 Thy brighter eyes allure;
And must thy foot of lightness
 Press down the rushy floor?

Just listen to the linnet,
 Amid yon bowering wood;
The lesson which is in it
 Hath moral wise and good:
“ Since life is but a season,
 And love hath but a day,
Have we not the better reason
 To enjoy it while we may?”

Then hither haste, my sweet one,
 To the mount and mossy tree;
Oh, come! my love, and meet one
 Who ever pines for thee,—
Up among the mountains,
 With their peaks of snows;
Down beside the fountains,
 Where the cowslip blows.

△.

THE MAGICIAN'S VISITER.

BY HENRY NEELE, ESQ.

It was at the close of a fine autumnal day, and the shades of evening were beginning to gather over the city of Florence, when a low quick rap was heard at the door of Cornelius Agrippa, and shortly afterwards a stranger was introduced into the apartment in which the philosopher was sitting at his studies.

The stranger, although finely formed, and of courteous demeanour, had a certain indefinable air of mystery about him, which excited awe, if, indeed, it had not a repellent effect. His years it was difficult to guess, for the marks of youth and age were blended in his features in a most extraordinary manner. There was not a furrow in his cheek, or a wrinkle on his brow, and his large black eye beamed with all the brilliancy and vivacity of youth; but his stately figure was bent apparently beneath the weight of years; his hair, although thick and clustering, was gray; and his voice was feeble and tremulous, yet its tones were of the most ravishing and soul-searching melody. His costume was that of a Florentine gentleman; but he held a staff like that of a palmer in his hand, and a silken sash, inscribed with oriental characters, was bound around his waist. His face was deadly pale, but every feature of it was singularly beautiful, and its expression was that of profound wisdom, mingled with poignant sorrow.

"Pardon me, learned sir," said he, addressing the philosopher, "but your fame has travelled into all lands, and has reached all ears, and I could not leave the fair city of Florence without seeking an interview with one who is its greatest boast and ornament."

"You are right welcome, sir," returned Agrippa; "but I fear that your trouble and curiosity will be but ill repaid. I am simply one, who, instead of devoting my days, as do the wise, to the acquirement of wealth and honour, have passed long years in painful and unprofitable study, in endeavouring to unravel the secrets of nature, and initiating myself in the mysteries of the occult sciences."

"Talkest thou of *long* years!" echoed the stranger, and a melancholy smile played over his features:—"thou, who hast scarcely seen fourscore since thou left'st thy cradle, and for whom the quiet grave is now waiting, eager to clasp thee in her sheltering arms! I was among the tombs to-day—the still and solemn tombs: I saw them smiling in the last beams of the setting sun. When I was a boy, I used to wish to be like that sun; his career was so long, so bright, so glorious. But to-night I thought 'it is better to slumber among those tombs than to be like him.' To-night he sank behind the hills apparently to repose, but to-morrow he must renew his course, and run the same dull and unvaried but toilsome and unquiet race. There is no grave for him, and the night and morning dews are the tears that he sheds over his tyrannous destiny."

Agrippa was a deep observer and admirer of external nature and of all her phenomena, and had often gazed upon the scene which the stranger described, but the feelings and ideas which it awakened in the mind of the latter were so different from any thing which he had himself experienced, that he could not help, for a season, gazing upon him in speechless wonder. His guest, however, speedily resumed the discourse.

“ But I trouble you, I trouble you ;—to my purpose in making you this visit. I have heard strange tales of a wondrous mirror, which your potent art has enabled you to construct, in which whosoever looks may see the distant or the dead, on whom he is desirous again to fix his gaze. My eyes see nothing in this outward visible world which can be pleasing to their sight. The grave has closed over all I loved. Time has carried down its stream every thing that once contributed to my enjoyment. The world is a vale of tears, but among all the tears which water that sad valley, not one is shed for me—the fountain in my own heart, too, is dried up. I would once again look upon the face which I loved. I would see that eye more bright and that step more stately than the antelope's; that brow, the broad smooth page on which God had inscribed his fairest characters. I would gaze on all I loved and all I lost. Such a gaze would be dearer to my heart than all that the world has to offer me—except the grave, except the grave.”

The passionate pleading of the stranger had such an effect upon Agrippa (who was not used to exhibit his miracle of art to the eyes of all who desired to look in it, although he was often tempted by exorbitant presents and high honours to do so), that he readily consented to grant the request of his extraordinary visiter.

"Whom wouldst thou see?" he inquired.

"My child, my own sweet Miriam," answered the stranger.

Cornelius immediately caused every ray of the light of heaven to be excluded from the chamber, placed the stranger on his right hand, and commenced chanting, in a low soft tone, and in a strange language, some lyrical verses, to which the stranger thought he heard occasionally a response, but it was a sound so faint and indistinct that he hardly knew whether it existed any where but in his own fancy. As Cornelius continued his chant, the room gradually became illuminated, but whence the light proceeded it was impossible to discover. At length the stranger plainly perceived a large mirror which covered the whole of the extreme end of the apartment, and over the surface of which a dense haze or cloud seemed to be rapidly passing.

"Died she in wedlock's holy bands?" inquired Cornelius.

"She was a virgin spotless as the snow."

"How many years have passed away since the grave closed over her?"

A cloud gathered on the stranger's brow, and he answered somewhat impatiently, "Many, many; more than I now have time to number."

"Nay," said Agrippa, "but I must know. For every ten years that have elapsed since her death once must I wave this wand; and when I have waved it for the last time, you will see her figure in yon mirror."

"Wave on, then," said the stranger, and groaned bitterly: "wave on, and take heed that thou be not weary."

Cornelius Agrippa gazed on his strange guest with something of anger, but he excused his want of courtesy on the ground of the probable extent of his calamities. He then waved his magic wand many times, but, to his consternation, it seemed to have lost its virtue. Turning again to the stranger he exclaimed:

"Who and what art thou, man? Thy presence troubles me. According to all the rules of my art this wand has already described twice two hundred years—still has the surface of the mirror experienced no alteration. Say, dost thou mock me, and did no such person ever exist as thou hast described to me?"

"Wave on, wave on!" was the stern and only reply which this interrogatory extracted from the stranger.

The curiosity of Agrippa, although he was himself a dealer in wonders, began now to be excited, and a mysterious feeling of awe forbade him to desist from waving his wand, much as he doubted the sincerity of his visiter.

As his arm grew slack, he heard the deep solemn tones of the stranger, exclaiming, "Wave on, wave on!" and at length, after his wand, according to the calculations of his art, had described a period of above twelve hundred years, the cloud cleared away from the surface of the mirror, and the stranger, with an exclamation of delight, arose, and gazed rapturously upon the scene which was there represented.

An exquisitely rich and romantic prospect was before him. In the distance rose lofty mountains crowned with cedars; a rapid stream rolled in the middle, and in the fore-ground were seen camels grazing; a rill trickling by, in which some sheep were quenching their thirst, and a lofty palm-tree, beneath whose shade a young female of exquisite beauty, and richly habited in the costume of the East, was sheltering herself from the rays of the noon-tide sun.

"'Tis she! 'tis she!" shouted the stranger; and he was rushing towards the mirror, but was prevented by Cornelius, who said,

"Forbear, rash man, to quit this spot! with each step that thou advancest towards the mirror, the image will become fainter, and shouldst thou approach too near, it will vanish away entirely."

Thus warned, he resumed his station, but his agitation was so excessive, that he was obliged to lean on the arm of the philosopher for support, while, from time to time, he uttered incoherent expressions of wonder, delight, and lamentation. "'Tis she! 'tis

she ! even as she looked while living ! How beautiful she is ! Miriam, my child, canst thou not speak to me ? By Heaven, she moves ! she smiles ! Oh speak to me a single word ! or only breathe, or sigh ! Alas ! all's silent—dull and desolate as this heart ! Again that smile !—that smile, the remembrance of which a thousand winters have not been able to freeze up in my heart ! Old man, it is in vain to hold me ! I must, will clasp her !”

As he uttered the last words, he rushed frantically towards the mirror—the scene represented within it faded away—the cloud gathered again over its surface,—and the stranger sunk senseless to the earth.

When he recovered his consciousness, he found himself in the arms of Agrippa, who was chafing his temples and gazing on him with looks of wonder and fear. He immediately rose on his feet, with restored strength, and, pressing the hand of his host, he said, “ Thanks, thanks, for thy courtesy and thy kindness, and for the sweet but painful sight which thou hast presented to my eyes.” As he spake these words, he put a purse into the hand of Cornelius, but the latter returned it, saying, “ Nay, nay, keep thy gold, friend. I know not, indeed, that a Christian man dare take it ; but be that as it may, I shall esteem myself sufficiently repaid if thou wilt tell me who thou art.”

“ Behold !” said the stranger, pointing to a large historical picture which hung on the left hand of the room.

"I see," said the philosopher, "an exquisite work of art, the production of one of our best and earliest artists, representing our Saviour carrying his cross."

"But look again!" said the stranger, fixing his keen dark eyes intently on him, and pointing to a figure on the left hand of the picture.

Cornelius gazed and saw with wonder what he had not observed before—the extraordinary resemblance which this figure bore to the stranger, of whom, indeed, it might be said to be a portrait.

"That," said Cornelius, with an emotion of horror, "is intended to represent the unhappy infidel who smote the divine Sufferer for not walking faster, and was therefore condemned to walk the earth himself, until the period of that Sufferer's second coming."

"'Tis I! 'tis I!" exclaimed the stranger; and, rushing out of the house, rapidly disappeared.

Then did Cornelius Agrippa know that he had been conversing with **THE WANDERING JEW**.

DAVID RETURNING FROM THE CONQUEST OF GOLIATH.

"BEHOLD ye the youth from the combat returning,
Behold ye the flame o'er his countenance burning,
The bright flame of glory, that kindles around
The brows of the mighty, whom conquest has crown'd!

“ Goliath ! thy might and thy boastings are vain,
As the tempest that sweeps o’er the desolate plain :
The stripling of Jesse delivers our land ;
The signs of his conquest are red in his hand.

“ Twine, sisters, the wreath of the flowers that are
meetest ;
Wake, sisters, the strain from the lute that is sweetest :
Though that soft lute be tuned to the praises of Saul,
The glories of David our hearts shall recall.

“ The spoils of a thousand adorn the tall car
That bears our famed king through the regions of
war :—
But, David, what arm can arrest thy career ?
Tens of thousands shall crouch ’neath the gleam of thy
spear.”

Virgin daughter of Sion, such hymn-notes were thine,
To thy shepherd who vanquish’d the proud Philistine ;
And oft will we turn to the page of that story,
And lift up our thoughts to the monarch of glory.

We will lift up our thoughts to the infant who rose,
As the day-spring, to pierce through the ranks of our
foes :—
To the offspring of David our garlands we bring,
To the offspring of David for ever we sing.

A. K.

COUNSELS.

BY BERNARD BARTON, ESQ.

THOUGH bright thy morn of life may seem,
Remember clouds may rise ;
And trust not to the transient gleam
Of calm and smiling skies.
So tread life's path, in sunshine drest,
With lowly cautious fear ;
That when Grief's shadows o'er it rest,
Its memory may be dear.

If dark life's matin hours may be,
Despond not at their gloom ;
Joy's cloudless sun may rise for thee,
And Hope's bright flow'rets bloom.
So trace thy pathway thorn-bestrew'd,
That thou, in happier hours,
With pure and pangless gratitude
Mayst bless its fragrant flowers.

Through cloud and sunshine, flower and thorn,
Pursue thy even way,
Nor let thy better hopes be born
Of things that must decay.
Rejoice with trembling, mourn with hope,
Take like as life was given ;
Its rough ascent, its flowery slope,
May lead alike to heaven !

ON CHANTRY'S MONUMENT

OF TWO CHILDREN IN LICHFIELD CATHEDRAL.

OH who can come to the holy dome,
The massive pillar, and fretted aisle,
And not stay his feet: for his heart must beat
As he looks on such grandeur and height awhile;
For the works of ages long gone by
Must they not arrest the observer's eye?

Monuments there, that are hid from the glare,
And live with a name of centuries past,
Appeal to the breast, and their solemn rest
Seems as if destined for ages to last,
To speak in a language by all understood,
A faithful memento of wise and good.

When the wing of Time o'er our northern clime
Shall have swept a long vista of years away,
How many shall come to this beautiful tomb,
And weep o'er these models of silent clay!
The faint but yet faithful resemblance of those
On whom one morn shone and beheld their repose!

Like the snow-drop flower, whose earliest hour
Shows purity blended with humble worth,
They bloom'd in their scene, 'neath a sky serene,
And soon were nipt by the winds of the North;
For Spring blossoms fade ere the day is done—
They rise with, but fall before set of, the sun.

Calmly they lie; like the seraphs on high,
A smile on each feature serenely plays;
And the flowers they hold, ere their leaves unfold,
Are emblems meet of their early days;
The snow-drop's blossoms have left their stem,
And nothing of earth shall revivify them.

If such is death, why should mortal breath
Be valued—a thing that so soon must go?
Where the heavy clod, by rude footsteps trod,
Shall fail to awaken the sleeper below!
No voice can disturb the silent dead,
Nor thought break through to his peaceful head.

Then why deplore those who, gone before,
Shall never come back to their mansion of clay?
With pain though we part, 'tis a transient smart,
That beats but awhile, and is borne away;
For grief, like the tide, must its height attain,
And soon to its ebb return again.

We part, it is true; but the hopes that grew
On earth may be proved in the world above,
When once we meet at our Maker's feet,
And love on for ever—for God is love:
And the friends of our youth, and the child of our years,
We shall welcome on high, free from sorrow and tears.

MONTAGUE SEYMOUR.

ars,
ars.
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J. Stephanoff del.

E. Finden sculp.

BRIDAL MORNING.

Pub. by Richardson and Co. London, 1828.

THE BRIDAL MORNING.

THY bridal morning ! They are now
The last braid of thy tresses wreathing ;
The last white pearl is on thy brow,
The orange flower's beside thee breathing.

Why, thou art queen-like ; that rich zone,
The satin's snowy folds confining,
Is bright with every Indian stone
Whose hues have caught the day-break shining.

And thou art fair—oh, very fair !
And suitest well thy gay adorning ;
Thy clear brow and thy sunny hair,
Are they not beautiful as morning ?

But thou art yet less fair than pale—
Pale !—it is but a bride's sweet sorrow ;
Fling over her the silver veil—
That cheek will be more bright to-morrow.

No more, no more !—the rose hath said
Farewell to that pale cheek for ever ;
Those gems may cast a meteor red
Upon that face, but the heart never.

Those eyes have tears they may not weep,
Those lips words never to be spoken :
As weak as frail, thou canst not keep,
Nor yet forget, vows thou hast broken.

Her eye is on the mirror fix'd,
Yet sees she not on what she gazes ;
The past has with the present mix'd,
Till both seem one in memory's mazes.

That long past hour—what doth it here,
The slumbering pulses to awaken ?
His image—how can that be dear ?—
His image whom thou hast forsaken ?

What does it here ?—that cypress grove,
That hour of moonlight and of dreaming ;
That one fond dream 'of early love,
Half of life's worldliness redeeming ;

The curl he took, the ring he gave—
The vow that bound your hearts together !
Oh froth, such is on ocean's wave !
Oh change, such is in April weather !

And has that fickle heart been won
By baubles such as those around thee ?
This chain of gold—is this the one
In which thy newer love has bound thee ?

Go, queen it in the lightest hall ;
Be there the gayest and the brightest :
Soon worlds were little to recal
What now in vanity thou slightest.

Go, glittering slave! go, school thy brow;
Henceforth thy heart must still its beating:
Go forth—thy lord awaits thy vow—
Thy lover! shrink'st thou from such meeting?

In vain! thine early dream is past,
Thy heart is sold—there are its fetters:—
Love's flowery contract did not last;
This may—'tis writ in golden letters.

Oh shame, that ever this should be!
Gold thus o'er love and faith prevailing!
Great curse! where shall we fly from thee,
When even woman's faith is failing?

L. E. L.

ALICE.

BY JAMES BIRD.

If Heaven would make me such another world
Of one entire and perfect chrysolite,
I'd not have sold her for it.

SHAKSPEARE.

I SAW her sleeping in her shroud,
When cold and pale in death she lay;
And while her father wept aloud,
I turn'd in mute despair away—
That which his eye could bear to see,
Brought torments worse than death to me!

One moment more, I gazed again :—
That hasty glance of anguish brought
A world of hopeless woe and pain,
A changeless, cheerless age of thought,
Which to my lonely heart could bring
In life no balm, in death no sting !

Yes, Alice !—then my cup of grief
O'erflow'd—and I have drain'd it now,
E'en to the dregs !—*Thy* span was brief—
But I am like a withering bough
That lives, though storms have torn away
The glories of its summer-day !

Oh ! could I sleep as thou art sleeping,
With pangless breast and tearless eye !
Yet, mine no more for thee is weeping,
The fountain of my tears is dry ;
I live to dull despair alone,
As though my heart were chill'd to stone !

Farewell awhile !—life's stormy sea
Will soon be pass'd—and I may dwell
In some far brighter world with thee,
In which that joyless sound, *farewell*,
Breaks that most hallow'd transport never,
Which there is felt—and felt for ever !

THE MESSENGER DOVE.

BY ROBERT BELL, ESQ.

“FLY, fly, my dove, to my own true love,
And bear him this letter from me ;
And let thy flight, on its path of light,
Like the course of the comets be !

“Heed not the rain, should it chance to stain
Thy wings of driven snow—
But swiftly fly through the liquid sky,
And my blessing with thee go !

“In the solitude of Ardennes’ wood
Is my falconer to be seen :
And do not forget that his plume is jet,
And his gear of the forest green.

“His scarf is tinged with gold, and fringed
With a border of glossy white ;
And a true lover’s knot is curiously wrought
In a margin of crimson bright.

“A hair knot too, of the sunniest hue,
Wears he upon his breast—
You’ll know the braid by a silken thread,
A motto, and a crest.

“And on thy wing take this golden ring,
A mark of thy lady’s love—
My falconer will see that thou comest from me,
When he looks on this ring, my dove !

“ Fly, fly, my dove, to my own true love,
On thy fealty I rely ;
Let thy wings be speed, for 'tis lady's need
That seeks thy ministry.”

Swift, swift the dove flew, as the flashes do
When the clouds in heaven meet ;
His momentarily place you could not trace,
His course was so wond'rous fleet.

On, on he flew, the elements through
Of cold and of sunshine,
Nor felt the blast on his wings as he past,
Nor the scorch of the burning line.

Through clouds of fire, still higher and higher,
His course he did pursue ;
And through floating gold, in the sun's deep hold,
That fearless messenger flew.

A speck in the air—his plumage fair
Was melted to a ray—
And the glancing light on his ring was bright
As the burst of the rising day.

And in his turning that bright ring burning
Would dazzle a human eye ;
You could not gaze on its fairy blaze
As it shot through the distant sky.

And on he flew, and well he knew
Where his resting-place should be ;
Though the earth to him was far and dim,
Yet the forest was plain to see.

And a hawk flew by, but he carefully
Avoided the bird of prey—
And he flutter'd his wing, that the sunbright ring
Might confound him with its ray.

And the hawk's wild scream, as the sudden gleam
Flash'd across his dazzled sight,
Was like the cry of agony
From a wreck on a starless night.

The dove flies on—his errand is done ;
He nears the wood at last ;
And the glorious sun and the clouds of dun
Are safely and wondrously past.

And a falconer stood in Ardennes' wood,
Of gallant mien and air ;
He was bold and free, and his courtesy
Was a jewel of value rare.

His plume was jet, and its roots were set
In a cap of the deep green hue ;
And a true love-knot on his scarf was wrought,
And tinged with gold all through ;

And a sunny braid, and a silken thread,
And a motto and a crest,
As tokens inwove of lady's love,
Were hung on that falconer's breast.

Now haste thy flight to that gallant knight,
Fair dove, o'er stream and green;
For the knight doth play with his arrows to-day,
And they're falling the trees between.

With his arrows he plays through the forest's maze,
And the shafts fly rapidly;
And his watchful eye is fix'd on high,
And rests, fair dove, on thee.

Stay, stay thy hand, at thy lady's command,
And attend to her behest;—
Sir knight, sir knight, that bird of light
By thy lady was plumed and blest!

Oh! heed not the gem of his diadem—
'Tis a well known ring thou dost see:
Aim not at the dove of thy lady-love—
A faithfuller cannot be.

The falconer hath turn'd to the speck where burn'd
The blaze of the golden ring;
He hath mark'd the spot, and his eye hath caught
Full cover for that fair thing.

One touch to his quiver—one bound, and never
Was arrow so placed before :
The arch of the bow and the point below
His eye ran o'er and o'er.

Shame on thy knighthood ! a dirge in the green wood !—
The arrow is shot and sped :
'Tis a merciless deed—a blight on its speed !—
The messenger dove is dead !

The bird falls at his feet, and his errand sweet
He drops before the knight ;
And the ring of gold, from its snowy fold,
Breaks out into rays of light.

He sees the ring, and, sorrowing,
Laments what he has done ;
Into the river he casts his quiver,
And his arrows, one by one.

The letter is prest to the falconer's breast,
With a thousand kisses and more ;
But the tears fall fast, and blot out at last
What his lips have printed before.

His task is o'er, and that dove no more
Shall carry from lady bright
To the solitude of Ardennes' wood
A letter to forester knight.

WINTER WELCOMED.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PHANTASMAGORIA, OR SKETCHES OF
LIFE AND LITERATURE," &c.

'Tis Winter—Winter wild and drear,
The skies are dark, the earth is sere;
Autumn's last leaf hath left the spray,
And Summer's birds are far away;
Nature in all her works subdued
Is but a frozen solitude.

Yet Spring, with gentle gales and showers,
Spring, robed in sunlight, wreath'd with flowers,
Ne'er cheer'd me with such visions bright,
Ne'er rose so lovely on my sight,
As thou, grim Winter, friend austere,
Blessing, though with a brow severe,
Bearer to me of sumless wealth,
Vigour renew'd—returning health!

What marvel?—Can the languid eye
Catch brightness from a glowing sky?
Is the dull ear of sickness free
For song of bird or humming bee?
Will the blue lake where swallows skim,
Or dewy haunt of violets dim,
Aught of earth's beauty, break the chain,
Or lull the bitterness of pain?
Vainly fair objects strive to win
Till answer'd by repose within.
Welcome, more welcome, wintry snow,
Hail'd, as I hail thee, friendly foe!

M. J. J.

A COUNTRY APOTHECARY.

BY MISS MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

ONE of the most important personages in a small country town is the apothecary. He takes rank next after the rector and the attorney, and before the curate ; and could be much less easily dispensed with than either of those worthies, not merely as holding "fate and physic" in his hand, but as the general, and as it were official, associate, adviser, comforter and friend, of all ranks and all ages, of high and low, rich and poor, sick and well. I am no despiser of dignities ; but twenty emperors shall be less intensely missed in their wide dominions than such a man as my friend John Hallett in his own small sphere.

The spot which was favoured with the residence of this excellent person was the small town of Hazelby, in Dorsetshire ; a pretty little place, where every thing seems at a stand-still. It was originally built in the shape of the letter T ; a long broad market-place (still so called, although the market be gone) serving for the perpendicular stem, traversed by a straight, narrow, horizontal street, to answer for the top line. Not one addition has occurred to interrupt this architectural regularity, since, fifty years ago, a rich London tradesman built, at the west end of the horizontal street, a wide-fronted single house, with two low wings, iron palisades before, and a fish-pond opposite, which still goes by the name of New Place, and is balanced, at

the east end of the street, by an erection of nearly the same date, a large square dingy mansion enclosed within high walls, inhabited by three maiden sisters, and called, probably by way of nickname, the Nunnery. New Place being on the left of the road, and the Nunnery on the right, the T has now something of the air of the italic capital T, turned up at one end and down at the other.

The latest improvements are the bow-window in the market-place, commanding the pavement both ways, which the late brewer, Andrews, threw out in his snug parlour some twenty years back, and where he used to sit smoking, with the sash up, in summer afternoons, enjoying himself, good man; and the great room at the Swan, originally built by the speculative publican, Joseph Allwright, for an assembly-room. That speculation did not answer. The assembly, in spite of canvassing and patronage, and the active exertions of all the young ladies in the neighbourhood, dwindled away and died at the end of two winters: then it became a club-room for the hunt; but the hunt quarrelled with Joseph's cookery: then a market-room for the farmers; but the farmers (it was in the high-price time) quarrelled with Joseph's wine: then it was converted into the magistrates' room—the bench; but the bench and the market went away together, and there was an end of justicing: then Joseph tried the novel attraction (to borrow a theatrical phrase) of a billiard-table; but, alas! that novelty succeeded as ill as if it had been theatrical; there were not customers enough to pay the

marker: at last, it has merged finally in that unconscious receptacle of pleasure and pain, a post-office; although Hazelby has so little to do with traffic of any sort—even the traffic of correspondence—that a saucy mail-coach will often carry on its small bag, and as often forget to call for the London bag in return.

In short, Hazelby is an insignificant place;—my readers will look for it in vain in the map of Dorsetshire;—it is omitted, poor dear town!—left out by the map-maker with as little remorse as a dropped letter!—and it is also an old-fashioned place. It has not even a cheap shop for female gear. Every thing in the one store which it boasts, kept by Martha Deane, linen-draper and haberdasher, is dear and good, as things were wont to be. You may actually get there thread made of flax, from the gouty, uneven, clumsy, shiny fabric, yclept whited-brown, to the delicate commodity of Lisle, used for darning muslin. I think I was never more astonished, from the mere force of habit, than when, on asking for thread, I was presented, instead of the pretty lattice-wound balls or snowy reels of cotton with which that demand is usually answered, with a whole drawerful of skeins peeping from their blue papers—such skeins as in my youth a thrifty maiden would draw into the nicely-stitched compartments of that silken repository, a housewife, or fold into a congeries of graduated thread-papers, “fine by degrees, and beautifully less.” The very literature of Hazelby is doled out at the pastry-cook’s, in a little one-windowed shop kept by

Matthew Wise. Tarts occupy one end of the counter, and reviews the other; whilst the shelves are parcelled out between books, and dolls, and gingerbread. It is a question, by which of his trades poor Matthew gains least; he is so shabby, so threadbare, and so starved.

Such a town would hardly have known what to do with a highly informed and educated surgeon, such as one now generally sees in that most liberal profession. My friend, John Hallett, suited it exactly. His predecessor, Mr. Simon Saunders, had been a small, wrinkled, spare old gentleman, with a short cough and a thin voice, who always seemed as if he needed an apothecary himself. He wore generally a full suit of drab, a flaxen wig of the sort called a Bob Jerom, and a very tight muslin stock; a costume which he had adopted in his younger days in imitation of the most eminent physician of the next city, and continued to the time of his death. Perhaps the cough might have been originally an imitation also, ingrafted on the system by habit. It had a most unsatisfactory sound, and seemed more like a trick than a real effort of nature. His talk was civil, prosy, and fidgety: much addicted to small scandal, and that kind of news which passes under the denomination of tittle-tattle, he was sure to tell one half of the town where the other drank tea, and recollected the blanchmangers and jellies on a supper-table, or described a new gown, with as much science and unction as if he had been used to make jellies and wear gowns in his own person. Certain professional pecu-

liarities might have favoured the supposition. His mode of practice was exactly that popularly attributed to old women. He delighted in innocent remedies—manna, magnesia, and camphor julep; never put on a blister in his life; and would sooner, from pure complaisance, let a patient die, than administer an unpalatable prescription.

So qualified, to say nothing of his gifts in tea-drinking, casino, and quadrille (whist was too many for him), his popularity could not be questioned. When he expired all Hazelby mourned. The lamentation was general. The women of every degree (to borrow a phrase from that great phrase-monger, Horace Walpole) “cried quarts;” and the procession to the churchyard—that very churchyard to which he had himself attended so many of his patients—was now followed by all of them that remained alive.

It was felt that the successor of Mr. Simon Saunders would have many difficulties to encounter. My friend, John Hallett, “came, and saw, and overcame.” John was what is usually called a rough diamond. Imagine a short, clumsy, stout-built figure, almost as broad as it is long, crowned by a bullet head, covered with shaggy brown hair, sticking out in every direction; the face round and solid, with a complexion originally fair, but dyed one red by exposure to all sorts of weather; open good-humoured eyes of a greenish cast, his admirers called them hazel; a wide mouth, full of large white teeth; a cocked-up nose, and a double chin; bearing

altogether a strong resemblance to a print which I once saw hanging up in an alehouse parlour, of "the celebrated divine (to use the identical words of the legend) Doctor Martin Luther."

The condition of a country apothecary being peculiarly liable to the inclemency of the season, John's dress was generally such as might bid defiance to wind or rain, or snow or hail. If any thing, he wrapt up most in the summer, having a theory that people were never so apt to take cold as in hot weather. He usually wore a bearskin great-coat, a silk handkerchief over his cravat, top boots on those sturdy pillars his legs, a huge pair of overalls, and a hat, which, from the day in which it first came into his possession to that in which it was thrown aside, never knew the comfort of being freed from its oilskin—never was allowed to display the glossy freshness of its sable youth. Poor dear hat! how its vanity (if hats have vanity) must have suffered! For certain its owner had none, unless a lurking pride in his own bluntness and bluntness may be termed such. He piqued himself on being a plain downright Englishman, and on a voice and address pretty much like his apparel, rough, strong, and warm, fit for all weathers. A heartier person never lived.

In his profession he was eminently skilful, bold, confident, and successful. The neighbouring physicians liked to come after Mr. Hallett; they were sure to find nothing to undo. And blunt and abrupt as was his general manner, he was kind and gentle in a sick-

room; only nervous disorders, the pet diseases of Mr. Simon Saunders, he could not abide. He made short work with them; frightened them away as one does by children when they have the hiccough; or if the malady were pertinacious and would not go, he fairly turned off the patient. Once or twice, indeed, on such occasions, the patient got the start, and turned him off; Mrs. Emery, for instance, the lady's maid at New Place, most delicate and mincing of waiting-gentlewomen, motioned him from her presence; and Miss Deane, daughter of Martha Deane, haberdasher, who, after completing her education at a boarding-school, kept a closet full of millinery in a little den behind her mamma's shop, and was by many degrees the finest lady in Hazelby, was so provoked at being told by him that nothing ailed her, that, to prove her weakly condition, she pushed him by main force out of doors.

With these exceptions Mr. Hallett was the delight of the whole town, as well as of all the farm-houses within six miles round. He just suited the rich yeomanry, cured their diseases, and partook of their feasts; was constant at christenings, and a man of prime importance at weddings. A country merry-making was nothing without "the Doctor." He was "the very prince of good fellows;" had a touch of epicurism, which, without causing any distaste of his own homely fare, made dainties acceptable when they fell in his way; was a most absolute carver; prided himself upon a sauce of his own invention, for fish and game—"Ha-

zelby sauce" he called it; and was universally admitted to be the best compounder of a bowl of punch in the county.

Besides these rare convivial accomplishments, his gay and jovial temper rendered him the life of the table. There was no resisting his droll faces, his droll stories, his jokes, his tricks, or his laugh—the most contagious cachination that ever was heard. Nothing in the shape of fun came amiss to him. He would join in a catch or roar out a solo, which might be heard a mile off; would play at hunt the slipper, or blind-man's buff; was a great man in a country dance, and upon very extraordinary occasions would treat the company to a certain remarkable hornpipe, which put the walls in danger of tumbling about their ears, and belonged to him as exclusively as the Hazelby sauce. It was a sort of parody on a *pas seul* which he had once seen at the Opera-house, in which his face, his figure, his costume, his rich humour, and his strange, awkward, unexpected activity, told amazingly. "The force of *frolic* could no farther go" than "the Doctor's hornpipe." It was the climax of jollity.

But the chief scene of Mr. Hallet's gaiety lay out of doors, in a very beautiful spot, called The Down, a sloping upland, about a mile from Hazelby, a side view of which, with its gardens and orchards, its pretty church peeping from amongst lime and yew trees, and the fine piece of water, called Hazelby Pond, it commanded.

The Down itself was an extensive tract of land covered

with the finest verdure, backed by a range of hills, and surrounded by coppice-wood, large patches of which were scattered over the turf, like so many islands on an emerald sea. Nothing could be more beautiful or more impenetrable than these thickets: they were principally composed of birch, holly, hawthorn, and maple, woven together by garlands of woodbine, interwreathed and intertwined by bramble and briar, till even the sheep, although the bits of their snowy fleece left on the bushes bore witness to the attempt, could make no way in the leafy mass. Here and there a huge oak or beech rose towering above the rich underwood; and all around, as far as the eye could pierce, the borders of this natural shrubbery were studded with a countless variety of woodland flowers. When the old thorns were in blossom, or when they were succeeded by the fragrant woodbine and the delicate briar-rose, it was like a garden, if it were possible to fancy any garden so peopled with birds*.

* A circumstance of some curiosity in natural history occurred for several successive years on this Down. There was constantly in one of the thickets a blackbird's nest, of which the young were distinguished by a striking peculiarity. The old birds (probably the same pair) were of the usual sable colour, but the plumage of their progeny was milk-white, as white as a swan, without a single discoloured feather. They were always taken, and sold at high prices to the curious in such freaks of nature. The late bishop of Winchester had a pair of them for a long time in the aviary at Farnham Castle; they were hardy, and the male was a fine song-bird; but all attempts to breed from them failed. They died, and "left the world no copy."

The only human habitation on this charming spot was the cottage of the shepherd, old Thomas Tolfrey, who, with his grand-daughter, Jemima, a light pretty maiden of fourteen, tended the flocks on the Down; and the rustic carols of this little lass and the tinkling of the sheep-bells were usually the only sounds that mingled with the sweet songs of the feathered tribes. On Maydays and holidays, however, the thickets resounded with other notes of glee than those of the linnet and the woodlark. Fairs, revels, May-games, and cricket-matches—all were holden on the Down; and there would John Hallett sit, in his glory, universal umpire and referee of cricketer, wrestler, or back-sword-player, the happiest and greatest man in the field. Little Jemima never failed to bring her grandfather's arm-chair, and place it under the old oak for the good Doctor: I question whether John would have exchanged his throne for that of the king of England.

On these occasions he certainly would have been the better for that convenience, which he piqued himself on not needing—a partner. Generally speaking, he really, as he used to boast, did the business of three men; but when a sickly season and a Maying happened to come together, I cannot help suspecting that the patients had the worst of it. Perhaps, however, a partner might not have suited him. He was sturdy and independent to the verge of a fault, and would not have brooked being called to account, or brought to a reckoning by any man under the sun; still less could

he endure the thought of that more important and durable copartnery—marriage. He was a most determined bachelor; and so afraid of being mistaken for a wooer, or incurring the reputation of a gay deceiver, that he was as uncivil as his goodnature would permit to every unwedded female from sixteen to sixty, and had nearly fallen into some scrapes on that account with the spinsters of the town, accustomed to the soft silkiness of Mr. Simon Saunders; but they got used to it—it was the man's way; and there was an indirect flattery in his fear of their charms which the maiden ladies, especially the elder ones, found very mollifying; so he was forgiven.

In his shop and his household he had no need either of partner or of wife: the one was excellently managed by an old rheumatic journeyman, slow in speech and of vinegar aspect, who had been a pedagogue in his youth, and now used to limp about with his Livy in his pocket, and growl as he compounded the medicines over the bad latinity of the prescriptions; the other was equally well conducted by an equally ancient house-keeper and a cherry-cheeked niece, the orphan-daughter of his only sister, who kept every thing within doors in the bright and shining order in which he delighted. John Hallett, notwithstanding the roughness of his aspect, was rather knick-knacky in his tastes; a great patron of small inventions, such as the *improved* ne plus ultra cork-screw, and the latest patent snuffers. He also trifled with horticulture, dabbled in tulips, was a con-

noisseur in pinks, and had gained a prize for polyanthus. The garden was under the especial care of his pretty niece, Miss Susan, a grateful warm-hearted girl, who thought she never could do enough to please her good uncle, and prove her sense of his kindness. He was indeed as fond of her as if he had been her father, and as kind.

Perhaps there was nothing very extraordinary in his goodness to the gentle and cheerful little girl who kept his walks so trim and his parlour so neat, who always met him with a smile, and who (last and strongest tie to a generous mind) was wholly dependent on him—had no friend on earth but himself. There was nothing very uncommon in that. But John Hallett was kind to every one, even where the sturdy old English prejudices, which he cherished as virtues, might seem most likely to counteract his gentler feelings. One instance of his benevolence and of his delicacy shall conclude this sketch.

Several years ago an old French *émigré* came to reside at Hazelby. He lodged at Matthew Wise's, of whose twofold shop for cakes and novels I have before made honourable mention, in the low three-cornered room, with a closet behind it, which Matthew had the impudence to call his first floor. Little was known of him but that he was a thin, pale, foreign-looking gentleman, who shrugged his shoulders in speaking, took a great deal of snuff, and made a remarkably low bow. The few persons with whom he had any communi-

cation spoke with amusement of his bad English, and with admiration of his good humour; and it soon appeared, from a written paper placed in a conspicuous part of Matthew's shop, that he was an abbé, and that he would do himself the honour of teaching French to any of the nobility or gentry of Hazelby who might think fit to employ him. Pupils dropt in rather slowly. The curate's daughters, and the attorney's son, and Miss Deane the milliner—but she found the language difficult, and left off, asserting that M. l'Abbé's snuff made her nervous. At last poor M. l'Abbé fell ill himself, really ill, dangerously ill, and Matthew Wise went in all haste to summon Mr. Hallett. Now Mr. Hallett had such an aversion to a Frenchman, in general, as a cat has to a dog; and was wont to erect himself into an attitude of defiance and wrath at the mere sight of the object of his antipathy. He hated and despised the whole nation, abhorred the language, and "would as lief," he assured Matthew, "have been called in to a toad." He went, however; grew interested in the case, which was difficult and complicated; exerted all his skill, and in about a month accomplished a cure.

By this time he had also become interested in his patient, whose piety, meekness, and resignation, had won upon him in an extraordinary degree. The disease was gone, but a languor and lowness remained, which Mr. Hallett soon traced to a less curable disorder, poverty: the thought of the debt to himself evidently weighed on the poor Abbé's spirits, and our good apo-

thecary at last determined to learn French purely to liquidate his own long bill. It was the drollest thing in the world to see this pupil of fifty, whose habits were so entirely unfitted for a learner, conning his task ; or to hear him conjugating the verb *avoir*, or blundering through the first phrases of the easy dialogues. He was a most unpromising scholar, shuffled the syllables together in a manner that would seem incredible, and stumbled at every step of the pronunciation, against which his English tongue rebelled amain. Every now and then he solaced himself with a fluent volley of execrations in his own language, which the Abbé understood well enough to return, after rather a politer fashion, in French. It was a most amusing scene.— But the motive ! the generous, noble motive ! M. l'Abbé, after a few lessons, detected this delicate artifice, and, touched almost to tears, insisted on dismissing his pupil, who, on his side, declared that nothing should induce him to abandon his studies. At last they came to a compromise. The cherry-cheeked Susan took her uncle's post as a learner, which she filled in a manner much more satisfactory ; and the good old Frenchman not only allowed Mr. Hallett to administer gratis to his ailments, but partook of his Sunday dinner as long as he lived.

MARY'S SMILE.

BY J. PAYNE COLLIER.

WHAT care I for summer weather,
Since it lasts so brief a while?
Twenty summers come together,
If I see my Mary smile.

I need neither fruit nor blossom,
Nature's bounties, cheap and vile:
All my fruit is Mary's bosom,
All my blossom Mary's smile.

Should I fill, like some, my sight full
Of all scenes, from Thames to Nile;
Tell me what is so delightful
As to see my Mary smile.

Let them travel, who in duty
Visit many an ancient pile:
I admire no gothic beauty;
Let me see my Mary smile.

Snow-capt hills are bright at even,
Towering upward many a mile:
I am always nearer heaven
When I see my Mary smile.

Clouds may hide the sun hereafter,
As they oft have done erewhile :
I care not for nature's laughter,
If I see my Mary smile.

Learning makes the brain but muddy,
Drowns the labouring soul in bile :
She's my only books and study ;
All I read is Mary's smile.

Tide of song runs smooth and steady ;
Art could scarce improve my style :
What 's the cause ? 'Tis said already,
When I boast my Mary's smile.

Poets, court your hackney Muses ;
Readers of their time beguile :
Mine may do just as she chooses ;
I have still my Mary's smile.

From Parnassus, for this letter,
Should they make me an exile,
I've a Muse I like much better,
When I see my Mary smile.

Scorn, young bard, a base attendance,
All the haughty Nine revile :
Glory in your independence,
If, like mine, your Mary smile.



Freiburg. Sculp.

PONTE DI RIALTO.

N. Prout. Delit

1740. 1741. 1742. 1743. 1744.

VENICE.

BY BERNARD BAUTON, ESQ.

Yell thou art a glorious world!
And here the water's gate
Hath made thee woe as sure as glory:
What must thy great beauty cost!
When thou art laid to rest,
In the last stage of twilight of thy day,
Dolly Rialto's arch
Yet spans the sleepy march
Of what was once thy traffic-crowded tide;
The gondoliers, the
The gondoliers, the
The gondoliers, the
When, yet in youth,
Thou wast a matchless city, bold and free,
Which, when she deign'd to wed,
Uncrowned not her head
To none, but lay exposed the glorious sea!
Such is thy pride wert thou!
Thou art a dead world now!
The gondoliers, the
The gondoliers, the
Seen, but a silent witness of the dead!



VENICE.

BY BERNARD BARTON, ESQ.

Yes! thou art glorious still;
And here the artist's skill
Hath made thee seem so, even in decay:
What must thy noon have been?
When *now* thou look'st a queen,
In the last lingering twilight of thy day.

Boldly Rialto's arch
Yet spans the sleepy march
Of what was once thy traffic-crowded tide;
And gorgeous to the sight,
The proudly towering height
Of princely palaces on either side.

How noble was thy state,
When, yet inviolate,
Thou wast a maiden city, bold and free;
Which, when she deign'd to wed,
Uncrowned not her head
To monarchs—but espoused the glorious sea!

Such in thy pride wert thou!
Alas! how alter'd now!—
Thy commerce, wealth, and power alike are fled:
Of fame, of freedom reft,
Thy lingering splendours left,
Seem but a silent mockery of the dead!

Yet with thy memory twined
Are names by thought enshrined,
Names—dear alike to Nature and to art:
Whose power intuitive
Shall cause thee long to live
In the fond day-dreams of each thrilling heart.

In Otway's tragic fame,
With Shakspeare's mightier name,
In Canaletto's tints thy glories shine;
And in our later day,
Byron's undying lay
Has link'd thy honours with the deathless Nine.

Then wherefore mourn the fall
Of Doge, or carnival;
Or charge the ravages of Time with wrong?
Though abject be thy lot,
Thou ne'er canst be forgot,
Admired in painting, and beloved in song!

A MOTHER'S DIRGE.

I'LL pluck, sweet Love, another flow'r for thee,
(If Poesy have flow'rs my hand can reach),
While Spring remains in every bloom I see—
Fair types that to my sadden'd bosom teach
More than the loftiest orator could preach.

Leaf follows leaf, and flow'r succeeds to flow'r,
And Nature sheds on all her smile and tear;
On the fresh rose alike, and her whose hour
Is past—whose relics lie on their cold earthly bier.

Yes! the pale sever'd leaf partakes the dews
That nurse th' expanding bud, the ripen'd bloom;
Nor mine the niggard heart that can refuse
Thy share of love, though, mouldering in the tomb,
Thee summer suns shall never more illumine!
But tears shall fall, and sighs for thee shall heave,
And warm in memory's bed I'll nourish thee,
Till this fond bosom lose the power to grieve,
And earth's brief joys and cares alike forgotten be!

Yet mourn I not as those of hope bereft—
Blest hope, that consecrates the Christian's dust!
Sad, but not comfortless, my soul is left;
Father of love! I know in whom I trust—
My pious child rejoices with the just!
He who on little children deign'd to lay
His blessed hands, and call'd them heirs of heaven,
Forbids a doubt to cloud my lonely way—
Her infant prayers were heard—O be my tears forgiven!

C. E. RICHARDSON.

LOVE; A SONG.

OH! say not love is but a name,
A flower that ne'er on earth can blossom :
Oh! say not love's too pure a flame
To burn within a mortal bosom.
A portion of its brightness, lent
From the great Fount of Light above,
To cheer our pilgrimage is sent,
" For love is heaven, and heaven is love *."

Oh! say not love is like a star
That shineth only to betray ;
A light that glimmers from afar
To lead our wandering steps astray.
No!—holy love, the gift of Heaven,
(Brooding as o'er her nest the dove),
To woman's saintly soul is given—
" For love is heaven, and heaven is love."

Oh! say not love is but a dream,
A wish, a phantasy elysian,
Which on our sleeping thoughts doth gleam ;
Oh, no! 'tis not an empty vision :
'Tis bright on earth in woman's breast,
Lives brighter still in heaven above,
And gilds the realms of endless rest—
" For love is heaven, and heaven is love."

E. DARBY, JUN.

* Scott's " Lay of the Last Minstrel."

THE SOLDIER'S RETURN.

SOFT o'er the vale day sheds his parting beam,
In amber glides the willow-border'd stream ;
The home-bound bee, blithe, winds her shrilly horn ;
The lonely thrush sits warbling on the thorn ;
And hark ! the wether's silver-tinkling bell
Calls the slow flock along the listening dell.

Lo ! on yon steep what traveller form appears,
Gaunt, worn by toil, and bent by circling years ?
There, with his white locks waving in the gale,
He pensive stands, and eyes the lovely vale :
Now round his lip smiles flutter, faint and weak ;
Now tears steal down his thin and furrowed cheek.
Ah ! long, long years, for this his native land,
Hath Roland fought on India's burning strand.
Call'd by his king, he left a youthful wife,
A peaceful home, for that far land of strife.
But now captivity, toil, danger o'er,
His wandering feet tread British ground once more ;
And on his native valley rests his eye,
Where he shall now lie down in peace, and die.

The aged soldier slow descends the hill,
And every scene awakens rapture still :
Here, when a boy, he'd mount the paper kite,
There with his playmates form the mimic fight.
He reaches now the river's willowy side ;
Flows as it ever did the gentle tide.

Yonder is seen the little glassy bay,
Where he would watch for hours the finny prey ;
The rustic bridge, twice twenty years before
His hand had rear'd, still stands the current o'er :
He treads along, recalls the happy time
When he and Ellen, listening to the chime
Of village bells, that peal'd from hills above,
Used o'er its side to lean and talk of love.
He quits the stream—what draws his eager eye ?
Yon clump of elms, that rear their branches high ;
Curl o'er their tops thin wreaths of smoke in air :
It is—it is his cot embosom'd there !

Oh his full heart ! his almost maddening brain !
How shall his frame those trembling limbs sustain ?
“ No ! Ellen lives not !—long ere this she must,
Through grief and age, have sunk to kindred dust.
But there is one—my child ! my gentle child !
In whose young features all thy mother smiled,
Whom, when Fate doom'd me sudden to depart,
I strain'd so fondly, madly, to my heart,
Then on thy cheek pour'd forth the bitter tear—
Dost thou yet live ? oh Heaven ! still dwell'st thou
here ? ”

He hurries on—the wicket-gate is seen,
O'erarch'd with roses, honeysuckles green :
He enters—lo ! in summer's loose array,
On the soft turf two blooming infants play.

They see the stranger—start—their sports give o'er,
And join their mother at the cottage-door.
She, at her wheel, first heeded not, nor guess'd,
Why thus the children close around her press'd;
But when the aged stranger caught her view,
She rose—stood still—till near old Roland drew:—
“A soldier, worn with travel of the day,
Begs one short hour to rest him on his way:
Know he hath fought, hath bled, in this sweet dell
That you and yours might safe and peaceful dwell.”

“Welcome, good stranger! thine our cottage cheer!
A soldier's welcome, ever welcome, here!”
“And why a soldier?—such thy husband?”—“No!
Thank Heaven, 'tis his a happier lot to know!
But enter now:—why thus it glads my heart
To serve a soldier, hear before we part.”—
“Ah! tell me now!”—She mark'd the old man's eye
So fix'd on hers, she could not but comply.
“Well, thou shalt hear:—Though memory cannot trace
The features of my much-loved father's face,
Yet I remember well his sad adieu,
As from our cot in tears he slow withdrew.
He was a soldier—summon'd far away,
To climes he sail'd beneath the tropic ray:
My mother heard once from him, but no more;
He died a captive on far Ganges' shore.
My mother long hath sought her silent grave;
I since have wedded; and each veteran brave,

Passing our valley, by a rule I make,
Finds welcome here, for my dear father's sake."

She ceased—the tear-drop glistened in her eye,
Her head declined: she thought of days gone by.
"Margaret!"—she started—gazed with cheek of flame:
How should a stranger thus pronounce her name?
"Margaret! 'tis Roland! yes, 'tis he! 'tis he!
Thy long-lost father gazing now on thee!
Come, dear as when in infant hour you smiled,
Come to my breast once more, my child! my child!"

NICHOLAS MICHELL.

SONNET, TO A CHILD.

BY RICHARD HOWITT.

IN thought thou art immortal, joyous child!
Of one enduring childhood is thy dream:
With happy ignorance of ill beguiled,
Thou knowest not things are not as they seem.
For thou dost look with mirthful brow on death,
As on a tranquil or a feigned sleep;
Nor wouldst thou marvel, with returning breath,
If the pale dead again to life should leap.
Oh thou hast much to learn and much to bear!
And though there is another world like thine,
There lies between a world of guilt and care,
Of which thy gentle heart can nought divine;
And I could mourn such knowledge, but that thou
Wilt be immortal as thy thought is now.

EVENING SONG OF THE TYROLESE PEASANTS *.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

COME to the Sun-set Tree !
The day is past and gone ;
The woodman's axe lies free,
And the reaper's work is done.

The twilight star to Heaven,
And the summer-dew to flowers,
And rest to us is given
By the cool soft evening hours.

Sweet is the hour of rest !
Pleasant the wind's low sigh,
And the gleaming of the west,
And the turf whereon we lie ;

When the burden and the heat
Of labour's task are o'er,
And kindly voices greet
The tired one at his door.

* "The loved hour of repose is striking, Let us come to the Sun-set Tree."—See Captain Sherer's interesting "Notes and Reflections during a Ramble in Germany."

Come to the Sun-set Tree !
The day is past and gone ;
The woodman's axe lies free,
And the reaper's work is done.

Yes; tuneful is the sound
That dwells in whispering boughs ;
Welcome the freshness round,
And the gale that fans our brows.

But rest, more sweet and still
Than ever night-fall gave,
Our longing hearts shall fill,
In the world beyond the grave.

There shall no tempest blow,
No scorching noon-tide beat ;
There shall be no more snow,
No weary wandering feet.

And we lift our trusting eyes,
From the hills our fathers trod,
To the quiet of the skies,
To the sabbath of our God.

Come to the Sun-set Tree !
The day is past and gone ;
The woodman's axe lies free,
And the reaper's work is done.

TWO SCENES IN THE LIFE OF A FAVOURITE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PHANTASMAGORIA, OR SKETCHES OF
LIFE AND LITERATURE," &c.

REVELS are in all ages composed of the same materials ; fashion merely exercises a discretionary power as to the mode of combination. There is but a superficial difference between the Roman triumph, the chivalrous tourney, and the court drawing-room, or birthday *fête* ; the essential circumstances are alike in all : —noble guests, costly attire, sumptuous banquets and military pomp, mirth and music, the song and the dance. Nevertheless it is pleasant to turn over the ponderous and circumstantial narratives of forgotten pageants, and compare them with more modern festivities, were it only to admire man's ingenuity in diversifying his materials. Neither is it a labour without profit ; for the details of each "vain show" suggest more powerfully than any living monitor the insignificance and worthlessness of all grandeur which is merely connected with outward pomp. One of old, in the midst of a splendid triumph, inquired exultingly, "What is wanting here?"—He was wisely answered, "CONTINUANCE;" and that reply will avail to the end of the world. But reflections of this chastening nature were not likely to obtrude on the mind of a royal favourite on the morning of those nuptials which connected him with the throne.

The sagacious observer might indeed discern the quicksand on which the fortune of the earl of Cornwall rested ; but to himself and to his infatuated master, to the troops of liveried dependents and glittering sycophants which thronged around him, it seemed that he had attained a sure point of greatness—standing ground above the reach of his enemies. Besides, the earl was not only a vain, but a foreign favourite ; gay as his gem-encircled cap, but light and unstable as the feather that depended from its folds. Merrily, therefore, proceeded the preparations for banquet and pageant in the palace of Westminster ; and thither, when the marriage service was concluded, proudly the procession took its way. Foremost rode the dazzling yet despised favourite ; beside him his illustrious bride, and the monarch, second of a noble name, but kingly in nothing save in stature and beauty of person. After them came a train of knights and nobles, no longer sheathed in mail, but clad like their coursers, in the glittering panoply of peace. Inclosed within their gallant ranks rode dame and demoiselle, scarfed and jewelled, sparkling and buoyant as the foam upon a summer sea, blending softness with splendour, romance with reality, and contrasting with fierce-looking men-at-arms and sober citizens, like the lovely sunlight surrounded by dark evening clouds. Many a barrel was broached and emptied as that procession passed from Saint Paul's to the palace of Westminster ; many a largess scattered and caught ; many a royal smile was bestowed on the thronging spectators ;

many a gracious movement of head and hand vouchsafed by the favourite—yet unavailingly. The spirit of honest hearty interest was that day wanting on the part of the people. They gazed with curiosity—for a pageant, whatever be its object, will always command spectators; and they partook eagerly of the pleasures provided for them, but they withheld every token of popular sympathy and regard. Could the weak king and his worthless minion have joined the various groups they passed, they would assuredly have heard many homely truths and cutting jests, from the substantial citizen in his sober brown doublet and hose to match, the portly dame in her party-coloured tunic, and the 'prentice-boy in his felt-cap and leathern jacket.

“Nay, now, but I do call this a goodly sight, father: look at the lady Eleanor's head-tire, half as high as our oak-settle, with those gay silk-streamers, fastened to it, dancing in the air like so many wings.”

“Wings!—indeed ye may say so, Cis, for the honour of her house is fast flying away.—*He* have a Plantagenet to wife!—Marry, I hope the broom will turn out a stinging nettle.”

Nowise daunted, the first speaker resumed; for her father's genealogical allusion was lost upon her, and of his crustiness she was dutifully regardless.

“Save us! but the earl *must* be a good man; see how he smiles on yonder gaping crew, that seem ready to pluck him off his horse. Ah! if wishing would get me such a hood, broidered all over with silk and shining

stones, or a girdle like the gold chains that fasten his boot-points to his knees! La, now! I never will abuse the earl of Cornwall any more, bonny man!"

"Out upon you, hussy, for a disgrace to me and your country!" interrupted giddy Cicely's father: "call Piers Gaveston earl again, and I'll lock ye up for a week."

"But the king's command, father——"

"Command me no command, daughter, but obey my bidding," was the instant reply, emphasised by no gentle movement of the elbow! "There, look yonder at two earls worth looking at—English earls, with English names and English hearts, hating the king's favourite, and prospering the people. Ay, wench, little know ye of grandeur, that never saw meat served in the castles of Warwick and Pontefract. Pshaw! what are gold chains and a gaudy hood?—think of an ox a day, and a pipe of wine a week, naming nought else, for household consumption."

"Right, right, my old prince of the fleece and the comb!" put in a saucy young minstrel, who did not, by his guise, belong to the court; "and for the promise of a brown bowl and a toast, I'll volunteer ye a ballad made to suit English ears, though set to a Gascon tune—eh, master?"

A painted hood, witless;
Gay coat, graceless;
Maketh England thriftless."

But the patriotic wool-comber had no taste for a

song that must be purchased, so he passed on with his daughter, heedless of the hungry rhymester ; and other murmurers succeeded.

Here might be seen stalwart bowmen with folded arms and lowering brows, calling to mind the warlike glories of the past, and drawing contemptuous comparisons between the chivalrous spirit of the first Edward and the frivolous tastes of his son ; which, in common with every other grievance, real or imagined, they did not scruple to attribute to his partiality for the hated Piers Gaveston.

Here, again, were monks and friars mourning over the king's decay of piety ; manifested, in their eyes, by his honouring and enriching the favourite, instead of bestowing his treasures upon their respective saints and shrines—in other words, upon themselves.

In addition to these, every booth, hostel, or other convenient resort for gossip, lying between St. Paul's and the palace, had its knot of grumblers—substantial traders, superior artisans, merchant-strangers, and money-lenders—who forgot for the moment their private grudges in mutual lamentations over the country's one grievance : albeit, had Piers Gaveston been England's guardian angel, the malcontents could not have partaken more willingly of the ale and muscadel provided at his expense. At length the cold looks of the superior spectators, and the sullen silence on the part of the populace, irritated the king, and it was with right goodwill he halted at the palace-gate.

“Dumb knaves!” said he, kicking the stirrups from his feet with a pettish air; “why, I have heard them shake the Tower before now with their noisy breath.”

“In the time of your noble father was not that, my liege?” said the earl of Warwick, one of the discontented barons, in a quiet tone, fraught with meaning.

“Never heed a bark from the black dog of Ardene,” whispered Gaveston, perceiving that the king felt the intended inference: trust me for muzzling his mouth before long, and for opening those of your grace’s loyal citizens and most worshipful rogues on the spot.—
Ho, there!” continued he, raising his voice; “gentlemen, followers, friends of the earl of Cornwall! thus let us manifest honour to the king, homage to beauty, favour to the people!”

So saying, the graceful Gascon vaulted from his saddle, flung the bridle from his arm, and drove his gallant charger, adorned as it was with trappings of the costliest workmanship, among the wondering populace, calling out as he did so, “A prize for the winner!”

Those whom he had addressed followed his example; a hundred steeds were thus successively abandoned to the crowd, and a scene of scrambling riot ensued, to the pleasure and emolument of such as gained possession and the increased discontent of those who tried without success. Amongst the former was the young minstrel already mentioned, who sprang like a frog into the saddle of the earl’s own steed; while our old friend,

the woolstapler, was occupied in vain endeavours to introduce his foot into the stirrup.

Turning now from tumultuous streets, and the rude converse of the multitude, it is time to take a glimpse of the noble company assembled in the banqueting-hall of Westminster palace. But how shall the writer do justice to a court festival in the fourteenth century, when Matthew Paris, that prince of chroniclers, declares himself overpowered by a scene of similar grandeur; and confesses his inability to "display the numbers of noble and illustrious guests," (a "dear five hundred," or even five thousand "friends," was no unheard-of dinner-party in those days) "the richness and variety of the dresses, the sumptuousness of the banquet, and the multitudes of minstrels and mimics, whose business it was to amuse the company?" What would become of the writer amongst thirty thousand dishes—to say nothing of those dramas of the dinner-table, the costly complicated "intermeats," the self-moving ships, castles besieged and defended, and a world of similar devices, introduced between the courses? It is enough that, at the marriage in question, splendour and profusion and vanity did their utmost—and failed; failed with the nobility as they had failed with the common people, because he, for whom the board was heaped so gorgeously, for whom minstrels sang sweet flatteries, and sycophants raised the ready cheer, was hated and scorned, on different grounds, and in varying degrees, but hated and scorned by all. Master of England's sovereign,

he was well nigh master of England itself: the treasury was his private purse; the state offices were all possessed by his creatures; and every matter, whether of state policy or court favour, was subservient to his pleasure. Therefore, openly or in secret, all men had a quarrel against Piers Gaveston; and though the bidding of the sovereign could, on the present festive occasion, command the presence of his enemies, and purchase for him adulation and pageantry, it could effect no more. Long before the conclusion of the revels, Edward felt this. Yielding, dependent, and in heart a coward, he shrunk from much which his profligate and audacious favourite could lightly brave.

“Now gently, good Cornwall,” said the monarch, perceiving at last that the daring demeanour and reckless sarcasms of the minion began to pass all bounds: “reserve these jests for my private hearing; remember, my cousin of Lancaster and the lord Warwick have the benefit of their friends’ ears as well as of their own.”

“Most true, my liege; and the question is, who among them has the longest?—What sayest thou, Motley? So, let us see how thy new trumpery fits.”

“Troth, my lord,” replied his jester, the sage person addressed, for his frivolous master seldom stirred without so apt an attendant—“troth, my lord, an’ if I spoke my thoughts I might chance to lose my own ears, and my bonny new bells to boot.”

With this the fool began to gingle the important

badges of his office, and cutting sundry scaramouch capers, sang as he did so—

Send the king's golden crown
 Begging round London town ;
 Then my lord of Cornwall's hood,
 Wrought of silk and pearls good ;
 After them, my fool's cap,—
 Mine would meet the best hap.
 What care I where honour dwells ?
 Safety's with the silver bells.

The circle applauded the conceit. “ Behold, fair lady,” said Gaveston, turning to his bride, “ the wondrous power of mirth and muscadel ; they have turned a fool into a poet : I marvel what miracle solitude and starvation would effect.”

“ Perchance they might teach a king discretion, and an earl humility,” replied a strong stern voice ; and the speaker passed to a distant part of the hall.

“ Hah ! have we monitors in our revels ?” said the king proudly ; and for a moment, as he folded his mantle round him and walked towards an inner room, he looked and moved the Plantagenet.

“ Marry, now !” cried the favourite, laughing, “ I'll warrant the earl of Pembroke, otherwise Joseph the Jew, will make many a fellow to that last speech before he sleeps.—Pshaw !” added he, contemptuously, “ his wrath foams like an ale-vat ; and my lord stage-player (he pointed to the earl of Lancaster) pacing it yonder beneath the minstrel gallery—would the beams were rotten !—rightly mated, sooth, with the Black Dog and

the Jew ! mated for mischief ! but," added he, sinking his voice to a malicious mutter, "marked for downfall !"

The evening and the revel now drew towards a close. The minstrels united in a parting strain ; flagons and bowls of the richly-spiced ypodrasse and piment passed round ; farewell pledges were drunk ; courtly compliments exchanged ; and banqueters, dancers, minstrels, and retainers, in turn departed. The many and massy lamps, which had emulated the glare of noon, went out, one by one ; the late resounding hall ceased to echo a footstep or a voice ; and soon all that softened its gloom, or broke upon its silence, was the moon-beam struggling through its painted oriel, and the distant hum of the receding revellers.

THE title of this little piece sufficiently explains its intention. Were it not uninteresting, it would be impertinent to enter into the historical details connected with the downfall of him whom we left in the possession of splendid but hollow greatness. The reader will have the goodness to suppose the lapse of many years ; the occurrence of mutual aggressions ; the decline of royal, and the consequent predominance of baronial power ; and, forgetting Westminster palace, with the proud revel narrated in the foregoing sketch, he will further suppose himself in Warwick Castle, where he will now find Gaveston a prisoner, in the power of its owner and of the earl of Lancaster.

It was an evening of surpassing beauty, the last of the lovely month of June. It was one of those evenings that seem set apart to the full enjoyment of earth's sinless charms, to forgetfulness of sorrow, and to anticipation of that holy time when there shall be no more night, when man shall no longer need and no longer love the visible glories of his present heaven. The moon truly "walked in brightness;" and, beheld in the open country, away from the veiling shadows of forest and city streets, her full-orbed influence imparted to midnight the chaste glow of a softened noon. But Warwick Castle was not then, as now, a baronial residence where beauty tempers strength, and classic grace harmonizes with rude and historic grandeur. Its appearance at the period in question chiefly evinced the owner's desire to render it a place of defence; a warrior's home in warlike and unsettled times. Thus it was that, guarded by archway, portcullis, wall, and tower, on one side commanded by the castle itself, and matted from dungeon to battlement with clustering ivy, the court-yard was only partially irradiated by the moon-beams, and lay in "majestic gloom," while the scene beyond revelled in their lovely lustre. Such shade suited, however, with one of the characters who that night traversed its area; it suited with the subject in debate; with the cold and cruel deed meditated for the morrow.

"Talk no more of middle measures. I tell thee, Warwick, it shall be death—and death before thy castle

clock chimes ten of the morn. Pretty management, forsooth, to trust another banishment, unless we could insure shipwreck by the way; and pretty management to trust him again in Dedington Keep, with Pembroke ever on the wing to his sick countess at Banbury, and Edward beating up an army hard by! No, no, master Warwick! these dungeons of thine are safe cages enough; but, under favour, we will make sure of the bird in a shorter fashion."

"And then publish a justification," replied the more merciful or more wary party addressed.

"Yea, a justification as long as thy ancestor Guy's sword, an' it like ye. Look here, my lord of Warwick; I, Thomas of Lancaster, have endured wrong and slight at the hands of this caitiff: the said Thomas of Lancaster has now power: what follows? Why, that even so soon and surely as this ivy-leaf, plucked from its stalk, falls to the ground, Thomas of Lancaster takes vengeance; and with better will, too, because in righting himself, and thee, and sundry other friends, he pleases a whole country, rectifies grievous abuses—"

"And transfers," interrupted lord Warwick, "goodly stores of gilt plate and jewels into the coffers of better men, eh? Marry, the minion's gauds in my keeping will load many a pair of broad shoulders."

"Well reminded!" replied his companion; "and as Piers Gaveston in his fortune flouted all about him, high and low, so shall he in his downfall taste of the same cheer. To-morrow morning shall he, with your

leave, my lord, breakfast with us in the great hall, surrounded by his own bravery, as if he were still earl of Cornwall, appointed a second time to carry the crown at a coronation. Then to horse for Blacklow !”

“ Withal, let him be shrived as we pass the friar’s cave in the cliff. His life is forfeit, but—”

“ As ye like,” interrupted the rough Lancaster, “ or rather let the friar go with us, and do his office while the headsman prepares for his. But the night wears, my lord ; let us to rest.” So saying, the two earls turned into the castle, and then passed to their sleeping-rooms.

The following morn fulfilled the promise of the evening sunset and the midnight moon : fresh, splendid, calm, it was a morning to render life more precious, and death, to the unprepared, at least, more dreadful. The prisoner, according to agreement, was led from his dungeon, and served, though in mockery, as in the days of his proudest prosperity. The board was heaped with the magnificent plate which his iniquitous wealth had enabled him to accumulate, and which now enriched his captors ; his last meal was of royal dainties, and his farewell draught to life was poured into the goblet he had drained at many a joyous revel. He was constrained to array himself in a festive suit, his horse was caparisoned as for a pageant ; and thus having stimulated the sense of life, they led him forth to a bloody death. The sun-beams glanced vividly from battle-axe and basnet, and the startled deer fled to

their covert, as the armed band trampled heavily through the green domain which separated the castle from Blacklow Hill. Many a labourer, as he passed along, rested from his toil to gaze on the prisoner, known even to the peasantry by ill fame; the chance passenger checked his steed; the children threw down their gathered flowers; women shook their heads and sighed, but none did say "God bless him!"

"And is it so," ejaculated the prisoner, scarcely conscious of his own voice, "that all who sued to me, revelled with and flattered me, subsisted on my bounty, grew rich by my favour, are all, all faithless!—not one true to a fallen master, not one!"

"That's the hap of most lords in trouble, master; and but for being your fool may be I should be away too. Ah Piers, Piers! said I not rightly:—Safety's with the silver bells?"

"Motley!" exclaimed the astonished earl—"my poor faithful jester!"

"Nay, nay, man; ye need no jester with Lancaster's Black Will at your side; an' if ye did, I'm past the trade: but I'll see the last of ye, Piers, just for the honour of my bells, and the sake of the merry days we'll never see again."

"How came this scarecrow hither, knaves?" inquired the earl of Warwick angrily.

"An' please ye, my lord," replied one of his followers, "he tracked us from Dedington, and master Walter gave him the run of the guard-room; and so—"

"Enough," replied his lord; "let him have the liberty on. I wonder," said he, turning to the earl of Lancaster, "whether any one of these varlets of ours would make a faithful fool."

"Heaven grant we may never need one!" replied the earl, little dreaming that four short years would find him in the fallen condition of his prisoner—would find him conquered and degraded, brought forth to execution at the gate of his own castle!

The foregoing dialogue passed on the arrival of the party at the destined hill. It was there that Gaveston first discovered the presence of his jester, boasting no longer the gaudy insignia of his office, but lean, sick, and ragged. There, too, the meek friar, who had been drawn from his solitary seclusion, approached the prisoner—penitent he could not be termed, for he manifested no desire to listen to counsel that concerned another world. He stood with folded arms on the green and gentle eminence—it was not more—varied only by patches of wild flowers, underwood, and flaunting furze. Thence he beheld a rich and wide extent of pastoral country, intersected by the "soft-flowing Avon," and relieved from monotony by stately and oft-recurring trees: while, towering above the wooded upland that on one side defined the horizon, rose the massy and majestic castle of lord Warwick.

"Father," said the wretched man, in reply to the importunities of the friar—"father, I cannot pray—I cannot, cannot die. I have lived for the pleasures of life, and

what has death to offer *me*?—Heaven—mercy—pardon;—ay, I need them all; but life, life!—father, can I win *that* by prayer?—the transport of existence—of looking on sun and sky, and setting a free foot on the turf—of breathing thus the air of life?”—and he inhaled a long drawn breath with fearful earnestness.

“My son, my son!” said the friar with solemn tenderness, “dismiss, I pray thee, such vain and carnal fancies: what can they now avail?”

“Dotard!” exclaimed Gaveston, stamping passionately; “what know’st thou of life more than the reptile immured in a stone or a tree?”

“Father,” said the earl of Lancaster, coming forward, “we wait no longer.”

The old man bowed his head mournfully, and tears fell fast upon his long gray beard. “Keep me not to look upon blood-shedding, my lord,” said he, in a broken voice: “I am ignorant of courts and the ways of war, but I know that the soul of man is precious—Oh, do not hazard one lightly!”

“Place Father Herbert on horseback again,” said the earl, turning impatiently to one of his followers, “and carry him back to his beads and his aves. Black Will, do thine office—smartly and well, knave;—a broken head or a half noble for thy morning’s work.”

What need to dwell longer on a scene which no consideration can render other than revolting? Enough that the tragedy was completed; that in a few minutes the spirit of the gay, the splendid, the profligate Piers

Gaveston passed to its final audit "unanointed, unannealed;" while his body sank on the green turf a blood-stained, mutilated corpse. The work of vengeance was effected, and, humanly speaking, that of expiation also. Five centuries have passed away, but the death of Piers Gaveston, unlike many events of a public nature, is still preserved in popular remembrance. On the scene of his execution (beside which these sketches have been penned) an obelisk has been erected; the name of the hill itself has undergone a change, and even among the peasantry it is invariably called GAVESTON'S.

M. J. J.

SONG.

BY HENRY BRANDRETH, JUN., ESQ.

I LOVE my love—but not because he beauty has and
youth;

I love him for far rarer gifts, fidelity and truth;
For *they* are gifts indeed, search where we will among
mankind,

We women seldom bargain for, as seldom too we find.
It was not for his wealth, for which so many maidens
sigh,

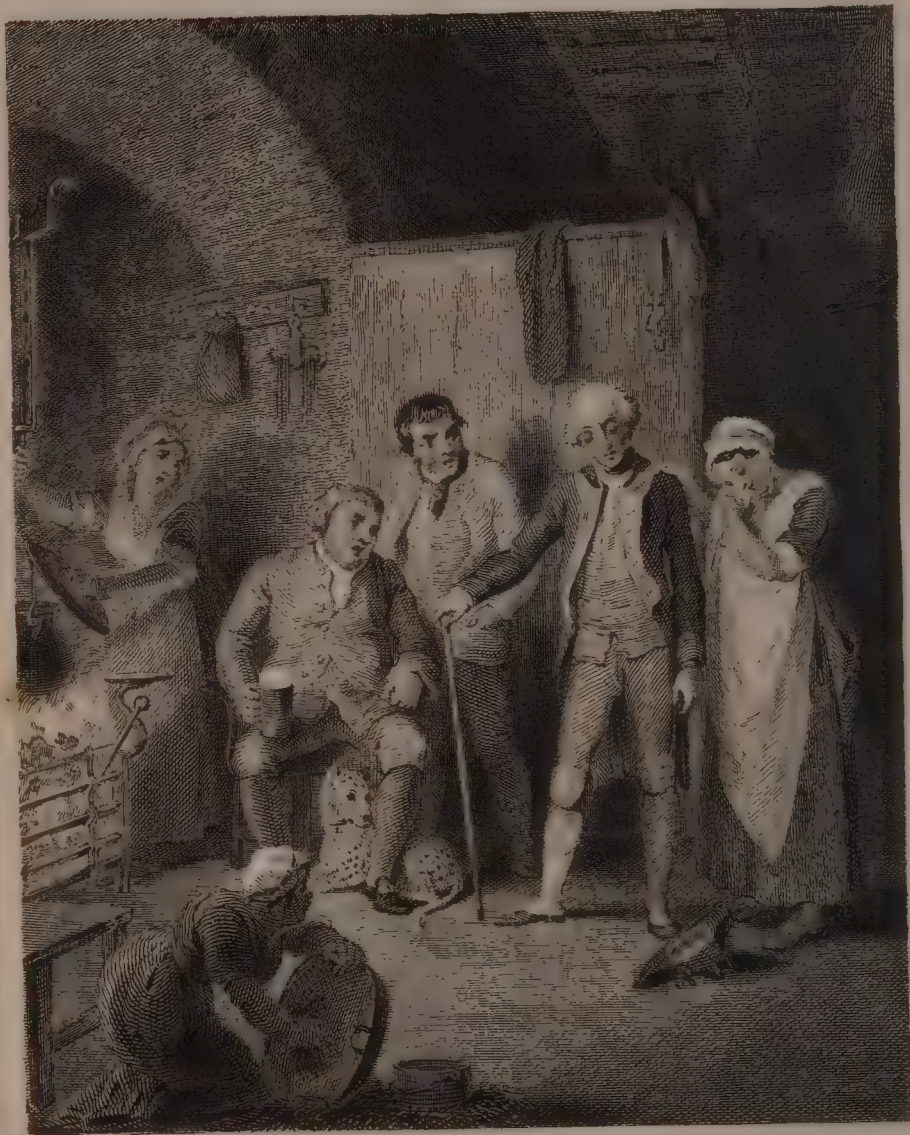
I fondly seal'd my plighted troth with fervent kiss—
not I:

Not for his wealth I love him still, though wealth
around I see—

Ah, no! ah, no!—I love my love because my love
loves me.

I love my love—but not because he won the meed of
fame,
And spread a glory o'er his brow, a lustre round his
name ;
For I have won the wreath of fame, and, ah! full well
I know
How like a dream all baseless is bright Glory's Iris
bow.
Yet there are some, Ambition's slaves, the sycophants
of Pride,
Who for their haughty glances quit a smiling consort's
side ;
But I was form'd in happier mould, from such dark
passions free—
I smile—I love my love because my love loves me.

I love my love—but not while health and youth are his
alone ;
I am not one to throw aside the flower, its colour flown ;
But as the maiden still holds dear the lover's faded
wreath,
So I still cling to him I love, alike in life or death :
For when I love, I love with all I have, or e'er can
boast,
Yet like Love's fondest devotee, forget it when 'tis lost ;
For I should care for little else, deprived, my love, of
thee—
Ah, no! ah, no!—I love my love because my love
loves me.



THE SUFFERING OF THE POOR

BY J. H. STONE

CORPORAL TRIM
SUFFERING IN THE FORT.

THE SUFFERING OF THE POOR

DEATH IN THE KITCHEN.

BY THOMAS GOOD, ESQ.

"Alas! how now?"—exclaimed the corporal (striking the table with his stick perpendicularly on the floor, so as to give an echo to his own and standing)—"what is the matter?" (dropping his hat upon the ground) "give!"—said the corporal—"This is the matter."

Farm, then art, fight (and) I am sure that I

And all your men there, and all your men.

The strongest lad and woman

Must find their places at the will

Of Death, and go at last to fill

The soldier's bloody trench!

The strongest lad and woman

Must find their places at the will

Of Death, and go at last to fill

The soldier's bloody trench!

The strongest lad and woman

Must find their places at the will

Of Death, and go at last to fill

The soldier's bloody trench!

The strongest lad and woman

Must find their places at the will

Of Death, and go at last to fill

The soldier's bloody trench!



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DEATH IN THE KITCHEN.

BY THOMAS HOOD, ESQ.

“Are we not here now?”—continued the corporal (striking the end of his stick perpendicularly on the floor, so as to give an idea of health and stability)—“and are we not” (dropping his hat upon the ground) “gone!—in a moment?”—TRISTRAM SHANDY.

TRIM, thou art right!—’Tis sure that I,
And all who hear thee, are to die.

The stoutest lad and wench
Must lose their places at the will
Of Death, and go at last to fill
The sexton’s gloomy trench!

The dreary grave!—Oh, when I think
How close ye stand upon its brink,
My inward spirit groans!
My eyes are fill’d with dismal dreams
Of coffins, and this kitchen seems
A charnel full of bones!

Yes, jovial butler! thou must fail,
As sinks the froth on thine own ale;
Thy days will soon be done!
Alas! the common hours that strike
Are knells; for life keeps wasting, like
A cask upon the run.

Ay, hapless scullion! 'tis thy case:

Life travels at a scouring pace,

Far swifter than thy hand.

The fast decaying frame of man

Is but but a kettle, or a pan,

Time wears away—with sand!

Thou needst not, mistress cook! be told,

The meat to-morrow will be cold

That now is fresh and hot:

E'en thus our flesh will, by and by,

Be cold as stone:—Cook, thou must die!

There's death within the pot!

Susannah, too, my lady's maid!

Thy pretty person once must aid

To swell the buried swarm!

The "glass of fashion" thou wilt hold

No more, but grovel in the mould

That's not the "mould of form!"

Yes, Jonathan, that drives the coach,

He too will feel the fiend's approach—

The grave will pluck him down:

He must in dust and ashes lie,

And wear the churchyard livery,

Grass-green, turn'd up with brown.

How frail is our uncertain breath !
The laundress seems full hale, but Death
Shall her "last linen" bring.
The groom will die, like all his kind ;
And e'en the stable-boy will find
His life no stable thing.

Nay, see the household dog—e'en *that*
The earth shall take !—The very cat
Will share the common fall ;
Although she hold (the proverb saith)
A ninefold life, one single death
Suffices for them all !

Cook, butler, Susan, Jonathan,
The girl that scours the pot and pan,
And those that tend the steeds—
All, all shall have another sort
Of service after this—in short,
The one the parson reads !

The dreary grave !—Oh, when I think
How close ye stand upon the brink,
My inward spirit groans !
My eyes are fill'd with dismal dreams
Of coffins, and this kitchen seems
A charnel full of bones.

FRAGMENTS.

BY ROBERT TANNAHILL.

[We are happy to be the channel of communicating to the public, and probably rescuing from oblivion, the following beautiful unpublished fragments by Robert Tannahill, the unfortunate Scottish poet. Were their intrinsic merits less than the reader will find them, they claim notice as "unstrung pearls," belonging to a song-writer, probably inferior only to Burns and Moore.]—ED.

1.

I'LL lay me on the wintry lea,
And sleep amid the cauld and weet;
And ere another's bride I be,
O bring to me my winding-sheet!

What can a hapless lassie do,
When ilka friend wad prove her foe,
Wad gar her break her dearest vow,
And wed with ane she canna loe?

2.

Meg of the Glen set aff to the fair,
Wi' ruffles and ribbons, and mickle prepare;
Her heart it was heavy, her head it was licht,
For all the lang way for a wooer she sicht.
She spak to the lads—but the lads slippet by;
She spak to the lassies—the lassies were shy:
She thought she might do—but she didna well ken,
For nane seem'd to care for puir Meg o' the Glen.

3.

O laddie, can ye leave me?

Alas ! 'twill break this constant heart :

There's nought on earth can grieve me

Like this—that we must part.

Think on the tender vow you made

Beneath the secret birken shade ;—

And can you now deceive me?

Is all your love but art ?

MARY DHU.

(SONG, ADAPTED TO THE MUSIC OF AN ANCIENT GAELIC AIR.)

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE LEGEND OF GENEVIEVE," &c.

SWEET, sweet is the rose-bud

Bathed in dew ;

But sweeter art thou,

My Mary dhu.

Oh ! the skies of night,

With their eyes of light,

Are not so bright

As my May dhu.

Whenever thy radiant face I see,

The clouds of sorrow depart from me ;

As the shadows fly

From day's bright eye,

Thou lightest life's sky,

My Mary dhu !

Sad, sad is my heart
When I sigh, Adieu!

Or gaze on thy parting,
My Mary dhu:

Then for thee I mourn,
Till thy steps' return
Bids my bosom burn—

My Mary dhu.

I think but of thee on the broom-clad hills;
I muse but on thee by the moorland rills:

In the morning light,
In the moonshine bright,
Thou art still in my sight,
My Mary dhu.

Thy voice trembles through me
Like the breeze,

That ruffles, in gladness,
The leafy trees;

'Tis a wafted tone
From heaven's high throne,
Making hearts thine own,
My Mary dhu.

Be the flowers of joy ever round thy feet,
With colours glowing, and incense sweet;

And, when thou must away,

May life's rose decay

In the west wind's sway—

My Mary dhu!

THE HUNT OF GLEN-FYNE.

A TRADITION OF THE WESTERN HIGHLANDS.

BY ALEXANDER BALFOUR, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF "CONTEMPLATION, CHARACTERS OMITTED IN
CRABBE'S PARISH REGISTER," &c.

Thy hounds shall make the welkin answer them,
And fetch shrill echoes from the hollow earth.

SHAKSPEARE.

ON heath-clad hills the orb of day
His parting beams unclouded shed,
When young Macgregor of Glenstrae
Thus joyous to his father said:

"To-morrow, with the dawn of morn,
I drive the dun deer from his den;
My full-mouth'd dogs and deep-toned horn
Shall echo o'er the distant glen."

Now purple twilight gilds the west,
And glows o'er distant Colonsay;
Dim shades have veil'd the mountain's breast,
And all the glory fades away.

Macgregor, hear'st thou not that wail?
Ah, no! for thou art sound asleep.
It mingles with the mountain gale,
And seems the voice of mourning deep:

It echoes o'er the dewy glen,
In plaintive moanings, sad to hear:
Macgregor, wake!—It wails again—
Hark how it courts thy drowsy ear!

Macgregor, Macgregor, from slumber awaken !
Behold that green ash, in its verdure so fair;
It soon shall be seen by the rude tempest shaken,
And prostrate on earth, with its branches all bare.

Macgregor, Macgregor, beware of to-morrow !
Vain dreamer, awaken !—ah ! why wilt thou sleep ?
The day dawns in joy, but it closes in sorrow :
When the valiant are vanquish'd, the mighty shall weep

Macgregor, Macgregor, abroad there is danger !
Take counsel, Macgregor, and stay at Glenstrae :
Go not to Glen-Fyne, and beware of the stranger,
And chase not the wild deer—he 'll lead thee astray.

Macgregor, Macgregor, too long hast thou slumber'd ;
But wert thou awake, thou my counsel wouldst spurn.
Then sleep, dream, and smile, for thy moments are number'd :
Go forth in the morning, ah ! ne'er to return.

These bodings on the midnight wind,
Reach'd not Glenstrae's ill-fated heir ;
In dreams, he chased the hart and hind,
O'er Cowal's fields and valleys fair.

The morning smiles, and shadows dun
Unveil the distant mountain's blue ;
And in Glen-Fyne the rising sun,
Rejoicing, drinks the pearly dew.

To hail the sunny morning bright,
Ben-Arthur lifts his head on high ;
Ben-Lomond, in the glorious light,
Is towering in the eastern sky.

Young Lamond, Cowal's chief, is seen
With dogs and vassals thronging round;
Beneath the waving woodlands green
He bids the mellow bugle sound.

The blast is blown;—but who is he,
The night dew on his hoary hair,
That leans beneath the greenwood tree,
With face that tells of age and care?

He bears a harp—'tis ready strung;
With trembling hand he strikes the strings;
And, hark! with feeble, faltering tongue
'Tis thus the hoary minstrel sings.

Morning suns, in splendour beaming,
Dazzle and delight the eye;
Thunders roaring, lightnings gleaming,
Darken o'er the noontide sky.

Those who now of pleasure dreaming,
In her lap securely lie,
Wake with eyes in sorrow streaming,
Heaving sad the anguish'd sigh.

Hark! the coming tempest howling,
Though the morning softly shine;
See the cloud, portentous scowling,
Dimly hovering o'er Glen-Fyne.

Lamond! though thou smilest, scorning,
Leave the red deer in his den:
Wouldst thou save thy heart from mourning,
Enter not the dim wood glen.

The sun looks up ; his harp is still ;
But tears steal o'er his wrinkled cheek.
Young Lamond feels his bosom thrill,
And bids the harper plainer speak.

The minstrel meekly bowed his head,
With solemn patriarchal mien,
Stretch'd forth his wither'd hand, and said,
" I've sung what I have dimly seen.

" I saw blood stain the heather bloom ;
I heard of woe the doleful wail ;
I saw a chief's untimely tomb :
But there fell dark oblivion's veil.

" My harp hangs on the rowan tree ;
Thou art in haste to scour the glen :
If thou return in mirthful glee,
That harp shall never sound again !"

" Old dreaming dotard !" Lamond cries,
" Begone ! thy boding threats I scorn !"
With wild fire flashing in his eyes,
He loudly winds his bugle horn.

He blew a blast so loud and shrill
It waken'd all the echoes round ;
And crag, and cliff, and vale, and hill,
Prolong'd the undulating sound.

The hoary seer slow winds his way,
With tottering frame and feeble knees ;
Upon his cheek his thin locks gray
Light waving in the morning breeze.

His harp hangs on the rowan green ;
Its chords are brush'd by airy wings :
Some sprite, by mortal eyes unseen,
With viewless hand, has touch'd the strings.

It breathes the mournful wail of woe,
The coronach due to the brave ;
A dirge, in cadence sad and slow,
As it were chanted o'er the grave.

The notes thrill on the chieftain's ear,
The trembling strings arrest his eye ;
When from the greenwood bounds a deer,
And hounds rush out in open cry.

Again the hunter winds his horn ;
The dogs pursue the tainted gale ;
On slender limbs with fleetness borne,
The hart bounds o'er the bosky vale.

He scarcely brush'd the dewy grass
When gliding o'er the flowery dell ;
His feet so swift, so lightly pass,
They hardly bend the heather-bell.

Like eagle from his eyrie high,
O'er heath and rock he bounds along,
And soon will every foe defy;
His limbs are swift, his heart is strong.

With growing strength and swifter flight,
In lightness he outstrips the wind;
And like the meteor's shooting light
He leaves the hunters far behind.

Of mountain-deer thou noblest child,
On highland hills without compeer!
Pursue thy path along the wild,
And who shall stay thy proud career?

Though thou hast left thy foes afar,
And still art gaining in thy speed,
Yet, hapless hart! thy baleful star
And fate decrees that thou must bleed.

Thou hast a brother in distress,
And both are placed stanch foes between:
Macgregor and his hunters press;
His hounds are swift, his arrows keen.

'Tis noon; o'er heath, and hill, and glen,
Both sportsmen have pursued their prey;
O'er rocks and wilds that mock their ken
They fearless push their onward way.

The hunted deer soon stand aghast ;
For dangers press before, behind ;
And now they have each other pass'd
As glides a ship before the wind.

An arrow from a trusty bow
A noble hart has wounded sore ;
His life-blood has begun to flow,
And he has fallen to rise no more.

The hounds assail on every side,
And closer press with savage cry ;
His branching horns in lofty pride
No longer may the foe defy.

Once more he raised his stately head,
With streaming eyes gazed wildly round ;
Then stretch'd him on his gory bed,
His life-blood welling from the wound.

And now the rival sportsmen meet,
Where on the heath their victim lies ;
Though strangers, courteously they greet,
But eagerly dispute the prize.

Young Lamond cries, with look of scorn,
" Is that thy shaft ?—the hart is mine !
I've hunted him, since early morn,
O'er heath and hill beyond Glen-Fyne."

“ And who art thou, that darest intrude ?”

Macgregor cries, with kindling ire ;

“ Thou art a braggart, bold and rude ;

Renounce thy claim—in time retire !”

“ Audacious boaster ! coward knave !

Such question boots but one reply :

Stand back ! fly hence ! or draw thy glaive !

It is not mine to fear or fly !”

Now each has drawn his ready brand

Of temper'd steel and glittering sheen ;

And foot to foot, and hand to hand,

They both contend in combat keen :

Both in their prime of youthful might,

It was a well-contested field ;

And long and dubious was the fight,

For growing rage their bosoms steel'd.

At many a pore both heroes bled ;

'Twas now indignant, mortal strife :

The heath-bell glows in brighter red,

Deep-crimson'd with the tide of life.

Now Lamond aims a deadly thrust,

With steady arm and panting breath ;

Macgregor falls, and bites the dust,

And pale and ghastly sinks in death !

Keen to avenge their hapless lord,
His vassals crowd around their prey;
But Lamond, with his reeking sword,
Resistless rushes on his way.

As shoots the falcon through the sky,
He speeds along, unknowing where;
But whither shall he safely fly,
A fugitive and stranger there?

Though swiftly still his foes pursue,
Like him who soars in airy car,
His speed defies their keenest view,
And all are left at distance far.

Fatigued and faint, the sun, declined,
Is sinking in the western sky,
Before he can a shelter find:
At last he sees a refuge nigh.

He rushes rudely through the gate,
And, while he gasping pants for breath,
Cries, "Save a wretch pursued by fate,
Whose sword has done a deed of death!"

A hoary sire said, "Banish fear;
For thou shalt here protection find:
While we prepare some homely cheer,
My wife thy bleeding wounds shall bind."

With gentle hand the matron mild
Essays to soothe his every pain;
She has his griefs and fears beguiled,
And wash'd and wiped each bloody stain.

Lamond, with anxious thoughts oppress'd,
Desponding sits, still musing deep;
They guide him to a couch of rest,
Where wearied nature sinks to sleep.

The sire steps out;—a crowd is nigh;
He meets his faithful feudal train.
“ Ohon o rie !” they wailing cry;
“ Macgregor, weep !—thy son is slain !

“ The slayer was a stranger youth,
And to Glenstrae he swiftly flew;
With yellow hair and forehead smooth;—
We shortly had him fair in view !”

As blasted oak in forest stands,
Where trees around are green and fair,
Macgregor stood, and wrung his hands;
Then beat his breast and rent his hair.

He wildly pointed to the west,
And cried, “ Pursue ! that way he fled !
Haste ! halt not !—anguish tears my breast,—
And I must seek a childless bed !”

Now one and all in chase are gone ;
Gay twilight sheds her golden glow ;
Macgregor sits, a wretch, alone,
His soul a prey to bootless woe.

The purpled west is dim and gray,
As fades the day's expiring light ;
But slowly creep the hours away,
And long and lingering seems the night.

Yet comes her dark and dreary noon,
The portal placed 'twixt eve and morn ;
And dimly shines the waning moon,
With watery light and blunted horn.

Echo repeats the foxes' howl ;
Dark clouds are hurtling in the air :
But darker is Macgregor's soul,
Contending passions struggling there.

Alone, by Lamond's bed he sits,
Whom sleep has visited in vain ;
Perturb'd he starts in dreaming fits,
And writhes his face in mental pain.

As if contending fierce, he breathed,
And, throbbing, heaved his manly chest.
The sword beside him lay unsheathed
That pierced the young Macgregor's breast.

The blood on it was hardly dry,
And still bedimm'd its lustrous shine;
It caught the hapless father's eye—
And on the hilt he read "Glen-Fyne."

"Sworn foes our fathers were through life,"
Macgregor mutter'd, musing deep,
"Which thou hast seal'd in mortal strife—
Hast made me childless—yet canst sleep!"

"Thy hour is come!"—He stretch'd his hand,
While in his eyes flash'd demon fire,
About to snatch the murderous brand,
And sate a father's vengeful ire!

He rose—gazed—sigh'd with frenzied look;
But conscience cried, "This may not be!"
The slumberer's couch he rudely shook,
And cried, "Rise, Lamond! follow me!"

Dun night had spread her sable pall,
A solemn stillness reign'd around;
He leads the stranger through the hall,
And guides him in the gloom profound,

But shrunk as Lamond press'd his arm:
He gnash'd his teeth, and would have spurn'd;
His full heart heaved in wild alarm,
And vengeance in his bosom burn'd.

In breathless haste and silence deep,
Macgregor sternly led the way,
O'er heathy wild and rocky steep,
Till fair Loch-Fyne before them lay.

The trees upon the margined height
Along the lake their shadows threw,
And in the pale moon's glimmering light
They trembled in its waters blue.

Macgregor paused, then sternly said,
" I've kept my faith with thee sincere.
Thy hand my darling's blood hath shed—
Made me a childless father here.

" His mother from thy murderous hand
Wash'd out the foul and bloody stain.
I saw it dim thy deadly brand;
But honour could my arm restrain.

" He was our joy, our hope, and pride ;
From us, alas ! untimely torn !
Lamond, it was by thee he died ;
Thou 'st made us childless and forlorn !

" Haste, leave me ! fly, while yet you may,
And never tread this hapless glen !
If e'er thou darest to cross my way,
As mortal foes we meet again !"

Young Lamond tried to speak—" Begone !"
With frantic voice Macgregor cried ;
And uttering from his heart a groan,
He turn'd away, and homeward hied.

* * * * *

Macgregor's grave has long been green ;
And years, as they have pass'd away,
The sire have still a mourner seen,
His fortunes fallen in sad decay.

Of wife and child by heaven bereft,
And from Glenstrae compell'd to roam,
In age and poverty he's left,
A wanderer without a home.

Lamond is chieftain of Glen-Fyne,
And he has to Macgregor said,
" Come, let my happy home be thine ;
There rest in peace thy weary head.

" We cannot now recall the past—
A deed my heart must aye deplore ;
But I can shield thee from the blast,
Till thou shalt reach a happier shore."

Macgregor's heart had long forgiven,
Though life for him had lost its charms ;
Resign'd, he bow'd to righteous Heaven,
And breathed his last in Lamond's arms.

THE HEART AND THE ALTAR.

BY ROBERT BELL, ESQ.

— Thus lived they, far from power removed,
And far from need, both loving and beloved.
Thus grew, as myrtles grow : I grieve at heart
That I have pain and sorrow to impart :
But so it is ; the sweetest herbs that grow
In the lone vale, where sweetest waters flow,
Ere drops the blossom, or appears the fruit,
Feel the vile grub, and perish at the root.

CRABBE.

If you can imagine the figure of a Dutch burgomaster when a deduction is made from his expected salary—fubsy, foolish, and fidgety—you may form a tolerably accurate notion of old Wynham, when his opponent threw *quatre ace*. There was a look of vacant dismay about the antique head, mixed with a species of retrospective sagacity, that revealed the whole state of the game with surprising precision. You could never have mistaken him for the winner. On the other hand, Mr. Keller betrayed no particular emotion ; he either did not perceive, or did not affect to perceive, the extensive consequences of his fortunate throw, and seemed rather doubtful of his advantage. Charles stood behind his chair, little interested in the progress of the game, for Mary Wynham was at his side. The group, although small and domestic, was perfectly pictorial : the impatience and disappointment of Mr. Wynham were richly contrasted with the placid visage of his anta-

gonist; while the fine blue eyes of Mary Wynham, mingling their tender light with the glances of her young companion, threw a subdued tone of repose and refinement over the scene. There were few finer faces than Mary Wynham's: the outline was a graphic sketch; no disproportion of feature or irregularity of expression interrupted the gradations of colour and shape; an exquisite sweetness and simplicity softened the character of a countenance otherwise lofty and imposing; and yet the feeling which she inspired partook less of admiration than attachment. You felt at the first introduction that she was amiable and sincere: she diffused that sensation around her without an effort. There was nothing of the tinsel of false sentiment about her; her manners were drawn from natural grace, and not artificial refinement: and her attractions derived less from studied cultivation than artless and incommunicable beauty.

A few throws decided the game in favour of Mr. Keller, when the servant announced supper. The little knot, united by the kindest sympathies, displayed little of that boisterous mirth which is the congenial type of an Irish party. Their happiness was deep and silent. It was a sensation, not a sentiment; and was indicated through the eyes and the pulses. Indeed the only individual who seemed likely to invade the tranquil enjoyment of the scene was Mr. Wynham. He was a perpetual flow of pleasantries; poignant and irresistible, his jokes should be taken. You had no alternative be-

tween his overwhelming humour and his ridicule ; if you did not understand the one, you should submit to the penalties of the other. But you ought to know something of the history of Wynham and Keller before you feel an interest in their society.

Mr. Wynham was descended from a family whose name and principles were alike celebrated in the events of the Revolution. The earliest ancestor he could trace on the genealogical tree was one of the 'prentice boys at the siege of Londonderry. To his intrepidity and inflexible loyalty the old man was wont to refer in the moments of religious zeal and political enthusiasm. An engraving, edged in antiquated box-wood, of the capitulation of Derry, presented the primitive Wynham in the midst of an ardent group of kindred spirits—damped however by time : and this engraving hung over the mantel-piece—a proud testimony of ancestral honours and merits. Surrounded by associations that were calculated to strengthen the first impressions of education, Mr. Wynham had early imbibed and long cherished the strongest antipathy against those of his countrymen who were attached to the Roman Catholic faith. His antipathies, too, were not the result of reasoning, for they sprang from an abhorrence of ceremonies which he despised too much to examine, and doctrines which he would have considered it infidelity to discuss : what would have been conviction in others was prejudice in him. He was reasonable enough in other points, and could sometimes even suffer con-

tradition without a shrug ; but if you assailed him in the strong-hold of the Roman ritual, you must content yourself with the invectives of a half hour's recrimination. But, with all his garrulity, obstinacy, and misrepresentation, there was a sterling honesty about him that forced his hearer to acknowledge his sincerity. He had the look, the step, the giggle of hale, self-possessed sixty-five : his face was a prediction of loquacity ; and there was a certain patriotic expression in his manner that won your good-will before he had time to forfeit your confidence. He was one, too, who always looked you straight in the face. It was impossible to detect an evasion in his eye ; and that is no bad token of integrity. He married at forty-five ; but his wife died after the birth of a daughter, and old Wynham lived the rest of his life in the solitude of ———, dedicating himself solely to the natural objects of a parent's ambition. Amongst his earliest friends, from his school-hours up to old age, Edward Keller was the first : through all the various chances and changes of time, Mr. Keller never abated his friendship towards Wynham. It had grown into a sacred partnership of feeling. The unsubdued dogmatism of the one was refined by the calm judgment of the other ; and there was such an interchange of obligation, such a general community of object, between them, as to render the society of the one in some part necessary to the happiness of the other. Mr. Keller had travelled : foreign intercourse had sufficiently improved

his stock of information, and given a polish and grace to his acquirements. To a natural taste for the belles lettres he united a chastened knowledge of the more useful sciences; and the excellence of his heart and disposition gave a fascinating tinge to his conversation, which was as agreeable as it was instructive. That men, whose tastes were so conflicting, should have maintained a friendship so uninterrupted, may appear contradictory to those who have not examined the elements of our nature. But such a union will always be found to be based upon some common point of agreement, some permanent sympathy, which the casual observer cannot perceive. Perhaps the circumstances in which they stood bound them together: both were widowers; and Charles Keller and Mary Wynham seemed to form the intermediate links of their amity. Their anxieties were mutual, their enjoyments similar. They had long separated themselves from general society; and having settled at last in the quiet village of —, the reciprocal care of educating their children engrossed their undivided attention. It was natural that the singleness and solitariness of their communion should have created in the hearts of the young people that species of attachment which has existence only in seclusion from the world, which spreads its calm light over our whole being, and imparts to external nature the same hallowed colouring with which it invests the heart. Across that pure atmosphere of feeling a single cloud had never passed. They had never inquired why

they loved each other ; they only felt the pleasure of giving and receiving happiness : their paradise was of the mind.

Yet amidst this unbroken attachment there was one serious source of difference between the old gentlemen. Mr. Keller was a Roman Catholic : he was certainly moderate in his religious opinions, untainted by bigotry, and far removed from an overweening obedience to the assumptions of papacy. By an understood forbearance, controversial questions were never started ; and old Wynham, whom it was difficult to reduce to any thing like a system of fastidiousness, had never suffered his zeal to wound his friend. Charles and Mary had grown up without reflecting that so great a chasm lay between them : they were ignorant that an awful Rubicon bounded their hopes and their loves ; and continued to the end as if they were never to ask their hearts at what shrines they offered up worship to their God.

During supper the conversation was sustained with animation, and at last turned upon the state of the country, which at that period (1798) was disturbed to an alarming extent.

“ I trust,” exclaimed Mr. Keller, “ that these misguided men may return to a sense of what they owe their country. Without improving their own condition, they destroy national confidence, and expose this unfortunate island to the charge of ingratitude and disloyalty.”

“ Come, Ned,” rejoined Mr. Wynham, “ that senti-

ment deserves a bumper; did all the members of your persuasion think with you, we should sleep with less apprehension in our beds."

"It occurs to me, however," said Mr. Keller, "that it is unjust to attribute to the Roman Catholics the whole crime of this unhappy rebellion. No doubt they would be benefited by a change in the laws; they would be lifted to an equality, which their stake in the prosperity of the country, their industry, and their abilities, entitle them to; but they have not been the prime movers in the business: enthusiastic Protestants, with a political sensitiveness akin to the vices and virtues of a Mirabeau, are, in truth, the planners and the agents of this mischievous confederacy."

"Pshaw!" cried Wynham; "is it not notorious that the pope is the spring of all—the fountain of the poisoned waters? It would be well for Ireland, if the priests were at the bottom of the Red Sea."

"In some cases, sir," interrupted Charles, "they have been known to arrest the fatal course of their people."

"Ay; and in others, sir, they have excited the populace from the altar into open revolt. Surely all tranquillity is at an end when the ministers of religion become the firebrands and emissaries of an atrocious conspiracy against the government."

"What you assert," returned Keller, "is partly true. The ministers of religion are but men like ourselves; moved by the same passions, and subject to the same

weaknesses. The difference consists in the extensive influence their station gives them. When they lend themselves to error, they carry with them the mass of their followers ; and it is difficult to repair an evil so diffusive in its consequences."

" You admit, then, the influence they possess," rejoined Mr. Wynham : " which can only be traced to the constitution of your religion. Destroy the principle, and you destroy the priests."

" Not so," resumed the other ; " our religion creates no such influence—the circumstances in which we are placed do. The people, shut out from the enjoyment of political privileges, cling with desperate fidelity to the priesthood ; and if the priesthood take advantage of the confidence reposed in them, you must blame the men, not the institution. Besides, our religion is a religion of privation and humiliation, of which the priesthood should set the first example : it is the very antithesis of ecclesiastical arrogance and despotism."

" Mr. Keller !" cried Wynham, fixing his elbows on the table, and looking his antagonist full in the face ; " Mr. Keller, that is an assertion I cannot suffer to be made under my roof without a flat contradiction. Is not your religion a religion of idolatry, superstition, and absurdity ? Is not your mass a theatrical trick to delude the ignorant ? Is not confession a mere farce to raise money ?—prayer for the dead a piece of blasphemous impudence ?—and fasting from meat only an excuse for getting drunk ?"

"You are too vehement," calmly rejoined Keller, "to prove what you assert. If my religion be what you say, I must be an idolater, and a blasphemmer, and a drunkard. Am I all these?"

Wynham looked confounded. A moment, however, rallied him, and he replied—

"Tut, you don't believe half of your religion. You've too much sense and discernment."

"Then you place me in the dilemma of being a man who either does not believe what he professes, or who believes what no man ought to profess."

"When I revile your religion, it does not follow that I revile you: I object to your religion as being a creed set up by man. You have no concern in that."

"My hope of happiness hereafter depends on it: if the doctrines in which I have hitherto believed with my whole heart be erroneous, then is my dependence a broken reed."

"Then I must be candid to say you *do* lean on a broken reed. You close the book of life, and prefer unauthenticated tradition to the written evidences of a Saviour. The pope, instead of setting up to be the successor of St. Peter, ought to become his imitator; and the whole priesthood, from papist Spain to the confines of the earth, should be made to walk in sack-cloth and ashes for their sins. If I had my own way, I wouldn't let a papist into my house."

This unhappy forgetfulness of expression wound the argument to a climax. Keller, who had struggled

throughout the previous part of the conversation to repress his feelings, now rose from the table, and with a look of great self-possession bowed respectfully to Mary: on passing Wynham, on his way to the door, he coldly said: "The sentiments, Mr. Wynham, which you have expressed, justify me in discontinuing that intercourse which has hitherto subsisted between us. I lament, however, that you should have adopted so painful and unexpected a mode of insult."

"Dear father," cried Mary, throwing her arms round Mr. Wynham's neck; "dear father—will you—" She looked at Charles—a tear trickled down her face—and dropping her arms, she turned away to hide the anguish which a scene so new and distressing had occasioned.

"Well," cried Wynham, in a few moments, "they are gone; and if people will be so easily offended, why they are not worth the trouble of keeping in humour."

"Gone!" exclaimed Mary, "oh, will you not follow them, father? Mr. Keller—your own Ned Keller, as you always called him, as you taught me to call him, you will not let *him* leave you in anger!"

"Anger, child! how should I prevent his anger? I expressed my opinions. I am not ashamed of them, and I will not retract them. Neither is it safe in the present disturbed state of the country to keep up any communication with Roman Catholics."

"But Mr. Keller surely is an exception? From the

earliest moment of my life," fervently exclaimed Mary, "you made me love him next to yourself. You told me he would be a father to me, should it please our heavenly Father to take you from me; you told me Charles would be a brother and a protector. I fear I have learned your lesson too well to tear him from my heart now."

"Then, Mary," shortly replied the old gentleman, "you must unlearn what I have taught you. I will not stoop to solicit his friendship again; nor would I for the friendship of a monarch disguise my sentiments, or truckle to the prejudices of another."

He then abruptly wished her "Good night," and withdrew.

She submitted without a murmur. She had been accustomed to regard her father's decisions with implicit respect; and, however deep the struggle, she neither questioned his wisdom nor arraigned his authority.

Some days passed over in that sickness of mind when the heart, like a vessel becalmed at sea, lies, as it were, motionless and insensible. Every thing around Mary seemed to have changed its appearance. No more did her favourite moss-rose, that arched over the window of her chamber, breathe its delicious odours upon her; no more did her green myrtles shoot into living luxuriance, or her clustering woodbine assume its graceful wreaths under her care. She was amongst them no more! Her fingers sometimes heedlessly

twisted the stems of flowers into a kind of wild and grotesque tracery, but they generally broke in her hands, and she flung them away in vexation. At other moments she sat reading in one of the cool recesses of the garden, but she seldom read more than a page, and that page she read twenty times. She sometimes walked out in the green path that led towards the river—a path where she and Charles Keller had often walked together; but then a recollection that she was alone—perhaps that the place had been visited on occasions she did not just then choose to remember—used to recall her precipitately home.

A week elapsed, and neither Charles nor his father was heard of. To be sure, a gentleman who was travelling through the country on a professional excursion breakfasted with Mr. Wynham one morning, and in the course of conversation spoke of the polite attention he had received the day before at the house of a Mr. Keller, a near neighbour of Mr. Wynham's, but that was all. It was intelligence sufficient to excite anxiety, but not explicit enough to satisfy it.

At the end of the week uneasiness began to grow into impatience, and Mary at last summoned courage to ask in direct terms for Charles Keller.

"Surely, sir," cried she, to her father, "he is not a party to the unhappy difference between you and his father. I am certain he would not willingly contribute to a breach that separates him from those who have been his companions and friends from childhood."

"You are deceived, then," replied he abruptly; "he is more superstitious than sincere, and would sacrifice all the friends in the world for the toe-nail of Saint Bridget. These people are well enough until you attack their religion; but if you once assail that, there's an end to confidence and kindness."

A tear started into her eye—it was perhaps partly for Charles, and partly for the thought that she had mistaken his character. But it was a tear that could not escape the old man's observation. He silently pressed her hand, and putting a letter into it, slowly left the room.

When her composure allowed her to peruse it, she found that it was addressed to her father, and that the seal had been already broken. It was to the following effect.

"Aware of the antipathy with which you viewed my religion, I studied to avoid the subject through a close intercourse of forty years. If I never courted discussion, it was because I did not like to provoke insult, and I had some hope that forbearance on my part would have been met by delicacy on yours. But I trusted to your friendship in vain: you have taught me that he who does not possess candour to examine his prejudices has not judgment to control his passions, and that it is always dangerous to confide to such a man the least portion of our happiness. It is due, therefore, to your feelings, as it is necessary to mine, that I should unreservedly disclaim all further

connexion between our families. I resign at once the pleasing anticipation I had formed—the delusion is vanished: our children would naturally imitate if not imbibe the distrust of their fathers, and the scene of future alliance would be the source of endless sorrow. For their sakes, therefore, as well as ours, I have forbidden my son to visit at your house. ‘

“EDWARD KELLER.”

The historian of the heart is not always accurate—we are not positive whether Mary read farther than that passage which disclaimed “all further connexion between the families.” The effect was, perhaps, less external than might be expected. Her cheek grew pale, but the trembling at her heart had no corresponding type; her eye became suffused with burning tears, but the current of respiration was not impeded; and the feverish throbbing of her veins was but faintly imaged in the electric quiver of her lip and hands.

She retired early that night to her chamber: it was a room that looked into a garden, bounded by a plantation of forest trees. You could not select a place better calculated for indulging a melancholy turn of thought. It was embowered in deep foliage, and the window was quite sequestered amidst roses, myrtles, and woodbines. The night was such as Viesseux describes as occurring in the south of Italy; resplendent with luxurious light, and spreading its soft silvery sheet over the trees and flowers. Mary Wynham sat at the open window, and,

having flung back the lattice, gazed almost insensibly upon the scene. There was scarcely a stir amongst the leaves; a perfect repose lulled the atmosphere, and breathed a sleeping balm around.

The unhappy rebellion, which at that period devastated the face of the country, filled the people with just alarm, and produced an unusual degree of circumspection and watchfulness. Every country gentleman had his armed tenantry about him; some sleeping under his roof, others scattered over his grounds, and the rest within reach. But old Mr. Wynham, whose dogmatism in theology was paralleled by his pertinacity in politics, disdained to avail himself of the common protection of arms and retainers. He could never be prevailed on to increase his stock of military weapons, which consisted solely of a blunderbuss with a spring-bayonet, and a brace of old cavalry pistols. These had been kept loaded in his bedroom from time immemorial; and on the anniversary of the siege of Londonderry it was his wont to discharge them triumphantly into the garden. Such circumstances at any other time would have excited timidity in Mary Wynham; but her mind was engrossed by a theme that affected her more closely. She forgot the danger to which she was involuntarily exposed at an open window, while she continued looking vacantly at a moon that shone as placidly as herself. In the midst of a long fit of abstraction, her attention was suddenly awakened by an abrupt rustling in the cluster of trees near her window. A moment's

reflection recalled her to a sense of her situation, and she was about closing the window when a hoarse but somewhat familiar voice accosted her from below.

“ Miss ! Miss Wynham ! ma’am, I want to speak to you. Don’t be so frightful ; sure you know me, don’t you ? ”

Holding the lattice of the window in her hand, she leaned forward, and tremulously inquired, “ Who are you ? ”

“ Who other would be here at this time of night but myself ? Am n’t I James Mooney, your father’s own boy, that he reared up from the time he was a suckling-pig ? So don’t be *afeard*, but just come down a bit to the door. I want to speak to you.”

So saying, James Mooney valiantly raised himself by the branches of a tree, until he brought his face in a straight line with Miss Wynham’s, that she might recognise him, and be assured, to use his own expression, that “ he was no other than himself.”

“ Bless me ! ” exclaimed she, “ James, what can be your business out at such an hour ? Are you not afraid of bringing yourself into suspicion in these times ? ”

“ Arrah ! who ’d take trouble of suspecting me ? ” responded the pendent James, as he swung to and fro in his dangerous elevation ; “ sure it is n’t after the like of me they ’d be looking.”

“ But you know,” replied Mary Wynham, whose doubts were now beginning to be excited, “ you know

the country is under martial law, and that you are liable to be tried for being out after sunset."

"Troth, then, I'm not the only one that runs *that* risk. But what's the use of talking, when I want to speak to you? Will you come down to the door, miss?"

"I cannot comprehend your object, James."

"Och, then, if it's comprehension you want, there it's for you; and give me an answer for the poor creature that's waiting on you."

This ejaculation was accompanied by a jerk, that flung a letter, carefully folded and sealed, at her feet. Perhaps it was a shrewd guess at its contents that induced her to open and peruse it hastily. It was from Charles Keller; and it was the first, too, he had ever written, and contained the first declaration of attachment he had ever made. But it was a declaration accompanied by fearful thoughts: the tender sentiments of love were mixed with mysterious warnings; the vow of fidelity was mingled with hints of eternal separation: and it was with difficulty she could glean that the object he sought was an interview.

Her agitation scarcely allowed her strength to inform the messenger, who amused himself by swinging and whistling while she was reading the letter, that she had "no answer to give."

"Had n't you better write it down, miss?" exclaimed Mooney, after a short pause.

She had thrown herself into a chair, and already half closed the lattice. Mooney in vain appealed to

her compassion for the "poor gentleman:" she either did not hear or did not heed his eloquence, and when she turned he was gone. The surprise and confusion into which this unexpected communication threw her, and the difficulty of forming at once a prudent resolution, deprived her, for a few moments, of the just sense of her own feelings. The trance, however, was shortly interrupted. A voice, whose thrilling tones vibrated through her heart, gently pronounced her name. It was Charles Keller who stood in the garden, wrapped in a large watch-cloak: he again called "Mary!" and she faintly articulated his name.

"Mary, hear me for the last time."

"Charles," she replied, almost inaudibly, "do not add to my distress. Indeed it is out of my power to speak to you."

"And are we to part thus, Mary?" returned Charles; "is the memory of whole years of silent devotion to be flung away without a pang?"

"What can I say? you are very, very unkind."

"Ah, if it be unkindness to sacrifice all my earthly hopes for you, I *am* unkind. In the bitterness of my father's feelings he has commanded me to exile myself for ever from your presence. He has made the abandonment of your affection the condition of preserving his; and since without you I have no desire to live, I come to receive my fate from your hands. Hear me, then, calmly, and do not condemn my despair, if, by your decision, you deprive me of hope."

"Charles," cried Mary, "Charles, dear Charles, do not speak thus."

"Do you then feel my misery?" he passionately replied. "Ah, do you participate in my sorrow? We are both driven out by our parents. An interdict, no doubt, has been placed on your feelings, and in the name of religion you are forbidden to exercise its charities. Dear Mary, will you—I hardly know how to make my proposition, lest it may alarm your tenderness—will you—can you consent to be mine? Our fathers will relent when they can no longer persecute."

"I cannot listen to you," replied Mary, who trembled as her hand refused to close the window: "I did not think you would have given me so much pain—I do not deserve it."

A flood of tears relieved her: the weight that oppressed her throughout the day had made her nervous and sensitive, and she wept freely for some time.

"What, then, will be my destiny?" resumed he: "to what perilous extremes shall I be driven? Shall I return to him whose zeal for religion is exhibited by a violation of the laws of nature—who has doomed me to the torments of a life without attachments, and made me like a wanderer upon the earth? Or shall I fling myself into dangers that will kindly obtain for me repose and oblivion?"

They were both immoveable: they felt the poignancy of those sensations which cannot be confided to language; and as their situation was one of mutual suf-

fering, so it was one of mutual embarrassment. Many thoughts flashed across Mary's mind, but she could not trust herself to express them. The imprudence of offering Charles Keller advice, and perhaps of involving herself in the consequences, checked the ardent desire of making him happy, even at the expense of her father's resentment, and she found her safest refuge in silence. The conflict in Charles Keller's mind was written in legible and terrific characters in his face. The meditation of some future act of desperation could be visibly traced in the wild flashes of his eye and the workings of his lips: every feature was flushed; and the motion of his hands betrayed distraction and unfixedness.

"Again I implore you to consider," he cried, in a voice full of tremulous passion; "consider before you cast me into utter destitution. For you I resign my paternal home, where I never knew unhappiness until now; save me, I beseech you, before I am more deeply caught in the toils with which my madness has encompassed me—before my life and fame are devoted to wretchedness, perhaps disgrace. Dear, dear Mary, I know not what I say; will you be mine?"

"Charles, I must be firm, if my heart break in the endeavour," replied Mary Wynham, while the tears coursed down her cheeks: "you cannot ask me to do that which prudence and delicacy both forbid. I appeal to your honour—your generosity—to spare me the agony of separation: dismiss these unhappy feel-

ings from your mind. If we be disunited for the present, the time *may* arrive when it will not be criminal to meet; but until then let us live in that obedience by which an all-merciful God has told us our days shall be long in the land!"

"The balsam you have shed upon me arrives too late. I could have listened a few hours back to those words of consolation, and derived from them the hopes and the calm they inspire; but it is too late! I am pledged and punished! I live no more in the bosom of peace—no more in the heart of purity! I am lost—lost—lost!"

The last word was reiterated in a tone of agony; his head was clasped in his clenched hands, and his whole figure presented the image of despair. Mary strove to look through the dim mist which increasing tears spread over her eyes, and extended her arms in the attitude of imploring him to be calm, when she heard her father's voice at her door. The occasion was one so uncommon and mysterious, and its occurrence at a season so unfavourable, that the natural confidence she felt in her father's affection deserted her. She scarcely hoped to palliate, and feared to explain, a circumstance which, in the relation in which the families then stood, was a species of filial treachery. She had no time, however, for consideration;—old Wynham stood before her.

"Did you hear voices in the garden?" exclaimed he, in a hurried tone. She recollected at this instant what

had entirely escaped her before, that her father's sleeping-room was only removed by a projecting angle of the building from hers, and that if he had been awake, he must have overheard the whole conversation. A burning blush mounted to her cheek: she was unable to return an answer.

“Don't be alarmed, child! We shall give the villains something to do before they burn us alive: I'll discharge a brace of slugs out of the window; and if that is n't enough for them, I'll let them have an anniversary bullet from my blunderbuss.”

His motion was too precipitate, and his words too hurried, to permit the possibility of effectual interference. He had already drawn from the breast of his coat one of his old cavalry pistols. Mary caught a glimpse of the barrel, and sprung convulsively upon his arm; her sudden weight lowered the muzzle, and at the instant it went off. A deep groan issued from the garden, and Mary fell at her father's feet with a shriek of horror.

A pause and awful silence followed—then a rush among the trees, and a confused clamour of voices. But Mary was insensible, and violence and vacillation had paralyzed her father's prudence. The interval was quickly succeeded by a shout of savage exultation, that announced the bursting of the hall door. The rebels, mustered to a considerable number, had forced an entrance; but not the clatter of their feet upon the stairs, the din of ferocious cries, and oaths, and imprecations.

tions, awakened Mary from the death-like swoon in which she lay. Resistance could not restrain, nor calamity appease, their brutal desires; they tumultuously entered the apartment. Old Wynham, who would have rather died than submitted to their mercy, presented the unloaded pistol at the foremost of the leaders; but it was struck down at once, and a dozen pikes levelled at his body. He flung himself amongst them, and in the desperate effort exhausted all the strength he possessed. Their object, which was neither robbery, nor, at that moment, murder, was gained. He was secured and carried off almost insensible of the terrible scene through which he had passed, and indifferent to what he should next encounter.

When Mary revived, she found herself in bed, and a faithful servant sitting beside her. The ashy paleness of the domestic, and the gloomy chillness of the room (for it was not yet morning) too distinctly recalled the fearful events of the night. She demanded hysterically to see her father, and in the same breath desired that Charles Keller should be admitted. Alas! where were they? The fatal story had yet to be developed; but who should undertake to relate it to her? All was silent save the sobs of the servant, and the occasional low moan and stifled lamentation that rose from the domestics in the lower apartments. They rang like a knell in the ears of the unfortunate Mary, and she sank back into a state of faintness and delirium.

That day passed over, and no tidings were received of the fate of Mr. Wynham ; but it was generally supposed, that, in the maniac spirit of the times, he had been sacrificed to the relentless hatred of the insurgents. Tracks of blood were discovered in the garden, but they could not be traced beyond the trees ; while a search, the most rigorous and fatiguing, through the immediate neighbourhood, proved totally unsuccessful. Night again arrived, and brought with it renewed anxieties and fears. By unceasing care and attention, Mary was sufficiently recovered to sit up ; but the pallid hand of sickness was on her, and every exertion she made to rally her strength served but to betray her exhaustion. At a late hour she received a message, that a gentleman wished to see her in the parlour. The thought that it might be Charles, and that he might bring some intelligence of her father, instantly crossed her mind. It was Mr. Keller. His look was not as formerly : a settled dejection and haggardness sat upon his countenance : a palsy shook every limb ; and the feebleness of age was wasted down to utter imbecility. He motioned her to sit ; and after a heaving effort to collect firmness, he addressed her :

“Do not weep, my dear child ! the chastening we receive at the hands of Providence should improve our humility, rather than stimulate despair. I thank my God for the lesson he has taught me in my old age, and for having prepared my spirit, on the verge of eternity, for the long journey it must shortly take.”

Here the old man hid his face, and, after a severe struggle, resumed:—"I forbade my boy—my dear Charles—to continue his visits to your house, because the pride of my religious feelings was hurt: I forgot that religion should have instructed me in charity, and that when one cheek was smitten I should have turned the other. But for my presumption my heavenly Father has made me childless."

Mary had anticipated the sequel: it was a trial beyond her strength, and she relapsed into insensibility.

The few memorials of the story that remain may be briefly told. When the injunction was laid upon Charles by his father, he wandered away from home, and accidentally met with some of the leaders of the insurrection. They had formerly been his intimate friends: in confidence they revealed their plans, and in despair he bound himself to their purposes. The frenzy of blighted ambition was supplied with aliment in the frantic resources of civil war: he flung himself into the council of the rebels; he became as desperate as he was hopeless, and relumed the light of his existence at the lamp of danger and disgrace. Pledged by oaths, and identified by communion, he had no alternative but in flight or fidelity. Already had the rapid decrees of the leagued assassins marked out for destruction the house and life of old Mr. Wynham, who was universally known to be violent in his political sentiments: already were the flames approaching the home of his beloved: and he, who had immolated his fair fame and proud

hopes at the altar of an uncompromising attachment, had not influence to prevent, or courage to oppose, the design. He could not apply to the authorities without implicating those with whom he had acted, and branding his own name with immortal infamy: he could not reveal the plan to Mr. Wynham without confessing his own culpability; nor could he, in the weakness of his guilt, devise any other mode than that which he adopted. On the night appointed for the attack, he went, in the desolation of his heart, to the garden under Mary Wynham's window. He entertained an extravagant hope that she would fly with him, and that he might snatch her from the fate which he could not avert from her father. At the moment Mr. Wynham entered the room, he had drawn nearer to the window, to make a final appeal. What occurred in the apartment was in such a suppressed and hurried tone that he did not distinctly hear it; and when Mary Wynham threw herself on her father's arm to arrest his purpose, she reduced the pistol to a level with the spot where Charles stood: the shot entered his heart; he groaned, and expired. His companions arrived at the moment, and, exasperated at the death of their comrade, burst into the house; the unhappy old man in vain resisted—they carried him to a ruin in the neighbourhood, and * * * * *

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H. Le Keux sculp.

THE SERAPHEUM PLACED OF EGYPT.

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THE SEVENTH PLAGUE OF EGYPT

THE TEMPLE

Exodus, ix. 22, &c.

TWAS morn—the sun—his shining path
On marble floors and walls—was laid;
Hall, court, and porch—before—
Were crowded with a living flow;
Egyptian, Arab, Nubian, there,
The bearers of the bow and spear;
The hoary priest, the Chaldee Sage,
The slave, the prince, and glancing eye—
All there—
A hush—

There came a man—the instant he
Shrank backward from his stately seats;
His cheek with storm and time was tanned;
A shepherd's staff was in his hand;
A shudder of instinctive fear
Told the dark king what step was near.
On through the host the stranger came,
In part—his form like flame,

He stood—
He clasp'd his sword, he clasp'd his flame;
Erect he stood amid the ring,
His only words—“Be just, O king!”



THE SEVENTH PLAGUE OF EGYPT.

THE TEMPEST.

Exodus, ix. 22, &c.

'Twas morn—the rising splendour roll'd
On marble towers and roofs of gold ;
Hall, court, and gallery below,
Were crowded with a living flow ;
Egyptian, Arab, Nubian, there,
The bearers of the bow and spear ;
The hoary priest, the Chaldee Sage,
The slave, the gemm'd and glittering page—
Helm, turban, and tiara, shone
A dazzling ring round Pharaoh's throne.

There came a man—the human tide
Shrank backward from his stately stride :
His cheek with storm and time was tann'd ;
A shepherd's staff was in his hand ;
A shudder of instinctive fear
Told the dark king what step was near.
On through the host the stranger came,
It parted round his form like flame.

He stoop'd not at the footstool stone,
He clasp'd not sandal, kiss'd not throne ;
Erect he stood amid the ring,
His only words—" Be just, O king !"

On Pharaoh's cheek the blood flush'd high,
 A fire was in his sullen eye;
 Yet on the Chief of Israel
 No arrow of his thousands fell:
 All mute and moveless as the grave,
 Stood chill'd the satrap and the slave.

"Thou'rt come!" at length the monarch spoke;
 Haughty and high the words outbroke:
 "Is Israel weary of its lair,
 The forehead peel'd, the shoulder bare?
 Take back the answer to your band:
 Go, reap the wind; go, plough the sand;
 Go, vilest of the living vile,
 To build the never-ending pile,
 Till, darkest of the nameless dead,
 The vulture on their flesh is fed.
 What better asks the howling slave
 Than the base life our bounty gave?"

Shouted in pride the turban'd peers,
 Upclash'd to heaven the golden spears.
 "King! thou and thine are doom'd!—Behold!"
 The prophet spoke.—The thunder roll'd;
 Along the pathway of the sun
 Sail'd vapoury mountains, wild and dun.
 "Yet there is time," the prophet said—
 He raised his staff—the storm was stay'd.
 "King! be the word of freedom given:
 What art thou, man, to war with Heaven?"

There came no word.—The thunder broke!
 Like a huge city's final smoke,
 Thick, lurid, stifling, mix'd with flame,
 Through court and hall the vapours came.
 Loose as the stubble in the field,
 Wide flew the men of spear and shield;
 Scatter'd like foam along the wave,
 Flew the proud pageant, prince and slave:
 Or, in the chains of terror bound,
 Lay, corpse-like, on the smouldering ground.
 "Speak, king!—the wrath is but begun—
 Still dumb?—then, Heaven, thy will be done!"

Echoed from earth a hollow roar,
 Like Ocean on the midnight shore;
 A sheet of lightning o'er them wheel'd,
 The solid ground beneath them reel'd;
 In dust sank roof and battlement;
 Like webs the giant walls were rent;
 Red, broad, before his startled gaze,
 The monarch saw his Egypt blaze.
 Still swell'd the plague—the flame grew pale;
 Burst from the clouds the charge of hail;
 With arrowy keenness, iron weight,
 Down pour'd the ministers of fate;
 Till man and cattle, crush'd, congeal'd,
 Cover'd with death the boundless field.

Still swell'd the plague—uprose the blast,
 The avenger, fit to be the last;

206 THE SEVENTH PLAGUE OF EGYPT.

On ocean, river, forest, vale,
 Thunder'd at once the mighty gale.
 Before the whirlwind flew the tree,
 Beneath the whirlwind roar'd the sea;
 A thousand ships were on the wave—
 Where are they?—ask that foaming grave!
 Down go the hope, the pride of years,
 Down go the myriad mariners;
 The riches of Earth's richest zone,
 Gone! like a flash of lightning, gone!

And, lo! that first fierce triumph o'er,
 Swells Ocean on the shrinking shore;
 Still onward, onward, dark and wide,
 Engulfs the land the furious tide.
 'Then bow'd thy spirit, stubborn king,
 Thou serpent, reft of fang and sting!
 Humbled, before the prophet's knee,
 He groan'd, "Be injured Israel free!"

To heaven the sage upraised the wand;
 Back roll'd the deluge from the land;
 Back to its caverns sank the gale;
 Fled from the noon the vapours pale;
 Broad burn'd again the joyous sun:
 The hour of wrath and death was done.

'ΕΣΠΕΡΟΣ.

THE SAILOR'S FATE.

BY N. T. CARRINGTON, AUTHOR OF "DARTMOOR."

A peasant, in pursuing some sheep which had wandered from their accustomed pasturage, discovered, in the middle of the naked solitude (Dartmoor) that stretches from Lydford nearly twenty miles in a south-eastern direction, the body of a sailor, much emaciated, and in such a state as gave reason to think he had been lying on the spot five or six weeks. His countenance, however, was serene, and his posture composed; a small bundle of linen supported his head, and the remains of a faithful dog lay at his feet.—*Warner's Walk through the Western Counties.*

He perish'd on the moor! The pitying swain
Found him outstretch'd upon the wide, wild plain;
There lay the wanderer by the quiv'ring bog,
And, at his foot, his patient, faithful dog.
Thrice gallant brute! that through the weary day
Shared all the perils of the lonely way,
Faced the fierce storm, and, by his master's side,
In the cold midnight, laid him down and died!
Thrice gallant brute! to thee the local bard
Shall sweep his lyre, fidelity's reward;
Thy fate shall wake the frequent sigh, and Fame,
At least in moorland annals, grave thy name!

Was it for this (so Fancy sings) the Tar
Consumed his vigorous youth in climes afar,

And nobly dared, in danger's every form,
The ocean battle and the ocean storm ;
Undaunted stood where on the blood-red wave
The death-shot peal'd among the English brave ;
Or scaled the slipp'ry yard, where, poised on high,
As the dread lightning burn'd along the sky,
He fearless hung, though, yielding to the blast,
Beneath him groan'd the rent and trembling mast ?
Ah ! haply fired by home's enchanting name,
From tropic shores the enthusiast sailor came ;
To the fleet gales his bounding vessel gave,
And reach'd, at last, the fresh, wild, western wave ;
Till, soon descried, upon the eager view
Large, and more large, the black Bolerium grew :
Then, as he heard the shoreward surges roll,
High glow'd the local fire within his soul ;
And now he raptur'd cried, " All dangers o'er,
My native land ! we meet to part no more."
While England, England on the foam-swept lee
Uprose, proud peering o'er the subject sea,
Disclosed at once to him her matchless charms,
And woo'd the wearied exile to her arms.

Where the swift Torridge, Tamar's sister, flows
Through northern fields, perhaps his cot arose ;
And stout of heart, and strong of foot, he pass'd
With rapid course along the lessening waste.
'Twas a wild path, by e'en the peasant shunn'd ;
But then his beckoning Canaan lay beyond.

Already, fancy-fired, he saw each scene
Well known and loved—the church, the village-
green—
Saw the hills sweetly rise, his native dells
Soft sink, and heard the music of the bells—
Delightful melodies, that still engage
The love of youth and joy the heart of age.
Illusions all! down rush'd the moorland night;
He met the mountain tempest in its might.
No guide to point the way, no friend to cheer;
Gloom on his path, the fateful snow-storm near!
Alone!—ah, when the ocean conflict grew
More loud, more fierce, and swift the death-shot flew,
Or round his bark the infuriate billows raged,
'Twas *sympathy* that all his toils assuaged;
With dauntless hearts, with friends and comrades dear
He shared the danger, and he smiled at fear.
But now—man far away—an exile poor,
He wander'd cheerless on the untrodden moor!
Swift from the cloud the arrowy lightning flash'd,
Fierce o'er the waste the impetuous waters dash'd,
Deep was the howl of torrents; and when broke,
Drowning the torrent's voice, the thunder-stroke,
Wide horror reign'd:—again the deathful flash
Hiss'd on his track—again the mighty crash
Startled, but conquer'd not, the brave! He stood
Amid the storm, in that great solitude,
With all a seaman's high, enduring soul,
Eyed the keen fires, and heard the fate-peal roll;

And though the warring elements had power
To crush him in that dark and trying hour,
They shook not that true spirit, firm and fast,
Which sways a British seaman to the last !

He perish'd on the moor ! No shelt'ring grave
Oped for the hapless hero of the wave ;
Till, rescued from the winter gale's dread wing,
Waked the lone desert at the touch of Spring.
Then feet came o'er the wild ;—by hill and rock
Sought the rude swain the wanderers of his flock.
There on the silent waste the victim lay,
The sport of winds through many a brumal day !
And, rough though highland swain, a generous sigh
Burst at the lot of poor mortality !
So cold, so pale, so shrunk that manly brow,
That lip so mute, that eye so rayless now ;
That livid form which seem'd so rudely cast
From man, and whitening in the boreal blast !
He saw and felt, and, mourning at the doom
Of the poor stranger, bore him to his tomb
In the lone moorland church-yard :—yet no stone
Records his name—his home, his race, unknown ;
And nought remains of him in village lore
But this sad truth—*He perish'd on the moor !*

THE FLOAT.

THAT little dwelling, said my friend, is the cottage in which Mary Allerton once lived. Poor Mary! many a time have I seen her on a summer morning sitting under the honeysuckle, which then hung its verdant drapery over the rustic porch; and very sweet did Mary look as she sat there in her neat attire. She had been left an orphan while yet but a little child, and, excepting myself, she had not a friend on the wide earth; but she was an industrious girl, and when she used to come on a sabbath morning to my church, and humbly seat herself on the pulpit steps, bending with her meek looks over her tattered bible, many a kind blessing was breathed by the aged matrons upon her head. The young maidens of the village, too, loved Mary Allerton; and often did they assemble round her evening hearth, when the season of Christmas came in its happy idleness. Many a time have I stopped at Mary's door, and listened to the sweet concert of voices, as the young girls sang their Christmas carol; and many a time have I also heard arise the sounds of thanksgiving and prayer from that humble dwelling.

Mary was often about my house, for she was the cleverest workwoman in the village: besides, I felt much kindliness for her; and I had great pleasure in listening to her wild artless singing. Well, time wore on, and Mary grew up to be a woman—a fair, graceful woman. Yes; though but a simple villager, Mary would have

graced a court. Yet there was ever a look of sadness in her face, and her voice was like some thrilling melancholy music. It was in autumn that William Stuart came to settle in the village. A fine manly-looking lad he was, and his cottage soon rivalled even Mary's in neatness. William could, as Mary used to say, put his hand to every thing; and when I saw how anxious he was to get employment, and how useful he could be, I had him often to work in my garden, and to do little jobs about the manse. I soon perceived that he contrived to find out something to do on the days when Mary Allerton was working for me; and at those times he always made his appearance with a nosegay of Mary's favourite flowers, which, before he left the manse, was usually transferred to the bosom of the maiden. About this time did I also observe a change in the bearing of the fair girl: formerly her eyes met mine with looks of innocent confiding, now they shrank abashed before my glance. Yet did they at times flash with a gladdened and brightened beauty from beneath their long lashes; while blushes, as if from a heart newly awakened to some strong emotion, would dart vividly across her cheek. And soon the cause of all this was told to me by William Stuart: Mary had promised to become his wife.

On the evening previous to the day on which they were to be married, I happened to be passing Mary's door; and as I wished to speak to her, I went into the cottage. There was a cheerful blaze upon the hearth, and a fir

candle was burning bright upon the ingle. The change from the night air was very grateful to my feelings; for there was a cold north wind blowing and driving the snow in heavy showers from off the hills. The moon came out from behind the clouds in fitful gleamings, and threw her stormy brightness on the troubled Spey; and as I listened to the hoarse murmurs of the blast, I drew my chair closer to the hearth. Mary was sitting opposite to me on a low stool; the red blaze of the fire shone full upon her face. Perhaps it was this that gave to her cheek that unnatural colouring, and as I thought so, I moved a little away from her: but no—there *was* a strange glow upon her cheek, and an unsettled brightness in her eye. She sang—and never did the lark sing with a gayer note than on this evening did Mary Allerton; yet was there something so wild and startling in her mirth, that I would fain have checked it, but I could not; for was it not natural that she should be happy on the eve of her bridal?

As I walked homeward, the snow was drifted across the path in dark whirlwinds, and the trees tossed their branches wildly in the air. I looked around upon the tempest, and thought of those who were now exposed to its terrors. There was a market that day in a neighbouring village, and I knew that many of my parishioners were there. As I remembered this, I looked anxiously at the dark and foaming waters of the Spey; for I much feared that, in their hardy and intoxicated daring, the men might attempt to cross the river, even in the dark-

ness and in the storm. William Stuart had also gone to the fair, but about him I felt no fear, for he had promised Mary not to return home that night, and I was convinced that he would not disobey his bride. I was seated in my parlour, listening to the still increasing storm, when I heard loud knocking at the gate and the sound of many voices. Something they said about William Stuart—I knew not what; but I rushed to the door, and followed them as they ran wildly towards the river. On the bank there was assembled a crowd of people: some stood in silent groups, yet in the moonlight I could see that their hands were clasped, and that their hearts were filled with strong emotion. Others there were walking to and fro, while they uttered frantic and broken wailings; and in the midst of a denser and more collected crowd I beheld the dead body of William Stuart, and by his side, upon her knees, was Mary Allerton, wiping with her long hair the frozen blood from his brow. When I approached, she looked up and smiled. May I never again look on such a smile! Then she covered the face of the corpse with her handkerchief, and said, “That’s a sound, sound sleep; but he’ll sleep aye the sounder that I am singing;” and she sang,

I’ll make to my bridegroom a grassy green pillow,
And our bed will the red heather be;
And the wild birds will sing, and wild flowers will spring
Round my braw bonnie bridegroom and me!

It was terrible to hear her sing—ever, when she stopped in her wild melody, looking up with her calm idiot smile.

On the morning after that dreadful night, I learned that when at the market William Stuart was observed to place his hand upon his brow, as though his mind laboured with some painful feeling; and once he was heard to say there was a strange thought within his heart—that he must die that night. Soon afterwards his friends missed him from the fair, and it was conjectured that, influenced by the gloomy fancy with which he was haunted, he had resolved to return home, that he might once more look upon the sweet face of Mary Allerton. A shepherd-boy happened that evening to be seeking a stray sheep, and said that, from the opposite bank, he had seen a man push a float into the stream. It was wildness, the boy thought, on such a night; but the man seemed to have a powerful arm, and for a time the raft passed steadily, though slowly, on. Presently, however, it approached that part of the river where most danger was to be apprehended. The waters, which on the other side were calm and turbid, here rushed along in eddying currents. The man redoubled his efforts to guide the float in its course of peril. For a moment did the boy see it heaving and tossing in the blackness of that boiling flood—then the moon was veiled behind a cloud—the wind rose with a sudden gust—and there was a sound as of trees bursting asunder. This was succeeded by a low wailing cry, and then all was again still. When next the moon shone out from the cloud, the raft was floating in separate planks upon the water—but the man was gone!

I took Mary Allerton to the manse, and she lived there for many months, but her senses returned to her no more; yet was she ever gentle in her weakness, and her only pleasure consisted in gathering flowers to hang upon William's grave. One morning she was missing; we searched for her in all her accustomed haunts, but she was not to be found. Then some one said that she had been seen walking towards the river. I went thither, and on the bank, where a year before she had been found kneeling by her lover's body, I saw her lying. I approached and spoke to her—she answered not: I lifted her from the ground, and found in my arms a stiffened corpse! MARY C——.

SONG.

I GAVE thee, love, a snow white wreath
Of lilies for thy raven hair;
Alas, that now another's gift,
Rubies and gold, should glitter there.

I saw this morn that lily wreath
Neglected thrown upon the ground,
And then I saw upon thy brow
The chaplet of those rubies bound.

'Tis no new passion, no new face,
Hath won thy fickle heart from me;
That I had better borne than know
That gold hath wrought this change in thee.

L. E. L.

THE DESCENT OF LOVE.

BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

AH youthful Love ! thy votarist,
Though oft he turns into a jest
Thy freaks or foibles, yet will join
In humble worship at thy shrine,
And eulogise thee morn and even
As the best, earliest gift of Heaven.

Thou blushing thing of pain and bliss !
Child of a happier sphere than this !
Wert thou a nursling of the sky,
Foster'd in Paradise on high,
To thrill the radiant breasts above ?
No—angels feel not youthful love ;
Theirs is a flame we cannot know,
A holy ardour free from wo ;
But ours a joy, supreme, intense,
A short and splendid recompense
For an esteem, unbroke, unmoved,
Which man immortal might have proved.
Art thou not then, O virtuous love,
The dearest gift of Heaven above ?

Blest be thy native home on earth,
The place that own'd thy mystic birth,
When far beneath the golden morn
Was thy seraphic being born.

Where Euphrates and Tigris' strands
Join 'mid the sweet Assyrian lands ;
Where that great river rolling blue
Mirror'd the earliest flowers that grew,
When scarce had bud begun to blow,
Or blossom deck'd the world below,
Then was the shade of tiny tree
The bed of thy nativity.

While the first pair of human frame
Lay weeping their immortal blame,
By deep remorse and sorrow tost,
For all their gifts and glory lost ;
Even then, when grief was at the full,
And no redress their pains to lull,
Thy cherub form from heaven descended,
In all the rays of beauty blended,
And their repentant breasts above
Thou wov'st the holy ties of love ;
While by a mystic art unnamed
Of thy fair self the bonds were framed,
And ne'er did heavenly art entwine
A wreath so cheering and divine.

Full soon the pair thy presence own'd ;
They found their hearts to nature bound
By tie, not proved, nor understood,
A bond of kindred and of blood,
And in delight without alloy
Their hearts rejoiced in nature's joy.

The river flow'd more silvery bright,
The flowers were glowing with delight,
The young twin roses had begun
Their homage to the morning sun,
In odours breathed from bosoms meek,
And made obeisance cheek to cheek.

In a blest world they seem'd to move,
A world of pathos and of love,
Where all was deck'd in glories new ;
The sunbeam kiss'd the morning dew ;
The fields were robed in deeper green ;
The blue of heaven was more serene ;
The birds sang sweeter in the grove,
Hailing the natal morn of love ;
Not even from Eden's sacred tree
Was ever pour'd such melody.

But of all ecstacies refined
The greatest still remain'd behind,
A new delight thrill'd and subdued,
When eye met eye with love imbued ;
When he with raptures scarce terrene
First turn'd his view on nature's queen,
On that dear form whose soften'd charms
Besought protection in his arms ;
Whose every look, and smile, and sigh,
Bespoke a chasten'd courtesy.
He saw her eye of deeper blue,
Her cheek grown rosier in its hue,

While her fair bosom's gentle swell
With hallow'd heavings rose and fell;
Then was thy heavenly being blest
With earthly home of holy rest,
And woman's breast was form'd to be
The tabernacle meet for thee!

THE MOTHER'S LAMENT
ON THE EVENING OF THE BATTLE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NUGÆ SACRÆ," &c.

THE valley was red, for the death-fray was ended,
When I gain'd its dark shadow to seek for my son;
I found him at length on the heather extended,
And bath'd in his blood, for his young day was done:
He had gloriously fallen in the thick of the firing,
And now from his cheek were the warm hues retiring;
Yet he lifted his eyelid, and whisper'd, expiring,
"O mourn not for me, for the battle is won!"

Brave boy! I exclaim'd, as I hung o'er him, weeping,
Whose valour survived with the last fleeting breath:
But what recks thy mother—who watches thee sleeping
The long dreamless sleep, on the blood-sprinkled
heath—

What recks thy reft mother, while sorrowing o'er thee,
That Victory crown'd thee, if Victory tore thee
From her whom it robb'd of thy father before thee,
And bore thee, like him, to the regions of death?

Thy sister I left at the cottage door sighing,

Yet hopeful, though doubtful, awaiting thy doom ;
And how shall I quiet the little one crying

For thee to come back with thy sword-knot and
plume ?

Who now shall sustain me, with years stricken hoary ?
What boots it to me, that our banner won glory,
If the summer-breeze, bearing afar the proud story,
Must sweep the cold turf o'er thy new-sodded tomb ?

Nor long shall thy sleep 'neath its mantle be lonely :

Thy loved and betroth'd one—the flow'ret so fair,
That droop'd in thy danger, that bloom'd for thee only—
Shall fade in thy death-blight—shall follow thee
there.

While sorrows like these o'er one cot are descending—
The pangs on the battle-fray ever impending,
Where the ties of ten thousand brave bosoms are
rending,

What heart may imagine, what lips may declare ?

Ah ! why should revenge for some wrong but suspected,

Manœuvres of state, that of honour make show,
Or a court ceremonial infringed or neglected,

Plunge a kingdom in blood and a people in woe ?
O hasten, Great Father ! that blest consummation,
When “nation shall ne'er lift up sword against nation ;
When war shall no more be the Christian's vocation ;
When the spear shall be shiver'd, and broken the
bow !”

TO A STAR.

BY JOHN MACRAY, AUTHOR OF "STRAY LEAVES."

WITH what a melancholy lustre thou

Look'st on the earth below !

As if upon thy pure and radiant brow

Dwelt sorrow at her woe !

Hear'st thou the sigh from yonder dungeon's gloom,

Where suffering Virtue pines ?

Mark'st thou the agony above the tomb

Where widow'd love reclines ?

Haply thy brow is darken'd at the knell

Of some departed friend ;

Thou hear'st the music of the passing-bell

Moan in the hollow wind.

'Tis but a moment since thy tears were dried,

For pining genius shed ;

And now, a constant mourner, thou hast hied

To weep a patriot dead !

When Poverty with Mammon pleads in vain,

Mark'st thou the cold reply ?—

And look'st for solace to thine own domain—

A pure and happy sky ?

When, passion-driven, the slave of folly turns

His look perchance to thee,

O fan such heaven-ward flame until it burns,

From earth's pollution free !

Mysterious light ! when some conflicting sphere
Shall dash thee from thy throne,
The rumour unappall'd oh may I hear
Myriads of ages on !

THE IVY OF KENILWORTH.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

HEARD'ST thou what the Ivy sigh'd,
Waving where all else hath died,
In the place of regal mirth,
Now the silent Kenilworth ?

With its many-glistening leaves,
There a solemn robe it weaves ;
And a voice is in each fold,
Like an oracle's of old.

Heard'st thou, while with dews of night
Shone its berries darkly bright ?
Yes ! the whisperer seem'd to say,
" All things—all things pass away !

" Where I am, the harp hath rung
Banners and proud shields among,
And the blood-red wine flow'd free,
And the fire shot sparks of glee.

“ Where I am, now last and lone,
Queenly steps have come and gone ;
Gorgeous masques have glided by,
Unto rolling harmony.

“ Flung from these illumined towers,
Light hath pierced the forest bowers ;
Lake, and pool, and fount, have been
Kindled by their midnight sheen.

“ Where is now the feasting high ?
Where the lordly minstrelsy ?
Where the tourney’s ringing spear ?
—I am sole and silent here !

“ In my home no hearth is crown’d,
Through my halls no wine foams round,
By my gates hath ceased the lay—
All things—all things pass away !”

Yes ! thy warning voice I knew,
Ivy ! and its tale is true :
All is passing, or hath pass’d—
Thou thyself must perish last !

Yet my secret soul replied,
“ Surely one thing shall abide ;
’Midst the wreck of ages, one,—
Heaven’s eternal Word alone !”



H. W. and R. A. del.

J. F. Enders sculp.

THE SKETCH.

Pub. by K. Ackermann, London 1818.

THE SKETCH.

THEY ARE THE PLANTS.



THE MOUNTAINS

THE MOUNTAINS

THE SKETCH.

BY MRS. HOFLAND.

IN the warm autumn of 1818, two military men, of different ages but highly intelligent countenances and graceful manners, were crossing the country from Brighton to Windsor, and from time to time gazing on its more attractive scenery with that affectionate recognition natural to those who have been long absent from necessity, or that nicety of observation which arises from the power of comparison with various countries and distant objects. The younger was in mourning, and his countenance, though eminently handsome, was fraught with anxiety and somewhat of regret, as if he adverted with pain to the scenes from which he was separated; but the features of the elder (a noble-looking veteran) were full of unmixed delight. His eye revelled in the luxuriance and beauty of all around; and "This is my own, my native land," was the burden of every pleasant remark and endeared recollection of mansion, village, or cottage, as they passed along.

On reaching the top of that hill in Sussex which is crowned by the church and village of Rudgwick, the panting horses stopped to take a short rest and a mouthful of water, and general Stamford, standing up in the barouche, was so struck with the extraordinary beauty of the valley to their right, and which had hitherto been hidden from them by trees and a high

hedge-row, that he entreated his companion to leave the carriage a moment, and step a few yards nearer to that charming opening which had struck him so forcibly.

The deep narrow valley below them showed only one single, white-washed, casemented house, which, nestled in a surrounding garden, seemed the very abode of humble plenty and not inelegant content. Before it rose a beautiful wood, with such abruptness, that tree above tree each showed its own peculiar foliage and variety, while the opposite side was covered with waving corn, now undulating in the evening breeze. A gurgling stream, crossed by a rustic bridge, passed through the valley; and the remote high lands described so bold an outline as to communicate the idea of distant mountains, that was at this moment aided by the effect of the descending sun, which, throwing partial gleams of brilliant light and large masses of shadow, added the character of grandeur to that of beauty.

“Now this I call perfectly English scenery, and I prefer it a thousand times to any thing we have seen to-day,” said the elder gentleman. “That wood is really magnificent; and this cluster of cottages, with their jutting gable-ends, rose-covered porches, rustic trellises mantled with vines, are beautiful! Nothing in your darling Italy can be finer.”

“It is very beautiful. I am really obliged to you for inducing me to alight; for it is, in fact, so like a scene near Como as, with a little addition from the imagination, to be really fascinating.”

"*Como!* nonsense! it has its *own* beauty, its *own* character, to rely on. Look at that honest fellow in the round frock just below us; he never heard of *Como*, yet he is spell-bound by the charm of the landscape before him; he feels, as Akenside says,

The power of beauty smiling at his heart;
How lovely! how commanding!"

"But such men never read Akenside, I believe. Nevertheless, general, I have no doubt this rustic could express in his rude unpolished language 'what he feels.' We will ask him:—You seem much struck with this pretty prospect, my good fellow?"

"Why, ye'es, sir; I can't say but I do like it, though I've seen it scores o' times: but I was n't just looking at it for that reason at *this* time."

"I suppose you are thinking of the corn?"

"Noa, sir, though that's what I should be thinking on: but the truth *wer*, I was thinking how like it be, all on that zigzag line next the sky, and the wood too, and the parsonage, to a kind of a sort of a picture as I see'd last night."

"A picture!" exclaimed captain De Vernai, with an animation of eye and gesture which he had not yet displayed. "Where did you see the picture?"

"Why, sir, not exactly a picture, as one may say, because it was all made out on a sheet o' paper; and my sister, who showed it to me, called it a—a—"

"A sketch, perhaps?"

"That *wer* the very word, for sure, sir. She said it

wer made in forrin parts (for Amy have travelled a nation deal), and that her lady would not take a power o' money for it. For that matter, she showed me a curious little book that my lady herself did with her own hands, all made out of that one thing, sir."

"Are you sure of that?"

"Oh! yees, sir, quite sure; though, for sartin, my lady's own pictures were worth a hundred o' his'n as did the big sketch. On one leaf there was the house, all plain like, and showing a deal more genteel than our parsonage. On another leaf there was a wood, and a great hill behind it: and on another there was a brook, and a ——"

"Come, my dear De Vernai, we cannot stay all night here; you see the sun is setting."

"One word more;—where does the lady live?"

"Oh, sir! it's a good thirty miles from here, as my old mare knows to her sorrow."

"But where does lady Louisa *live*?—Is she still unmarried?—still ——"

"She is my lady Louisa Templeton that I mean, sir; and she lives with her aunt, Mrs. Brereton, just for the present at Old Windsor, because madam's seat in the north is too cold for her."

Another impatient exclamation from general Stamford compelled De Vernai to hasten away, but not till he had told the countryman that he remembered his sister Amy, and presented him with a sovereign for her sake. He then sprang towards the barouche with a

rapid bound, as one that trod on air, and his countenance beamed with a kind of ecstasy.

“In the name of woman’s curiosity! (which I take to be ten times as intense and acute as that of man), pray do tell me how this clod-hopper’s round-about story could take the spell so suddenly from your mind and so quicken your movements. I must confess that you have been past my comprehension ever since we set out; for never did I see good fortune so ill bestowed on a man in his twenty-third year before: but your present pleasure is not less surprising than your despondence has been.”

“This poor fellow has communicated, in his simple narrative, *hope*, my dear general, that best and sweetest of all Heaven’s gifts to man; and this hope creates impatience. I would give the world that I could fly to Windsor!”

“But since you know it is impossible to procure better wings than sixteen good legs offer you, and the road is now excellent, be a little more explicit, I beseech you.”

“You may, perhaps, recollect my obtaining leave, about three years since, to visit Italy?”

“I do: you renewed that journey this spring, and, as I take it, lost your heart, or some little matter of that kind?”

“No, general, it was during my *first* journey, when I accompanied colonel Maxwell. He introduced me to Mrs. Brereton, then residing in Italy for the benefit

of her health, and accompanied by her niece, the orphan daughter of lord Hardcastle, who was left wholly dependent upon her. They resided at a distance from Como, and studiously out of the usual beat of travellers but the colonel was an old friend, and as such was received without ceremony."

"Aha! I understand it now. Whilst he talked over old times, or played chess with the invalid, you rambled about, explored the views, and rowed on the lake with the niece; you accompanied her harp with your flute: you sang together, danced together, and—"

"And *sketched* together, for she had a strong predilection for drawing, and Mrs. Brereton was extremely desirous that she should improve herself in that charming art, which affords delight even in solitude."

"Very true; it is particularly calculated for plain girls; they can pursue it without interruption. It suits crooked girls, too, because it will not spoil their shapes."

"But lady Louisa is positively beautiful, and her form was at that time as near perfection as possible in one so young. Never have I seen any thing so graceful as her motions when she bounded through the valley, so enchanting as the glance of her eye, the bloom on her cheek: but her touching sensibility, her peculiar situation, as high-born and portionless, her tender assiduity towards her aunt, the virtues of her heart, and the elegance of her manners, gave her an interest beyond her beauty."

"You fell desperately in love with her, of course,

and had abundant opportunity for confessing your flame?"

"I had time and place; fortune forbade all other power. What could a subaltern, with no other possession than a Waterloo medal and an old but almost forgotten name, offer to merit, rank, and beauty?"

"That which sixteen is very apt to accept—the heart of a brave soldier. But you did not kneel to her in the groves, then, and sue her to risk all for love?"

"Indeed I did not. I tore myself from her, even at the moment when I *thought*, when I *believed*, that the feelings which absorbed my own bosom were in a slight degree experienced by her. I have no desire to recall the horrors of that moment, nor the long suffering which followed; but surely, general, since she has treasured my sketch so long, since she has copied it so frequently, I may venture to hope I was not deceived?"

"I dare say you may; but go on with your story."

"I have no story to tell. I struggled as well as I was able, and ventured, at the end of more than two years, to believe I could revisit the scenes where I had enjoyed so much happiness and endured so much sorrow unmoved, and therefore set out this spring to retrace my steps. The ladies were, as I expected, gone, and I could learn no tidings of them. On my return to France I found myself become the heir to a noble fortune, left me unexpectedly by a very distant relation; and you will readily believe that, coming so soon after my recent journey (which had indeed renewed the flame

of love), I became anxious to very misery on the subject of Louisa's present situation. This must account for my *absence*, my *dejection*."

"Say nothing about it; you have acted nobly and wisely, my young friend—very differently from your reprover under similar circumstances some five and thirty years ago. *N'importe!* he does not repent when he thinks on the beloved wife who has struggled through the evils of life so bravely."

The general was suddenly silent; for his eyes were full as well as his heart, and a thousand tender recollections rose to his memory. His young companion also was too much agitated for conversation, and each heart became occupied with its own thoughts and feelings, hopes, fears, and reflections.

The following morning saw De Vernai hasten, with eager steps and palpitating bosom, to that "pleasant home" where his heart's idol, in the zenith of her attractions, and surrounded by many who did homage to her virtues and charms, still "rocked the cradle of declining age." He found her seated in an open window, earnestly engaged on a drawing from nature; and it will be readily conceived that her surprise and her employment facilitated that soft confession so long and so honourably delayed. The results were most happy; for there was no cause for delaying the union of those so well calculated to ensure each other's felicity: and often do they gratefully advert to that treasured boon of love, the interesting SKETCH.

THE BROTHERS' FEUD.

"BROTHER, brother, gird thy sword
Right firm upon thy thigh,
And let us forth to the greenwood ;
For one of us must die."

"I will not forth with thee, brother,
Beneath the greenwood tree ;
Nor will I draw my father's sword
In evil strife with thee."

"Ha ! traitor ! art thou coward too,
And basely wouldst thou fly ?
Come forth at once to the greenwood,
And fight it manfully."
The knight that spoke was a stalwart knight,
And beneath his eyebrow proud
The glance that shone was like lightning bright,
When it bursts from a stormy cloud.

"Boy, thou hast witched a fickle heart,
On which my heart was hung ;
Come to the wood, and let my sword
Repay thee for thy tongue."
The rose grew red on the boy's young cheek,
And a tear stood in his eye ;
And when his quivering lip would speak,
Its words were like a sigh.

" I have a heart like thee, brother ;
But rail thee at thy will :
Say even thy worst to me, brother ;
Thou art my brother still."
" Stain not the name, thou cunning slave !
Too base to be my foe ;
Too base to fill a brave man's grave :—
Go, live beneath this blow."

The boy's quick hand was at his sword,
And half-drawn was its blade ;
He paused—it sank within the sheath—
He turn'd him to the shade.
Then loud and scornful laugh'd the knight—
" Ay, go to thy paramour ;
And though thou speed with an arrow's flight,
This tale shall be there before."

Upsprang the boy, with a flashing eye,
And his cheek in a furnace glow—
" Thou 'st said it—one or both must die ;
Thou art no brother now."
Out flash'd their blades before the sun,
And soon the steel was dim ;
'T was point to point, and breast to breast,
And limb entwined with limb.

Cling together, bleed together ;
From that spot ye ne'er shall come :

There you 'll lie upon the heather;
There shall be the brothers' home.
Summer suns may o'er ye smile,
Winter winds may o'er ye sweep;
Ye will care for neither, while
Lock'd in this embrace ye sleep.

All that's left of youth and love
Now is loneliness and clay:
O'er the spot an old gray stone
Tells the brothers' deadly fray.
By the grave a little stream,
Making solitary moan,
Winds, as if it loved to gleam
Round the brothers' old gray stone.

FAREWELL.

ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND EMBARKING FOR
CANTON.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE CHRONICLES OF LONDON BRIDGE."

FAREWELL! and could that word impress
Thy life with favouring gales,
How fervently it then should bless
Thy fortune and thy sails!
The winds thy gallant ship that urge,
The softest calm, the loudest surge,
And earth, when ocean fails,
Should echo, with according swell,
The prospering sounds—farewell!—farewell!

But we resign thee to the deep,
As thousands oft have gone,
With only prayers thy course to keep,
And hopes to waft thee on,
And those orisons breathed on high,
The best which man's infirmity
Can give a parting one—
Which friendship, faith, and weakness tell—
Heaven guard thee now!—farewell!—farewell!

And yet it *is* a word of power,
Well form'd the heart to sway.
The smiles of youth in friendship's bower
Forgotten may decay;
But that last word, so sad and sweet,
Fitted to part with, or to meet,
Shall never pass away!
But when thy sails returning swell,
Our greeting shall be still—farewell!

Then fare thee well in every clime,
Fare well on every sea;
Fare well through all the years of time,
And in eternity!
Whatever may thine hours employ,
In life, in death, in grief, in joy,
A long farewell to thee!
No better wish my voice can swell
Than this—God bless thee!—fare thee well!

KATHED AND EURELIA.

A BOHEMIAN LEGEND.

BY DERWENT CONWAY.

"THE last time," said Reginald to his wife, "that there was a tempest such as this, was the night our Eurelia was born."

"I remember it well," said Therese. "Eurelia, my child, stir up the red embers, and lay some dry branches on the fire: let us be as cheerful as we can."

Eurelia rose at her mother's bidding, and did as she was desired. The dry wood made such a blaze, that the vivid flashes of lightning were scarcely seen; but their crackling could not prevent the thunder, and the wind, and the rain, from being heard.

"Hush!" said Reginald, at a sudden pause in the storm; "surely some one knocked at the door."

"God pity the traveller in this night!" exclaimed Therese: "go, see, husband."

Reginald went to the door, and inquired who was there. No one answered. He thought his voice might not have been heard for the storm, and he withdrew the bolts, and opened a small chink. "Strange!" said he, as he returned to his wife and Eurelia.

"Is nobody there?" asked Therese.

"No human being," replied Reginald; "there are only two large, shaggy, black hounds: where they have come from, and whither they are going, God knows!"

"Let them come in, and crouch at the fire. Poor animals! mayhap they've lost their way."

"I was a-thinking of that; for dumb animals need warmth and shelter as well as we, who, God be thanked! have it: but just as I was about setting wide the door, a flash of lightning showed me their faces, and I thought I saw a sort of devilish laugh upon them, and so I shut it again."

"Nay, husband, this is foolery; you're wont to be a stout-hearted man."

"Stout-hearted or faint-hearted, the hounds shall stand there all night for me, open the door who may."

"May I let them in?" asked Eurelia.

"You may take shame to yourself, husband," said Therese, "when you see the tender child nowise alarmed."

"Her boldness," replied Reginald, "has all come of late; she used to fear a mouse stirring, but within a month or two she has feared nothing: she will walk out into the forest at all hours of the night, and sometimes not to gather wood, but only, as she says, to see the wild things that are roaming about. I wish good may come of it."

"Hush, hush!" said Therese: "if ever I heard fingers knocking, I hear them now."

"I'll go none to the door," said Reginald; "'tis only the hounds' paws."

Just at this instant a terrific blast seemed to tear up the forest: a tree, wrenched from the ground, was

borne against the window, and shattered the shutters into a thousand shivers; and instantly, through the open window, in leaped the two hounds, and lay down before the fire.

“Heaven save us!” said Reginald.

“Poor animals! they’re dripping wet,” said Therese. “Husband, put in the spare shutters.”

“Let me first put out the hounds.”

“Not so; let them lie still till the storm be over.”

“It’s well nigh nine o’clock, and time to go to bed: we cannot leave the hounds here; the half of that buck and the two boars’ heads would be eaten up before morning.”

“I will sit up,” said Eurelia, “until the storm be over, and then I will let out the dogs; so you and my mother may go to bed.”

The dogs lifted their heads and looked at one another, and then laid them down again.

“You are a good child,” said Therese: “your father is weary, and has to be up betimes; we’ll go to bed: the storm cannot last much longer; put out the dogs as soon as it has passed, and go to bed, and be sure to fasten the door.” Therese kissed Eurelia, and went away with her husband.

The moment the door was shut, Eurelia put her finger upon her lips, and the two dogs rose and laid their heads upon her lap. “Down, good hounds!” said she; “wait a little.” Frequently she tripped

lightly to the door, and listened. At length she took down her bonnet, and gently pushed open the shutter.

The storm had ceased; the trees stood erect and stirless; for the wind was gone, and all was quiet, excepting the shiver of the forest, that comes seemingly when there is no wind. The sky was cloudless; and the moonshine fell, in its wane, white and slanting, among the deep foliage.

“Come,” said Eurelia.

Do you see her tripping swiftly through the moonlight glades, and the two hounds running before her?

At last they have reached an open amphitheatre, all treeless but for one gigantic and aged sycamore, that lifted itself in the centre: and some one was waiting beneath.

“Eurelia,” said a voice, “you have made me wait long.”

“I could not come sooner,” said she: “will you forgive me, Kathed?”

“Eurelia,” cried he, gazing upon her, “never did the moonshine fall upon so much beauty.”

“What is beauty?” replied she: “it is my love you value.”

“But is beauty nothing?”

“Nothing,” said Eurelia; but as she said this, she looked upon Kathed’s countenance—a countenance more beautiful than mortal may possess; and she felt that she spoke not the truth.

"Eurelia, I know your thoughts—you love me—you are my own. I could take you with me, and you could not resist me. Yes, Eurelia! I have told you that the penalty of loving me and being mine is to break asunder all ties with the race of men—to live among other beings, and—"

"No matter: I will go with thee."

"But there is yet another penalty."

"I care not: I will go with thee."

"Eurelia," continued Kathed, "look upon me: I seem young and beautiful; my hair is dark and abundant; my forehead white and unwrinkled; my eyes—are they not expressive of the spring-time of years?—See, my limbs are straight and firm: look at me; I am erect, and bear in my aspect the image of youth: but this will pass away."

"True, Kathed! you are not immortal."

"Eurelia, you think me young."

"You are young."

"No, Eurelia! before the oldest of the trees in this forest—before this aged sycamore sprung out of the soil—I was in being; and I shall live until their trunks be sapless—yet not for ever. I have but the seeming of youth, Eurelia."

"No matter: I will go with thee."

"Hear me yet farther, most loved among the daughters of men! It is our nature to possess the appearance and the qualities of youth, and such beauty as we may desire, for some centuries after our creation; but

when the appointed time has elapsed, there is no gradual change from youth to age : suddenly, in a moment, we are stricken with extreme age and take its likeness ; and exactly in proportion to the beauty we possessed before do we become hideous. Look at me again, Eurelia : I chose this form, the most perfect, and this countenance, the most beautiful, that were permitted ; and so this form and this face will become the most hideous that can be borne."

Eurelia looked at Kathed : " No matter," said she ; " I will go with thee."

" But yet hear me, Eurelia !—this time fast approaches ; I have but a short space to be as you now behold me !"

Eurelia trembled ; but she felt the pressure of Kathed's arm around her, and she looked at him and said, " No matter : I will go with thee."

" Eurelia, I have said that my season of youth is short ; but know you how short ?"

" I know not," said Eurelia.

" To-morrow, at midnight, I shall be changed. It is midnight now : I have but twenty-four hours of youth and love to give to thee."

" I fear not the change : you will still be Kathed—you will still love me."

" No, Eurelia : I shall indeed be Kathed, but the season of love shall have passed away : I will be kind to thee, but I shall not love thee."

" Not love me !" said Eurelia.

“Nay, but,” continued Kathed, “neither, Eurelia, shalt thou love me; for neither in person nor voice shall I bear any resemblance to your Kathed.”

“Not the voice of Kathed!” said Eurelia, mournfully.

“No, Eurelia; and even the character of Kathed will be changed; for the characters of youth and age are different.”

“No matter: I will go with thee. But how know you that there are but twenty-four hours between youth and age?”

“Eurelia, we know thus: precisely twenty-four hours previous to this change, the hand takes the appearance of age.”

Kathed's hand was around Eurelia; she looked at it—it was shrivelled and yellow—and she shrunk from his embrace. “Why did you woo me?” said she.

“I knew not until this midnight that twenty-four hours was all that remained to me of youth. Ah, Eurelia! if you shrink thus from my hand, how will you shrink from me when not a trace of youth or beauty is left—when even the likeness of Kathed shall have passed away?”

Once more Eurelia looked in Kathed's face.—“I will go with thee,” said she.

The hounds rose and bayed. The moon entered a thick cloud; and, when it emerged, its pale beams fell upon the green amphitheatre and the aged tree—but there was no one under its shade.

THE FAITHLESS LYRE.

I WOKE my lyre in youth's bright hours,
And woke it to a single theme ;
The wise reproved my wasted powers,
The worldly scoff'd my waking dream ;
But *one* loved listener still was kind ;
One voice would still those lays approve ;
And myrtles round my lyre I twined,
The emblem of its ruler—Love.

Ere long, I sigh'd the crowd to court ;
I sung the varied scenes of life ;
I told of revelry and sport,
Of pageant-pomp, of battle-strife ;
And soon the vain bestow'd their praise,
The cold and proud forbore to blame ;
And my false lyre was crown'd with bays,
The emblem of its ruler—Fame.

Soon were my feverish joys to cease ;
I met neglect, reproach, disdain ;
And, sighing for my early peace,
I sought Love's slighted shrine again ;
But Love refused, with scornful ire,
To give a perjured heart relief ;
And cypress wreaths now shroud my lyre,
The emblem of its ruler—Grief !

M. A.

THE DYING JEW TO HIS DAUGHTER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE LEGEND OF GENEVIEVE," &c.

LIFE's ebbing sands are almost run :
 Child, draw that saffron curtain by,
That I may see yon setting sun
 Once more before I die.
 Soon shall his radiance gild
Thy temple, earth's most glorious gem,
Oh, distant, dear Jerusalem !
Bear thou, bright orb ! my love to them,
 With me, in youth, who till'd
Our fathers' fields ; and tell them, I,
Far from them, lay me down to die.

Tell them I grieve not for my death—
 Grieve !—Ours hath been a race of steel ;
Stedfast and stern—yea, fixed in faith,
 Though doom'd Power's scourge to feel.
 Tell them alone I grieve
That I am call'd to peace before
Joy's banners float our country o'er ;
That, friendless, on a foreign shore,
 My only born I leave.
Oh, be her young life's voyage calm,
With waves of oil and winds of balm !

246 THE DYING JEW TO HIS DAUGHTER.

Sarah ! lone seraph ! where wilt thou,
When I have left thee, refuge find ?
Ne'er felt I, ne'er so much as now,
The scorn that haunts our kind !
For thou hast known not grief :
Gems, gold, I've garner'd for thy dower ;
I've nursed thee as a priceless flower
Within this almost Hebrew bower ;
The illuminated leaf
Of my life's volume ; day and night,
My silent, secret, sole delight.

But now I leave thee, purest child,
Forsaken in a foreign land,
For us where but to be reviled
Is pointed Mockery's hand.
Ah ! wert thou but at home,
Where, kneeling at our fountain's brink,
Beneath green palms, the camels drink,
Then should it solace me to think
Thy feet no more might roam ;
But heave the hills and swells the brine
Betwixt thee and loved Palestine.

Our race—God's wrath hath scatter'd them !
The chosen see no more thy spires,
Jerusalem, Jerusalem,
Great city of our sires !

THE DYING JEW TO HIS DAUGHTER. 247

Methinks I see thee still ;—
Thy temple, blest in elder time ;
Thy terraced roofs, and towers sublime ;
Thy ruin'd walls, where fig-trees climb ;
Thy consecrated hill,
Mount Olivet ; and Siloa's stream,
Bright mirroring red morning's beam.

Farewell ! thou hast thy mother's eyes,
Bright, black, as when, by Danube's flow,
Beneath the blue Hungarian skies,
I wooed her long ago.

We thought no more to roam ;
And ours was sure a hearth of love,
Till fiend-led Persecution drove
The meekest forth, and bade us rove
Once more without a home.

I would thy mother's dust had lain
Within our cave on Judah's plain !

But no !—it was not thus to be !—

She sleeps within an English field ;
And where they buried her lay me.—

Nay, why to anguish yield,
Sarah, my lone and lovely child ?

But, when thou art an orphan, dry
In faith thy filial tears : the sky
Of Palestine shall glad thine eye,
Dear wanderer of earth's wild ;

248 THE DYING JEW TO HIS DAUGHTER.

There hast thou kindred, who will make
Thee welcome, sweet one ! for my sake.

Farewell !—though I must see it not,
Thine eyes, mine Eden-bird, may see
Our tribe, heaven-gather'd, reach the spot
Whence vengeance made them flee.—
The Arab charger's neigh,
The shouting peoples thou may'st hark,
Life-favoured child ! yea, see God's ark
Once more unveil'd to sight, and mark
Judah's triumphant day ;
Fulfill'd the promise of the Lord,
The stranger fled, the lost restored !

Farewell !—I see thee, feel thee, not :
There is a burthen on my breath ;
Within my veins, once thrilling hot,
I feel the ice of death.
One kiss before I die ;—
There kneel beside my couch, and pray.
So, like the parting gleam of day,
My soul on wings shall pass away
Into our Father's sky ;
And God, when I am gone, will be
Friend, father, every thing to thee !

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FAMILY WORSHIP IN A COTTAGE.

BY MISS S. E. HATFIELD.

LISTEN !—I heard a voice, a solemn voice,
But sweet and fervent, too, like that of prayer;
Such as would make angelic breasts rejoice,
And call to hearken from their starry sphere :—
From yonder cot it comes—I 'll draw me near—
Its light shines like a star upon the night,
And to my wandering footsteps far more dear ;—
A better guide, perchance, a holier light,
Leading more near to heaven than those above my
sight.

Oh, 'tis a lovely scene !—The gray-hair'd sire,
With lifted hands, imploring on each child
All that the lip can breathe, the soul desire,
To guide their footsteps through the world's bleak
wild.

See how the glittering tears his warm cheek gild !
How rushes through the wane of years the glow !
How beams his look, with all the father fill'd !
The ardency intense lights eye, lip, brow,
Which all his bosom's thoughts, hopes, fears, and
wishes show.

Look at that fair-hair'd maid, upon whose cheek
The rose of loveliness is deepening !
Mark how serenely pure, how calmly meek,
Her countenance !—some unseen seraph's wing
Seems over her : she 's in youth's stainless spring,

250 FAMILY WORSHIP IN A COTTAGE.

And gives it to her God : ah ! happy maid !
Thus ever smile, a willing offering
At morn, at eve, upon the altar laid,
While sweet obedience binds, safe, safe shall be thy
head.

There kneels the mother by her partner's side ;
Silent her tongue, but, oh, how full her eyes !
Look at those sacred tears, whose gentle tide
The loudest torrent of the lips supplies.
Oh ! what can equal her beseeching sigh ?
If 'tis not heard in heaven, then never came
Thither the sound of supplications high :
Vainly have nations piled the altar's flame,
The intensest of them all ne'er reached a mother's
claim.

Beside her, rising into manhood's form,
Her son, her secret pride and glory, bows ;
Bright is his cheek, with labour's colour warm,
The honourable tint his forehead shows ;
His eyes' dark glance is veil'd, as it would close
Awhile to all on earth his heart deems fair ;
His lips, soft moving, tell responsive vows
Are rising to his hoary father's prayer,
Pleading with the high Heavens—" Oh, guide from
every snare !"

And yonder there 's a group in happiest being,
The fairy tenants of the cottage dome,

Kneeling before the eye of Him, all-seeing,
 Who watches if their thoughts or glances roam ;
 The doll, untouch'd, is laid beside the drum ;
 That treasured instrument of loudest sound
 Stands close beside its master, but as dumb
 As if forgotten, on the darksome ground,
 While like night's dew-closed flowers they bend and
 cluster round.

Look at the little hand upon each brow,
 Covering the face, before the unseen God !
 Listen, ye might have heard the lisped vow
 Like cherub-echoes seeking his abode ;
 Revile it not, despise it not, ye proud !
 Nor say it is the jargon learn'd by rote,
 Useless and meaningless—those words allow'd
 Upon the youthful memory to float
 Shall be the wakening chord of many a heavenly note.

Oh lovely scene ! most lovely ! would that thou
 Didst not bedeck the cottage bower alone,
 But beneath every roof in beauty glow,
 From the low hamlet to the lofty throne.
 Then, England, were the smiles of Heaven thine own,
 The bright paternal smiles of Deity ;
 Then, my loved country, would thy soil be known
 The hallow'd, and the blest, the truly free,
 And every evening hour a nation's worship see !

FANCY AND LOVE.

BY T. W. KELLY, AUTHOR OF "MYRTLE LEAVES."

WHILE Love lay asleep in his green myrtle bower,
Where the leaves of the jasmine and rose,
And the blossoms of many a sweet-scented flower,
Were strew'd for his bed of repose;

The evening grew dark, fast the rain fell from heaven,
The wind in its rage keenly blew;
When a little wing'd boy, by the storm rudely driven,
To the door of Love's wild arbour flew.

"Awake, Love, awake! a poor orphan distress'd
Claims your pity, your shelter, and care:
Forlorn from my birth-place I've wander'd, oppress'd,
And now almost sink in despair."

Love awoke, let him in, quickly kindled a fire,
Dried the wings of his shivering guest;
And to cheer him ran over the strings of his lyre,
Which soothed all his sorrows to rest.

"Dear Fancy," cried Love, "let us never more part!"
(These urchins were both of a feather);
"We're born of one mother, we'll both have one heart;
Let Fancy and Love live together!"

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R.W. Staun. del.

A.W. Horn. sculp.

THE LEGEND OF MAB'S CROSS.

Pub. by R. Ackermann London 1838.

MAB'S CROSS ;

A LEGEND OF LANCASHIRE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE DUKE OF MANTUA."

— "HE may be the wandering Jew, or the ghost of the old prior—I care not, wench.—Wouldst have me a churl ere I'm past my blooming?—Open the door, I tell thee."

"Gramercy! an' I be to unlatch for every graceless unthrift that chooses to pummel at Giles Dauber's wicket, I shall have but sorry roosting wi' an old husband."

"Old, quotha!—Old? I tell thee, dame, that I'm less by a good score of winters than Dan o' the higher Wient, when he wed old Simon's daughter.—Humph! —She was a merry and a buxom lass; but thou——"

How far this interesting dialogue between mine host of the Merry May-pole, in the good borough of Wigan, and his newly-wedded spouse, might have extended, it is impossible with any degree of accuracy to set forth, inasmuch as another loud and desperate lunge, to which were appended a clattering peal of knocks less audacious, extenuated to an inaudible mutter the testy rejoinder of "Giles o' the May-pole;" this being the cognomen by which he was more familiarly designated.

"Anan!" shouted he; "what the —— Save us!" he uttered in a low whisper, crossing himself, "I had nigh slipped an ugly word over my tongue: and if it should be something—Dame, I say, get up, and ——"

“Nay, thou hast gotten two as nimble legs, by thine own reckoning, as any knave i' the borough. I shall e'en keep to my bed, goodman, though these guzzle-throats hammer till cock-crow.—They are at the right side of the door, I trow.”

Now, mine host of the Merry May-pole, having taken to himself that last and worst of all possible plagues for the remnant of his days, to wit, a young and somewhat handsome-looking wife, thought it no less meet than reasonable, and no less reasonable than a duty at all times incumbent, that the before-named helpmate should, if need were, get out of bed and unlatch the wicket whenever good customers were astir; more particularly as his former appendage, the first dame Dauber, having the fear of a short but tough cudgel upon her, did, at certain times and seasons, when there was the requisite occasion, leave her liege lord to the enjoyment of his warm and luxurious couch, and spread a table for the entertainment of many a night-betrayed traveller.

It was the first exigency of the kind, since the marriage of Giles Dauber to Madge Newsome of the Deercote, in which the discussion of a point so knotty and important as the foregoing had occurred. Giles dreamt not of the vast difference that exists in the nature and docility of divers women. He heard with a sort of incredulous surprise the first incipient grumblings in contravention of his authority; but when these had fairly shaped themselves into open defiance, he started

agape with wonder. Recovering himself, with a stern and portentous silence, he jumped out of bed, and drew on his doublet and hose. While thoughts of relentless import were brooding, he groped his way down the ladder that communicated with the lower apartment, for the purpose of ascertaining the quality and condition of the stranger. The latter still manifested a noisy impatience at being suffered, in so inhospitable a manner, to linger without. The night was rainy and tempestuous.—Giles shivered to the backbone as he trod on the wheezing rushes strewed over the floor: they were yet damp and dirty, by reason of the many visitors who had that night loitered long at the Merry Maypole.

“Anan, friend!—thy name?” shouted Giles, placing his hand on the latch.

“Open the door, for the love of mercy!” cried a strange voice. Giles drew back: he liked not this salutation—inasmuch as the adjurement was for the love of mercy, in lieu of an appeal to the tinkling angels that generally lined a traveller’s pouch.

Some sturdy beggar or mendicant friar, thought he, that knocks at my door because the chantry gates are shut.—“I care not to open my door to every losel that knocks,” cried he aloud.—“Hence! I know thee not.”

“Goodman, give me a night’s lodging, and I will reward thee”—the door flew open at this intimation—“with a palmer’s benison,” continued the stranger, ad-

vancing towards the wan embers that yet flickered on the hearth. Had Giles awaited the finishing of this sentence ere the latch was loosened, some other and more hospitable roof had enjoyed the benefit of that night's adventure.

"Thanks are not over meet for a cool stomach," growled the disappointed tapster; whilst his guest roused the decaying faggots into a faint and unsteady blaze.

Giles surveyed the new-comer with no very material prepossessions in his behalf. The figure that met his scrutiny was clad in a dark cloak. The hood, partly thrown back, showed a somewhat "frosty poll," though the vivacity of a wild and restless eye, peering from under a dark and luxuriant brow, would scarcely have betokened an age at which the coming winter of life usually scatters these chill warnings of its approach. His features were finely moulded. A weather-beaten cheek, mingling with a complexion evidently sallow, gave a rich autumnal hue to his visage: a slight furrow, extending from the outer angle of the nostril around each corner of a narrow and retreating mouth, gave a careless expression of scorn to the countenance, when at rest; but as he smiled, this sinister aspect disappeared, and the soft gleam of benevolence which succeeded looked the brighter from the portentous scowl that had just passed. His beard was gray, and of a most reverend equipment, well calculated to excite veneration and respect. He was above the middle size:

his humble garb but ill concealed a majesty of deportment indicating a disposition rather to command than to solicit favours. He seated himself on a low stool, and honest Giles, whose courage did not feel sufficiently invigorated, in the presence of this proud palmer, to dare an open warfare, began hostilities covertly in manner as follows.

“What ails ye, to disturb honest folks i’ their beds at these hours? You might ha’ tarried in your last baiting-place—at any rate, till the kye were astir. I wonder the guard let you pass at the gate. But since these evil days have o’ershadowed the land, every braggart has licence to do as he may list; and the monks and the friars, with their whole crew of dubs and deputies, are the worst of all. Old Cliderhow here, the parson, thought to have waged war with his betters; but he was a slight matter mistaken: we whipt him up by the heels for his treasons.”

“Is Cliderhow alive?” inquired the stranger.

“Save us, father pilgrim! where had you knowledge of the traitor?”

“Our good king Edward,” continued the guest, apparently not attending to Giles’s question in reply, “is still sorely beset with his enemies. Had a score of knaves, such as master Cliderhow, been hanged long ago, his reign had been less burdensome both to prince and people.”

“It’s twelve years—ay, twelve,” said Giles, reckoning the lapse on his fingers—“I know it by the great

wind that beat down master Markland's barn-wall at the Meadows, since Cliderhow's sermon, inciting the whole parish to rebellion."

"I know it," replied the palmer: "he was in prison when I last knew of the matter."

"Ay, ay," returned Giles, knowingly; "but three-score marks, disbursed discreetly to the good and loyal burgesses of this good borough, made the doors as easy to open as my wicket—that is, at timely hours, ye understand."

"Is he at large?" inquired the other.

"They say he bides at Haigh," answered Boniface, "roistering it with that Welsh knight there, sir Osmund Neville. I warrant sir William's substance runs gaily down the old parson's throat."

Here the pilgrim again threw the hood over his brows. Suddenly he rose: striding across the chamber with considerable speed, he twice repeated the name of sir Osmund Neville, in a subdued tone, but with a bitterness of spirit that ill accorded with the outward habit of meekness which he had assumed.

"Giles Dauber! what keeps ye so long there a gossiping?" shouted a shrill voice from the topmost stair of the ladder by which Giles had descended. It was the vocal substitute of mistress Dauber, who, resolutely determined not to budge at her husband's bidding, had, as she lay, listened to some good purpose. Finding it was no every-day guest, she crept to the ladder-head, and gave ear for a while; but soon discovering it to be

an unthrifty sort of intercourse that was going on, not likely to bring either gain or goodwill to the house, and fearing that Giles might fall into some snare from his ready-mouthed opinions regarding the unsettled temper and aspect of the time, she thought fit to break abruptly on the discourse, ere it should lead to some dangerous or forbidden subject. He had, however, hit upon a favourite topic; in addition to which, he was now evidently loth to leave his guest ere he had learnt the nature of his errand to these parts. An "o'er-sea pilgrim," as they were generally styled, was too choice an arrival for a petty hostel, especially in these times, when newspapers and posts were not circulating daily and hourly through the land, to let slip an opportunity of inquiring about the king of Scotland, as Robert Bruce was then called, or about his majesty the sultan Solyman—two personages very much in the habit of being confounded with each other in mine host's political speculations, and whose realms formed the great pandemonium whence issued all that was dire and disastrous to plague and perplex unhappy England.

"To bed! to bed!—Thou art ready enough to rise when thou art not bidden.—To bed, I say!" angrily shouted the disturbed Benedict.

"Hast *thou* a wife?" sternly inquired the pilgrim.

"A wife!—marry have I!" exclaimed Giles—"and here she comes."

Finding there was no likelihood of a speedy termination to this interview, our hostess of the May-pole con-

ceived it to be a matter of duty, that she should at least have her full share in the discussions and disclosures which might ensue. For this purpose she made her *debut* in a coarse dishabille, making due obeisance, as an acknowledgment to the generally supposed sanctity of the pilgrim's vocation. So intensely occupied, however, did he appear by concerns of greater importance, that he scarcely noticed the accustomed salutation, but in hasty and irregular steps strode suddenly across the chamber.

"By what quality or appearance may sir Osmund Neville more particularly be distinguished?" he abruptly inquired.

"A right goodly person and a brave gentleman!—He gave me a sousing kiss, and a pair of mittens to boot, the last choosing of knights to the parliament," said the dame.

"Hold thy tongue, Madge!" angrily exclaimed Giles. "Good father, heed not a woman; they are caught by the lip and the fist, like your baron's trencher-man. This sir Osmund is both lean and ill-favoured. I wonder what the lady Mabel saw above his shoe, to wed with an ugly toad spawned i' the Welsh marches. Had ye seen her first husband, sir William Bradshaigh—rest his soul! he was killed in the wars—you would have marvelled that she could have supped the scum after the broth."

"Lady Mabel and sir Osmund, I suppose, are now at Haigh?" cautiously inquired the pilgrim.

"You have business with them, belike?" sharply interrogated the indefatigable host.

"I have slight matters that require my presence at the Hall. Does the knight go much abroad, or keeps he close house?"

"Why, lookye, it is some three months or so since I smelt the fat of her ladyship's kitchen. Dan Hardseg smutted my face, and rubbed a platterful of barley-dough into my poll, the last peep I had through the buttery. I'll bide about my own hearth-flag whilst that limb o' the old spit is chief servitor o' the pantry. I do bethink me, though, it is long sin' sir Osmund was seen i' the borough. Belike he may have come at the knowledge of my misadventure, and careth not to meet the wrath of a patient man."

Here the malicious dame burst into a giddy laugh.

"Thee!—why sir Osmund knoweth not thy crop from thy crupper, nor careth he if thy whole carcass were crammed into the dumpling-bag.—I fack! it were a rare device to see sir Osmund, the brave Welsh knight, give the gutter to Giles of the Merry May pole."

Giles was stricken speechless through dismay at this aggravating insult; but the dame continued:

"I think, good stranger, the knight does keep house of late. Grim told me, that last week he was a-sporting once only by the way of the higher park; and he appears something more soured and moody than usual. If thou crave speech with him, though, to-morrow

being almons-day at the Hall, the poor have free admission, and thou mayest have a sight of him there, peradventure. As thou art strange in these parts, it may be needful to secure a guide."

"And just ready for the job thyself, I'se warrant," bitterly snarled the exasperated husband. The storm long threatening was about to burst forth; but the pilgrim, with holy and beseeching words, soothed for a while the angry disputants, at the same time intimating that a guide was unnecessary, the situation of the house being sufficiently obvious from whatever quarter he might direct his steps.

The stranger seemed not to solicit repose, and Giles was too sulky to inquire about his wants. The dame, however, drew a bundle of clean straw from a huge heap, and threw it beside the hearth. A coarse and heavy rug, over which was thrown a sheep-skin with the wool innermost, constituted a warm but homely couch. A horn cup filled with cider and a burnt barley-cake were next exhibited, from which the pilgrim took a healthful, if not a sumptuous, repast. Giles growled off to the loft above, and the dame, caring little for the sequel to her husband's humours, soon found a resting-place by his side.

Morning shone brightly and cheerfully through the chinks and crevices of both door and lattice, but the pilgrim's couch was yet unsought. His vigils had been undisturbed, save when the baying of some vagrant and ill-disciplined dogs, or the lusty carol of some valiant

yeoman, reeling home after a noisy debauch, startled him from a painfully recurring thought, to which the mind involuntarily returned when the interruption had ceased.

It was late ere Giles awoke. Big with expectation, he hastened below, anticipating a rich budget of news from his guest—but he had departed.

It was one of those fresh and glittering mornings which autumn only can produce. Keen, pure, and exhilarating, the air seemed all buoyant and elastic, tinging the cheeks with ruddy health, and animating the whole frame with renewed vigour. A slight hoar-frost yet lay on the thatched roofs. Calm and undisturbed, a gem-like brightness twinkled from every object; whilst the vapours themselves, spreading beneath, appeared not as a shroud, but rather as a pure mantle of eider, hiding the fair bosom to which it clung.

The pilgrim entered a narrow street leading to the outlet or gate, called Standish-gate. In those days it was not, as now, a wide and free thoroughfare for man and beast. At the accustomed fairs, toll is, to this time, demanded on all cattle changing owners at the several outlets, where formerly stood four gates; to wit, Wall-gate, Hall-gate, Mill-gate, and Standish-gate. Each gate, where the toll-bars now stand, was once, in good sooth, a heavy barrier of stout beams, thickly studded with iron. Through the night they were generally bolted, and guarded by a company of the mayor's halberdiers. An irregular wall encompassed the town,

save on the eastern side, where the river Douglas seemed, in the eyes of the burghers, to constitute a sufficient defence, a low abbatis only screening its banks. The walls were covered, or rather uncovered, by a broad ditch: a bridge of rough-hewn planks, at three of the entrances before named, allowed a free communication with the suburbs, except during seasons of hostility, which unhappily were not rare in those ages of rapine and rebellion.

Before the Mill-gate, a wider and more substantial structure, mounted on huge wooden props, facilitated a passage over the river. This edifice could be raised in cases of siege, effectually separating the inhabitants from their enemies.

The first beams of the sun began to peep through the angles of the wooden gable fronts, projecting nearly midway across the street, streaming athwart the frosty air, and giving a beautifully variegated and picturesque appearance to the grotesque vista bounded by the Standish-gate.

The stranger paused not; mounting the hill with an alertness and agility that scarcely seemed compatible with his age and appearance. On arriving at the gate, his garb was a sufficient passport, without the necessity of a challenge. Three or four of the guards were loitering and laughing on a couple of benches built in a sort of arched recess on each side of the gateway. As the pilgrim passed they became silent, bowing reverently as he pronounced the accustomed benison.

Outside the barriers, the road lay through an open and uninclosed country. In the times of which we speak, it was a matter of but slight moment what line of direction the narrow and uneven pathways might describe, provided their termination was tolerably accurate; all traffic and intercourse being necessarily limited, was mostly carried on through the medium of saddles and horse-furniture.

The most inaccessible part of a hill was the site generally chosen; the road ascending and descending in a meandering sort of zig-zag on its side. Rarely did our timid ancestors tempt the valley, often preferring a round-about course over a line of hills, if, by so doing, this formidable position could be avoided.

The pilgrim followed a narrow and beaten track: it was bordered on each side by a deep ditch, nearly overgrown with weeds and brambles. He traversed the intricate windings of the road with considerable facility, but an hour had nearly elapsed ere he gained the brow of an eminence, whereon stood an antique and rudely sculptured cross. It was of Saxon workmanship, and marked the spot where some zealous missionary of the faith had preached peace and good-will to crowds of war-loving and vindictive barbarians.

This elevation, though of no very conspicuous height, commanded a pretty extensive view of the country adjacent. From the east, a rich flood of glory blended the whole into one broad mass of light, melting away the beauteous frost-work; like the unwelcome morn,

dissipating the unreal visions that have their existence only in darkness and repose. Southward lay the borough, distinguishable only by the broad tower of All-Saints rising from the mist, as if baseless and suspended. A bell boomed heavily through the quiet atmosphere: its long and lingering echoes came on the pilgrim's soul like the voice of other years—of hopes and anticipations that had for ever departed.

Westward might be seen a curl of blue smoke from the newly-dignified priory at Upholland, recently invested with that honour, through the grants and intercessions of sir Robert de Holland, a proud knight of Thomas earl of Lancaster's proud host. It was northward that the pilgrim turned with a look of more intense anxiety. The mansion of Haigh stood at the extremity of a broad slope, surmounted by yellow woods, fading into the warm and luxuriant tints of autumn. Dark and cumbrous turrets, projecting from the wings, grimly caught the first gleam of the morning; whilst a tower of considerable strength and elevation rose above what could only be surmised as the principal gateway. It was apparently designed to overlook the whole fabric, serving as a refuge to the besieged and a strong-hold in case of attack. Narrow loopholes might be traced, irregularly disposed in the heavy masonry; and at the summit stood a small turret resembling a large chair, from which, at stated occasions, waved the richly-embazoned escutcheon of the Norris and the Bradshaigh. The staff was just visible, but unaccompanied by its

glittering adjunct. It was this circumstance, principally, that seemed to engage the attention of the stranger. He broke into a loud and involuntary exclamation—

“ Sir William's birth-day is forgotten!—That staff threw a rich blossom to the breeze ten years ago. It is the day—the very hour of sir William's birth!”

He smote his forehead, scarcely able to contain the violence of his emotion.

“ Let that day darken!—let it be cursed with storms and tempest!—let the shadows of death brood over it, and the teeming night accumulate tenfold horrors!—Yet how calm, how peacefully yon sun approaches in his strength! Nature is the same—bright, joyous, and unchanging!—Man, man alone, is mutable—his days are full of mourning and bitterness!”

Broken and dissevered, the words escaped rapidly from his lips. He bowed his head, crouching almost to the dust, beneath some overwhelming agony.

Suddenly he was aroused, and in a manner as uncere-
monious as unexpected. A smart stroke on the back announced a somewhat uncourteous intruder, whilst a shrill and discordant laugh struck on his ear. Starting, he beheld a figure of low and unshapely stature, clothed in a light dress, fantastically wrought. A round cap, slouched in front, fitted closely to his head, from which depended what the wearer, no doubt, looked upon as a goodly aggregate of ornaments. These consisted of ear-tassels and rings of various dimensions, that jingled oddly as he twisted his head from side to

side with a knowing and important grin. A pair of large leathern boots, slipped on for travelling purposes, with ample flaps turning down from the knee, furnished the lower costume of this strange being. Round his neck he wore an iron collar: its import, whether in the shape of punishment or decoration, is at this time doubtful. A visage of more than ordinary size projected from between a pair of shoulders that nearly overlooked the lower rim of his cap. A sort of dubious leer was its predominant expression, heightened, ever and anon, by a broad laugh, the eldritch shout of which first announced itself to the ear of the pilgrim. Matted and shaggy, the twisted locks hung wildly about his brow, whilst a short and frizzled beard served as a scanty covering to his chin. A "Sheffield whittle" stuck in his baldric; and in a pouch was deposited the remnant of a magnificent pasty. From oft and over replenishment this receptacle gaped in a most unseemly manner, showing the shattered remains, the crumbling fragments, of many a huge mountain of crust.

With arms akimbo stood this prepossessing personage before the pilgrim, in all his native rudeness and disorder. The latter tightened his cloak about him, and withdrew a few paces from his companion.

"Nuncle," said the jester—for such in fact was the vocation of this strange being—"I wonder for what property master keeps a fool?—I bethink me 'tis for his wit: more wit and less honesty, though." The palmer was silent.

"Art going to the Hall?" continued he. "The fool is whipt there for being honest. Have a care, nuncle; if sir Osmund catch thee, thou hadst as good bequeath thy bones to the Pope to make into saints' gear.—I'm very sad, nuncle!"

"Sad!" said the pilgrim; "in good troth, an' thou be sad, the cock of the hall yonder is but in sorry plight."

"'Tis more wholesome to cry to-day," said the dolorous knave, "knowing ye shall laugh to-morrow, than to laugh to-day, and to-morrow's dool somehow making your mirth asthmatic."

"Be merry to-morrow—to-day, to-day,
Then take your fill of grief;
When sorrow hath supped, go play, go play,
For mirth I wot is brief."

Ay, grandam, ye are wise; and an old woman's wit best becomes a fool:

"When sorrow hath supped, go play, go play,
For mirth I wot is brief."

He drew out the last notes into one of those querulous cadences, much in vogue as an *ad libitum* on all fitting occasions: even the sad features of the pilgrim were provoked into a smile.

"Art bound for the Hall?" again inquired the inquisitive hunchback.

"Yes, friend—whither else? Is it not almons-day, and thinkest thou the houseless and wandering pilgrim will not share of the largess?"

“Beggars and friars thrive—treason and corruption wed, and these be their children belike. Hast brought the lady Mabel her old husband's bones from heathenrie?—her new one is like to leave her nought else, poor soul, for her comfort. She'll make her up a saint out o' them.”

“If she has gotten another husband,” said the pilgrim, “the old one's bones would have a rare chance for a day's worship.”

The facetious impertinent here gave a sort of incredulous whistle. He eyed the palmer with a keen and scrutinizing glance, but suddenly relapsing into his accustomed manner, he burst into a wild and portentous laugh.

“I tell thee, if sir Osmund catch thee carrying so much as a thumb-nail of sir William's carcass, he'll wring thy neck as wry as the chapel weather-cock. My lady goes nigh crazed with his ill humours. I warrant thee, sir William's ghost gaily snuffs up the sport. I have watched him up and down the old stairs, and once i' the chapel; and he told me”—whispering close to the pilgrim's ear—“a great secret, nuncle!”

“Ay—what was that, Motley?”

“Why, said he, If so be sir William comes home again, he'll find his wife has got a cuckoo in her nest.” Here he burst from the stranger with a malicious shout, and descending a by-path, was soon lost amidst the intricacies of a deep wood, skirting the verge of an extensive forest towards the east.

The traveller's brow gathered a heavier gloom. With unconscious haste he soon gained a gentle ascent, which led by a narrow and deep path to the mansion. Nigh to the bridge over the moat stood a blacksmith's hovel, conveniently situated for all job-work emanating from the armoury and the kitchen, which at that time afforded a full display to the musical propensities of Darby Grimshaw's great anvil. This hut was a general resort for all the idlers in the vicinity; Grim, as he was generally styled for the sake of abbreviation, discharging the office of *preses*, or chief moderator, in all debates held therein. He was a shrewd fellow and a bold one. A humorous and inquisitive cunning lurked in the corner of his gray and restless eye. His curiosity was insatiable; and as a cross-questioner, when fairly at work, he had not his fellow for worming out a secret. His brain was a general depot for all odd scraps, and a reservoir in which flowed all stray news about the country. He was an abstract and chronicle of the time; and could tell ye when the earl of Lancaster mustered his forces, the day of their march, and the very purposes and projects of that turbulent noble. Even the secrets of my lady's bower did not elude the prying of this indefatigable artist; at any rate, he had the credit of knowing all that he assumed, which amounted very much to the same thing as though his knowledge were unlimited: a nod and a wink supplying the place of intelligence, when his wondering hearers grew disagreeably minute in their inquiries.

Towards this abode did the pilgrim bend his steps. A thick smoke hovered about the thatch, which was most ingeniously adapted for the reception and increase of any stray spark that might happen to find a temporary lodgment. Several times had this Vulcan been burnt out, yet the materials were easily replaced; and again and again the hovel arose in all its pristine ugliness and disorder.

Darby was just kindling his fire; a merry-making overnight had trenched upon morning duties, and daylight found him still stretched on his pallet. Subsequent to this a noisy troop from the Hall roused him from a profound slumber.

"St. George and the Virgin protect thee, honest friend!" said the pilgrim, as he stood by an opening, just then performing the functions of both door and chimney. Darby's perceptions being much impeded thereby, he hastily approached the door. His surprise manifested itself aloud, yet did he not forget a becoming reverence to the stranger, as he invited him into the only apartment, besides his work-shop, of which the roof could boast. It served for parlour, bed-chamber, and kitchen; where the presiding deity, Grim's helpmate, carried on her multifarious operations. Amongst other implements of labour occasionally in use stood a rude apparatus for the twisting of wool.

The officious housewife fetched a joint stool, first clearing it from dust, whilst her husband added a billet to the heap. She was occupied in preparing breakfast.

A wooden porringer, filled to the brim with new milk, in which oatmeal was stirred, a rasher of salted mutton, and a large cake of coarse bread, comprised the delicacies of their morning repast. To this, however, was added a snatch of cold venison from the Hall. "But this, you see," said the old woman, "is not of our own killing, St. Gregory forbid!—it comes from Dan there, who has the care of the knight's buttery."

"Rot him for a churl!" said the smith; "sir Osmund grudges every mouth about him: but"—and here he looked wondrous knowing—"he may happen to be ousted yet, if earl Thomas should come by the worst in this cabal."

"Sir Osmund, I find, is no favourite with his neighbours."

"Hang him!" replied Grim, first looking cautiously into the shop; "there's not a man of us but would like to see him and his countrymen packed off to-morrow, mounted on ass-panniers. They were spawned from the Welsh ditches to help that overgrown earl against his master. If sir William had been alive, I had spoke out without fear. He was a loyal knight and a true—he ever served his country and his king. But I bethink me that peradventure ye may have heard of our late master's death, and who knows but ye bring some token, pilgrim, to his lady?"

"Thou hast shrewdly guessed—I bear the last message that sir William sent to his lady: thinkest thou it may be delivered without the knight's privity?"

"Save thee, father! peril betides him who would hazard a message to my lady without her husband's leave."

"Is the lady Mabel in health?—and the children?" inquired the stranger.

"Sorely did she grieve when tidings came of sir William's death in the great battle; but sorer still rues she her wedding with sir Osmund Neville. Poor soul! it would melt the nails out of a rusty horse-shoe to see how she moans herself, when she can steal privily to her chamber. They say the knight once caught her weeping over some relic belonging to sir William, and he burnt it before her face, ill-treating her into the bargain."

"How came she to wed this churl?"

"Oh, it's a sorry history!"—The speaker paused, and it was at the pilgrim's entreaty that he thus continued: "Parson Cliderhow had his paw in the mischief. She was in a manner forced either to wed, or, some cool morning, to have found herself and her children with never a roof-tree above their heads."

"How?—sir William did not leave her portionless?"

"I know not; but sir Osmund had, or pretended he had, got a grant from the earl of Lancaster, for possession of all that belonged to sir William, as a reward for his great services; and unless she wed him—why, you may guess what follows, when a lone woman is left in a wooer's clutches. I shall never forget their wedding-day; it should rather have been her burying, by the look

on't. Her long veil was more like a winding-sheet than a bride's wimple."

During this recital the palmer drew his seat closer to the hearth. He leant him over his staff, absorbed in that conscious stupor which seems at once shut out from all connexion with external objects, and yet intensely alive to their impressions. Suddenly he arose, tightened his sandals, and looking round, appeared as though about to depart.

"It is our late master's birth-day," said the loquacious informant: "ten years ago there was free commons at the hall for man and beast. Now, save on almons-days, when some half-dozen doitering old bodies get a snatch at the broken meat, not a man of us thrusts his nose into the knight's buttery but by stealth. Sir William's banner has not been hoisted, as it was wont on this day, since he left with fifty armed men in his train, to help the king, then hard pressed in the Scottish wars. Ye may get an alms among the poor to-day, but have an eye to the Welsh bowmen: these be the knight's privy-guard, and hold not the quality of his guests in much respect."

Here the smith's angry garrulity was interrupted by Daniel Hardseg, a sort of deputy house-steward, whose duty it was to look after all business not immediately connecting itself with any other department in the household. He was prime executive in most of the out-door duty, and a particular crony at the hovel. His "Holla!" was terrific.

“ Why, a murrain to thee, goodman Grim, thy fire is colder than my halidome; the sun is so high it puts it out, I reckon. Here have I two iron pots, a plate from my master’s best greaves, and a pair of spurs that want piecing, an’ I’m like to tinker them as I list on a cold stithy—Get out, thou!” Here he became aware of an additional inmate to Grim’s dwelling; and for a while this discovery checked the copious torrent of Dan’s eloquence. Darby presently drew him aside, and from their looks it might be gathered that a scheme was negotiating for the pilgrim’s safe admission at the Hall. To some entreaty, more strenuously urged on the part of our diplomatist, Dan replied in a louder tone: “ Why, look thee, gossip, it were as much as my lugs were worth—but—I’ll e’en try.”

“ We shall hear some news about sir William, depend on’t, an’ thou get him a word with my lady.”

“ And what the better shall I be of that?—dead men make no porridge hot,” simply retorted Dan.

“ Go to,” replied the other; “ it’s but setting Maude on the scent—I warrant thee, she’ll sharpen her wits for the work. It will be a grievous pity should he depart, and whisper not his message in her ladyship’s ear. Maude’s thin ears, as thou knowest, can catch a whisper, and thou wilt soon squeeze the secret out of her; then comes Darby’s turn—by to-morrow, at the latest.”

The news-doting artisan rubbed his dark fists with ecstacy. “ Go, knave,” said he; “ thou art a teasing little varlet.”

Here Grim seemed ready to hug his comrade in the extremity of his delight; but Dan was rather sullen, evidently ruminating on peril and mischance, wherein the tempter had no share, though participating in the profits of the adventure. Eventually, the stranger was placed under the patronage of master Daniel Hardseg, who, to do him justice, was well affected towards the enterprise he had undertaken.

Passing by a low wall, to the north-east of the mansion, they were soon hidden by a projecting terrace or platform, which, in cases of siege, could be converted into a sort of breast-work to cover the sallies of the besieged. At the salient angle of this curtain stood a small postern, to which Dan applied a heavy key, and beckoning to his companion, they ascended a narrow staircase. A succession of dark passages led to the great hall, from which a small arched door-way communicated by a private entrance to the chapel. As they passed the half-closed door, a loud and gruff voice was heard reciting the appointed service for the day: Dan stept cautiously by, and motioned the stranger to tread softly. The latter paused, and listened with a look of anxiety; then pressing his staff across his bosom, whilst, drawing his hood closer over his brow, he quickly followed the retreating footsteps of his companion.

“ Praised be old Cliderhow’s tough pipe!” said Dan, when fairly out of hearing. “ Ha, ha!—sit down, sit down, good father”—opening a half-door, as he laughed,

and thrusting in the pilgrim—"nobody can hear aught besides, when he's fairly agoing."

The apartment into which this unceremonious conductor ushered his guest was Dan's store-room.

A most whimsical assemblage of materials were here huddled together. Pans, wooden bowls, and matters of meaner import, entered into close familiarity with broad swords and helmets; boots of home manufacture in their primitive clothing; saddles, with their housings; knives, and brown bottles of coarse pottery, were intermingled with many a grim-looking weapon of blood-thirsty aspect. From the walls depended a heterogeneous mass of apparel—cloaks, hats, and body-gear, of unimaginable shape and appearance. Dan was steward of the wardrobe, or furniture-keeper, to most of the retainers and other idle appendages to the Hall; and as, in those days, the sciences dependent on order and classification had not spread their beneficial influence through society at large, it frequently happened that more time was consumed in rummaging amidst this unexplored chaos, than would have sufficed to transact the whole affair for which any article was required. A round stool in the middle of this "*Thesaurus*"—the only unoccupied place except the ceiling—was the throne of our friend, Dan Hardseg, when dispensing out his treasures with stately munificence; on this scanty perch was the stranger duly installed, and favoured with a benignant and knowing wink from Dan as he departed.

Waiting for the return of his patron, the pilgrim was roused from a fit of reverie by the well-remembered greeting of the jester, Humphry Lathom, or "daft Humpy," as he was mostly called.

"Eh, nuncle!—But if Dan catch thee, I promise he'll give thee a lift i' the stocks."

This strange creature cautiously opened the door, and was speedily engulfed in all that fearful accumulation of sloth and disorder. By his manner, it did not seem to be his first irruption into this vast magazine; whilst, from the cautious and fearful glances which he from time to time cast through the door, it would appear that he had been detected in his expeditions, and, in all probability, punished for the offence. He was evidently in search of some object from amidst the various heaps of lumber he overthrew; an inarticulate mutter, accompanying every fresh attack, indicated impatience and disappointment. Suddenly he exclaimed, drawing forth a large roll, with ludicrous expressions of delight—

"I have thee, now!—The buck's horns shall butt this great Welsh goat from his pen."

He opened the banner.—It was the pennon of the Bradshaigh, thrown aside to rot in dust and decay.

"Don't tell Dan, nuncle, and thou shalt see rare sport."

He said this with his usual familiarity of tone; but suddenly putting his mouth to the stranger's ear, he whispered—the words were inaudible, save to him for whom they were meant; and in an instant he darted

from the spot, concealing the spoil amidst the folds of his apparel. Shortly afterwards Dan made his appearance. With wonder and dismay did he behold the ravages committed in his treasure-house—"confusion worse confounded."

"Beshrew me, but thou art a restless tenant.—I did not tell thee to tumble my wardrobe into haycocks."

"I was long a-watching," said the pilgrim; "and, in good troth, I became over-curious to know the contents of thy sty.—What tidings from my lady's chamber?"

"A plague on her husband's humours!—Maude says it were as much as a Jew's thumb were worth to get thee privily to an audience, but she hath urged my lady to distribute the alms herself to-day: so betake thee to the kitchen; Maude will contrive thou shalt have some token of her approach. St. Anthony! but thou hast bestirred thee bravely; such another guest, and I might as well set fire to the whole budget. If thou be'st bent on such another rummage in the kitchen, the cook will whack thy pate with the spit—holy and hooded though it be."

Dan led the way to this arena of gigantic gastronomy. It was a vast and smoky den, such as could exist only in those days of feudal magnificence. An immense furnace was fed by huge blocks of wood, which the ravening flame seized and in a moment enveloped in its embrace. Forms grisly and indistinct flitted past this devouring blaze, the sputtering and crackling of which,

mingled with the hissing delicacies before it, and the shrill scream of the presiding fury, intimated an approach to this pandemonium some time ere its wonders were visible. The pilgrim seated himself in an accessible corner, anxiously awaiting the promised signal.

On a long stone bench lay heaps of broken meat, ready for distribution to the groups of mendicants, who were now clamouring without the gate. From the low and ponderous rafters hung dried mutton, bacon, and deer's tongues, wreathed in curls of smoke, that might seem to render an introduction to the chimney unnecessary for completing the flavour.

It was not long ere a pert waiting-maid approached. She drew up her short linsey-woolsey garments from the contaminations beneath her feet. Raising her chin, she thus addressed the servitors—

“ My lady bids ye bring the dole quickly into the great hall.—She attends to-day in person. When the bell rings,” looking towards the pilgrim as she spoke, “ my lady leaves her chamber.”

Maude departed with the same supercilious snuffing of the air that marked her approach. The bell was immediately heard, and the stranger, making the best of his way into the hall, found the doors wide open, and an indiscriminate assemblage of supplicants, displaying to the best advantage a variety of modes and manifestations of distress, unhappily not confined to those unhallowed days of wretchedness and misrule. Their chief attention seemed to be directed towards a

side wicket, in the upper part of which was a slide for the more convenient distribution of the accustomed largess when the lady Mabel did not superintend the apportioning of her beneficence.

It was soon whispered amongst the crowd that she, who had for a considerable time kept aloof from all intercourse, would that day distribute her own bounty.

The tinkling of the bell ceased, and suddenly the door flew open. Lady Mabel and her maidens entered. The crowd drew back as she approached. Of a commanding form and deportment, she seemed a being of some superior creation; whilst, with slow and majestic steps, she passed on to the upper division of the hall, where the dais raised her slightly above the multitude.

She was habited in deep mourning: her heavy train swept gracefully over the dark pavement; her veil, in cumbrous folds, reached almost to her feet, effectually concealing her face from the eyes of the spectators. A number of servitors now entered, bearing the allotted viands, together with sundry articles of winter apparel. The upper table was filled, and a profound silence showed the awe and respect which her presence inspired. She raised her veil: it was a countenance on which a painter would have dwelt with untiring delight. Grief, long subdued, yet deep and irremediable, hung heavily on her pallid features, but their form and character was untouched by the destroyer. Not a ringlet was visible. Her brow, bare and unornamented, threw an air of severe grandeur on the noble contour

which it illumined. Around the lip fell a deeper shade of sorrow; but sweet, inexpressibly sweet and touching was the expression. Though the rose had faded, yet, lovelier in decay, it seemed to mingle more gracefully with the soft hues by which it was surrounded.

She waved her hand: singly the mendicants approached, proffering their simple tale of suffering and privation. To every one she administered comfort; consoling the wretched, reproving the careless: each had a word in season ere he withdrew.

The hall was nearly cleared from these occasional occupants, yet the palmer sate, still unaudienced, behind a distant pillar, deeply pondering, as it might seem, the transactions he had witnessed. The last body of the begging fraternity had departed ere he rose, bending lowly as he approached. The eye of the noble dame suddenly became riveted on his form. She was leaning in front of her maidens, beside a richly carved canopy of state, underneath which, on days of feudal hospitality and pomp, presided the master of the banquet. Behind, a long and richly variegated window poured down a chequered halo of glory around her form. She seemed an angel of light, issuing from that fountain of splendour, and irradiating the whole group with her presence.

"Reverend pilgrim, thy behest?" She said this with a shudder of apprehension, as if dreading an answer to her inquiry. The pilgrim spoke not, but drew nigh.

The attendants stood aside as he approached. A silence, chill and unbroken, like the still horror of the grave, pervaded the assembly. He drew from his vest a silver ring. The lady Mabel grasped the well-known signet. With agony the most heart-rending and intense she exclaimed:—

“My husband’s signet!—Where?—whence came this pledge?—speak!—”

A pause ensued.—It was one of those short ages of almost insupportable suspense, when the mind, wound up to the keenest susceptibility of endurance, seems vibrating on the verge of annihilation—as if the next pulse would snap its connexion with the world for ever.

“Lady,” the pilgrim answered, in a low sepulchral tone, “it is a bequest from thy husband. It was his wife’s last pledge—a seal of unchanging fidelity.—He bade me seek his dame, and say ‘His last sigh was to her—his last wish to Heaven.’”

Lady Mabel listened—every tone sunk like a barbed arrow to her heart. The voice resembled not that of her deceased husband, yet such was the deceptive influence arising from the painful irritation which her spirits had undergone, that, if reason had not forbidden, her fancy would have invested it with supernatural attributes—listening to it as if it were a voice from the tomb.

“For the love I bore and yet bear to his most honoured

name, tell me, I conjure thee, tell me his earthly resting-place.—My last pilgrimage shall be thither.—I will enshrine his hallowed relics, and they shall be a pledge of our union where we shall no more part.”

The last words were spoken with a solemnity of expression awful and thrilling beyond the power of language to convey.

“What reck's it, lady? thou hast gotten thee another,” said the pilgrim.

“Another!—O name him not. Never, never!—Most base, most cruel, he took advantage of my bereavement—one moment of weakness and maternal terror—by what long ages of suffering and wretchedness has it been repaid! Better I had beheld my babes wasting with hunger, whilst the dim shadows of death were gathering about me, than have mated with this unpitying husband for a home and a morsel of bread!”

A flush of proud scorn at her own weakness overspread her features. It was but momentary. She bade the attendants withdraw. Looking round for this purpose, she was aware, for the first time, of the hated presence of Roger de Cliderhow, watching, with a demonstration of considerable surprise, for the issue of this unexpected interview. He departed with the retinue, leaving lady Mabel and the pilgrim for a while unobserved.

“Thou art a holy and a heaven-destined man, yet surely thou hast been taught to share another's sorrows—to pour the oil of compassion over the wounds

of the penitent and broken-hearted." The lady turned aside her head—she leaned over the chair for support, whilst one hand pressed her throbbing temples.

"*Mabel Bradshaigh!*" It was the voice of sir William. She started as at a summons from the tomb. No other form was visible but that of the pilgrim bending over his staff. Her eye wandered wildly around the sides of the hall, as if she expected some phantom to start from their dreary recesses. A richly fretted screen, behind which the minstrels and lookers-on occasionally sate at the festival, stood at the lower end of the hall. A slight rustling was heard from thence—she was about to rush towards the spot, when the voice was again audible, and apparently at her side. Slowly the hood of the pilgrim was uplifted. He threw off his disguise;—but O how changed was the once athletic form of sir William Bradshaigh! With a wild and piercing shriek she flew towards the outstretched arms of her husband—but ere they met, a figure stepped between, barring their approach. It was the ungainly person of sir Osmund Neville.

"Nay, nay, seek thy leman elsewhere, thou gay palmer. It were a brave honour, truly, to graft me with thy favours." With this brutish speech he was proceeding to lay hands on the lady, who stood stupefied in amaze, and bereft of power to offer the least resistance.

"To me this insult! I'll chase thee from thy lair!" exclaimed the incensed sir William.

Roger de Cliderhow at this moment suddenly approached in great alarm. He whispered sir Osmund with evident signs of dismay.

“ ’Tis sir William!—Thou hast no time for parley.—If his coming get abroad we are undone. Call thy men hither, and let him be conveyed away privately.—The dungeon will tell no tales.—I’ll summon them. If the servants get a whisper of the matter, I’ll give out he is an impostor.”

Fearful of encountering the glance of his injured lord, this worthy withdrew in great precipitation.

It was but the work of a moment. Sir Osmund had taken the precaution to prevent all egress, so that sir William and his lady were, in fact, prisoners, at the mercy and discretion of a cruel and cowardly foe.

Sir William had thrown off his cloak and the remainder of his disguise. He now stood proudly erect before the supplanter, who was somewhat stunned by this unexpected issue.

“ I defy thee to the combat—hast thou the grace to give me a weapon, or art thou as cowardly as thou art presuming?” tauntingly inquired sir William.

“ Impostor!—wouldst have me believe every wish that folly genders?—To the proof!” sullenly replied sir Osmund.

“ What says the lady Mabel?—Let her decide,” returned the other.

“ She!” cried the ingrate, with a contemptuous sneer; “ her wits are so set upon it, that she would worship

any ill-favoured lout that could call himself her husband."

"'Tis false! unblushing as thou art." The lightning kindled in the lady's eye as she spoke. Sir Osmund quailed beneath her glance.

"Am I mad?" she continued; "ay, if thy wish could have goaded me to it. Thou hast heaped on me tortures, indignities, cruel as thy relentless nature could devise; but I have been spared for this!" Her lips quivered. Shuddering, she spoke with amazing energy and distinctness. "I *have* repented, day and night, but they were unavailing tears. Oh, if I have wronged thee"—she covered her face with her hands—"it was not even in thought that I grew unfaithful to thy trust. My babes, in a moment of weakness I looked on them, smiling as they lay. I could not dash the cup from their lips ere they had scarcely tasted. I could not behold them so soon doomed to misery and want." She made a convulsive effort to repress her sobs. "Can years of suffering atone for my crime?"

She drew back as she continued. "I abhor, I loathe the very existence I am forced to prolong. The cloister alone can hide my wretchedness and my shame."

"I forgive thee: nay, shrink not from my embrace," cried the distracted sir William; "I blame thee not in my regret. Pure, and as free from guilt as when first I knew thee, do I now receive thee to my arms."

Sir Osmund smiled in contempt; at the same time casting a furtive glance towards the side entrance

where, true to his word, Roger de Cliderhow had summoned a guard of Welsh bowmen, their master's accomplices in many a deed of violence and rapine.

Sir Osmund heard their approach. He cautiously undrew the bolts, and pointing to his foe, with a signal which they but too well understood, the latter was immediately seized, and with such rapidity, that almost before sir William was aware of their design he found himself a prisoner and incapable of resistance.

"Traitor, thou wilt rue this foul despite! I here proclaim thee a craven knight and a dastard!" exclaimed sir William.

"False pilgrim," growled his adversary, "didst think to foist thy fooleries upon me? The dungeon walls will give thee a patient hearing. Boast to them of thy descent, and when they acknowledge thee, so will I.— Guards, do your duty."

Lady Mabel, with a loud and appalling shriek, fell senseless on the pavement.

In vain did sir William endeavour to free himself from the rude grasp of his conductors. He was hurried along, nor did there appear the remotest possibility of escape. Just as they turned into a sort of corridor, leading to the passages more immediately connected with the place of their destination, they encountered Humphry Lathom. The same half-stupid, half-knavish expression of face was now lighted up by a grin of apparently inexplicable amazement.

“Eh, nuncle,” said he, stroking his beard, “but you’re in mighty grace. The Welshman always mounts his he-goats for guard on them he delighteth to honour.” With one of his more than ordinarily elvish and malicious shouts he scampered past the enraged sentinels, and was heard rapidly ascending the steps of the great tower, beneath the massive foundations of which lay the dark and cheerless abode, so unexpectedly destined for the reception of its owner.

Whilst these occurrences were passing within the walls, Grim’s curiosity was in prodigious exercise without. His anxiety increased in a compound ratio with the time elapsed, and inversely as the hope of intelligence was decreasing. Every spare moment his eye was directed towards the Hall; but no tidings came, no scout, no messenger from the scene of action, from whom the slightest inkling of the result could be gathered. It seemed as though all intercourse had ceased, all transit and communication were cut off. It was mighty strange!—Some rare doings were afloat, no doubt, and not a soul would remember honest Grim in his thrall. He tied and untied his apron, beat the iron when it was cool, and let it cool when it was hot. “It will be noon presently.” He looked at the sun; it seemed to have crept backward for the last half hour: at any rate he was morally certain that useful appendage to this great and troublesome world had stood still, if not retrograded. The mendicants were all gone—no

tidings to be gained from them—matters were more than usually contrary and provoking—and if it had not been for some recent disgrace which his prying disposition had occasioned at the Hall, he would long before have satisfied himself by a personal inquiry into the present posture of affairs.

“Hope deferred” was just on the point of being attended with the usual consequences, when, taking another peep through a crevice, constructed for putting into effect a more efficient system of surveillance, he beheld a phenomenon as unlooked-for as it was incomprehensible. He rubbed his eyes, strongly persuaded that some rigorous discipline was necessary. He pinched his fingers, shook himself—was he really awake? or—He took another peep, still it was there; nor crossings, nor ejaculations, nor other established contrivances, had any effect. The vision that caused all this disturbance was the great banner of the Bradshaigh on the tower, curling full and stately in the breeze. Wonders and misfortunes rarely come unattended. Grim’s appetite for the marvellous was in danger of suffering as much from repletion as from inanity, and he had just summoned his dame for a special council, when his ears were assailed by a furious ding-dong. Stroke upon stroke, loud, heavy, and unceasing, followed each other in rapid succession. It was the great bell, used only on occasions of emergency and importance, the hoarse tongue of which had been silent since the day of sir William’s departure. There

was no time to waste in conjecture. Grim rushed from his dwelling. Convinced that some catastrophe was at hand, his intention was to climb the hill behind his little hovel, in order to reconnoitre the premises with greater facility. Sallying forth, he saw numbers of the peasantry on the same errand. All was bustle and inquiry; each giving his neighbour credit for the possession of some intelligence to unravel the mystery.

"Sir William cannot have come again!" said one.

"No," replied another, "or the buck would soon butt the Welshman out of his stall."

"Ha ha!" said a neighbouring gossip, "those horns are big enough," pointing to the device upon the banner—a buck passant.

As they drew nearer to the great gate, the bell had ceased, when suddenly appeared, perched on a corner of the tower, the well-known form of daft Humphry. He threw up his cap, caught it, and whirled it round his head with every demonstration of joyous extravagance. "Hurrah!" shouted he, with a distinct and shrill enunciation, which might be heard to the very extremities of the crowd. "Hurrah for sir William Bradshaigh!—he is come again!—hurrah, neighbours!—In, in!"

He ran round the battlements, using violent vociferations to the multitude. On hearing this news, numbers entered the gate pell-mell, carrying with them some who would fain have acted with more discretion, by watching the issue warily and out of harm's way.

Of this class was our stout-fisted friend, Darby Grim, who, though of a well-composed valour when fairly tested, was yet slow to move, and cared not to thrust his fingers uselessly into a broil.

The first party that entered was met by Humphry.

“ Pick-axes and spades !” cried he, flourishing a stout staff. “ To the dungeon !—come along, come along !” —So far from accelerating their speed, this address seemed at once to suspend all further progress. They gazed at each other—none wist what to do, naturally not overburdened with confidence in the discretion of their guide. Suddenly checking himself, he stood as erect as the nature of his form would admit before the astonished auditors.

“ Ye lazy caterpillars ! ye cowardly scum of humanity ! if ye follow me not, I’ll rouse the Welsh bull-dogs. Sir Osmund hath ta’en him to the dungeon, I tell ye ; and who is there that will not lend a hand to the rescue of sir William Bradshaigh ?”

Grim was among the foremost of the invading army : on hearing this news, a latent spark enkindled his courage most opportunely into a blaze. Seizing a cudgel, he brandished it in front of his comrades, like one half-frantic, crying, “ It is, it is ; I have seen him this blessed day !—Hurrah for sir William !”

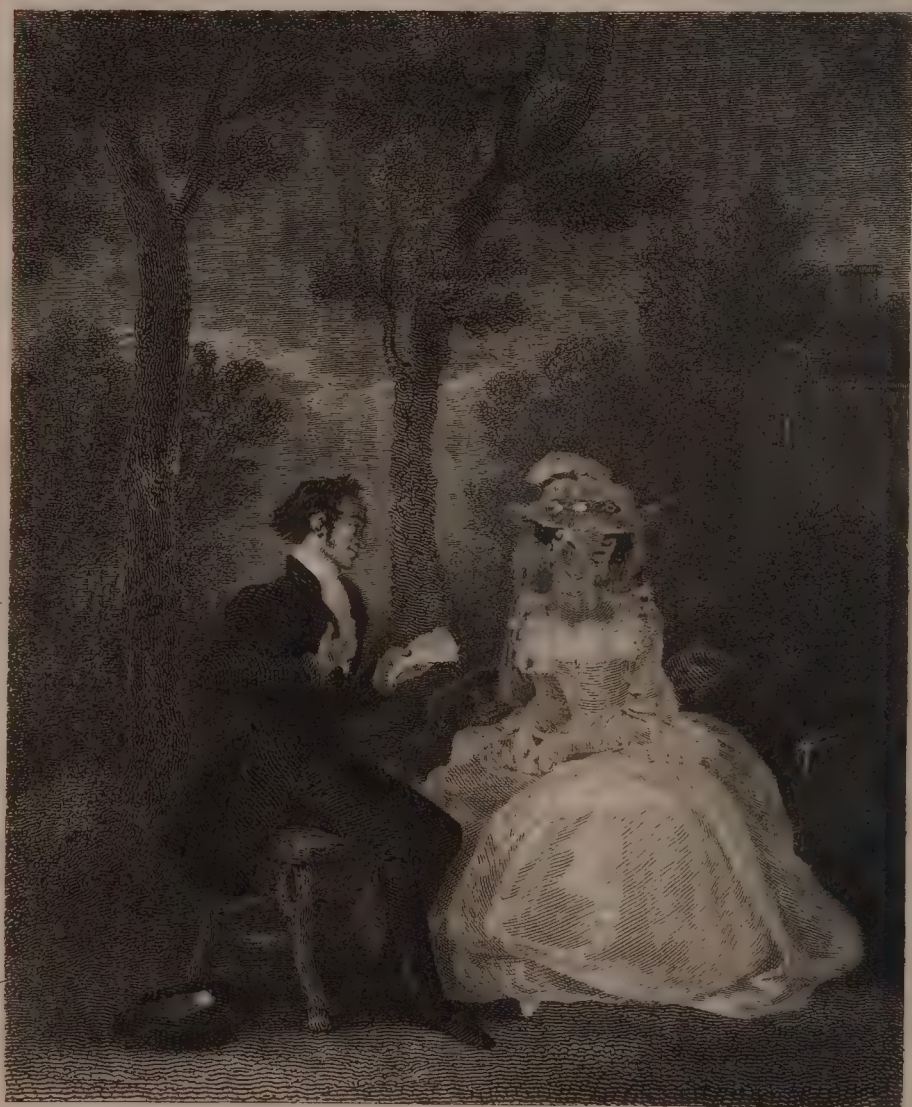
“ Hurrah !” shouted the crowd, whose courage, augmenting with their numbers, soon manifested itself in an immediate attack on the cell, whence they speedily extricated sir William. Intoxicated with joy, they vowed

a summary vengeance on the discourteous knight who had so vilely entreated their liege.

Sir William's first care was for the rescue of his lady. She almost forgot her own sorrows on witnessing the joy that he evinced when once more folding his children to his embrace. A short interval elapsed ere he sought his adversary; but he had fled, along with his unworthy followers. Such was the wrong sir William had suffered, that his yet untamed spirit deemed it an offence too foul to be expiated by aught but the blood of his merciless foe. Armed, and with but few attendants, he hotly pursued him, and, as old chronicles tell, at a place called Newton he overtook and slew him in single combat. Returning in safety, he lived happily with his lady to a good old age. They lie buried in the chancel of All Saints, Wigan, where, carved on the tomb, their effigies still exist, the rarest of the monumental antiquities in that ancient edifice.

The lady Mabel's hurt spirit was too sorely wounded to be at rest. For the purpose of what was then deemed an expiation of her unintentional offence, she performed a weekly penance, going barefooted from Haigh to a place outside the walls at Wigan, where a stone cross was erected, which bears to this day the name of "MAB'S CROSS."

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TRIUMPH OF POETRY.

Pub. by T. Agnew & Sons, London, 1828.

THE TRIUMPH OF POETRY.

BY CAPTAIN M'NAGHTEN.

The girl who gave to song
What gold could never buy.

MOORE.

THE times are gone when woman's heart
Responded to the minstrel's art ;
Those times of high romantic bliss,
Of serenades and knightly prowess,
When finger-tips were given to kiss,
And love was purer than it now is ;
Those times, when seven long years of ardour
Would scarce suffice a smile to gain ;
When broken hearts, and (what was harder)
Crack'd heads, might bleed alike in vain ;
When valour's self had scarce the power
To win its way to beauty's bower,
Unaided by the magic spell,
Which song sheds over love so well ;
When each enamour'd knight would make
A vow that, for his lady's sake,
" Some fourteen " Paynim heads should leave
Their shoulders by All Hallows' eve ;
While all he met, who dared deny
The lustre of her sparkling eye,
Or think (as oft those errant men did)
Their own chaste damsels still more splendid,
Would have to peril straight their bodies,
Or give meet honour to his goddess.

Those times are gone—but times succeeded,
When other damsels bloom'd as she did,
And *then*, though beauty grew more rare,
The muse knew one exceeding fair—
So fair, that every eye was charm'd,
Which on her cheek of damask dwelt ;
So fair, that every heart was warm'd,
And every knee before her knelt ;
Though at the epoch of my strain,
Her charms were rather on the wane.
Yet as we love to look upon
The light of the declining sun,
Albeit the eye is dazzled less
Than by his noontide garishness ;
And as a somewhat wither'd plum
Is sweet, though it hath lost its bloom ;—
So was she then, without dispute,
Mild like that sun—sweet like that fruit.
From her youth upwards many a lover
Had tried, but tried in vain, to move her.

From every grade her suitors came—
The warrior, with his eye of flame,
Essay'd to win her chary hand
By tales of war in foreign land,
And all the feats that he had done
In arms, on Blenheim's glorious plain ;—
How many trophies he had won,
How many with his red sword slain ;

What sights of carnage he had seen,
And much of Marlbro' and Eugene.
But though she glow'd as woman glows,
 (Or did glow then, when blood was rife)
To hear him speak of slaughter'd foes,
 And hair-breadth 'scapes, and fiery strife,
His deeds in battle fail'd to move
Her yet unwounded heart to love.

The gorgeous courtier next essay'd,
In pride of place, to win the maid.
Attended by a princely state,
 And smiling, as of conquest sure,
He bow'd him at the lady's gate,
 But found the lady's gate secure.
In vain he talk'd of palace-hall,
Of glittering fête and festival;
Where beauty in her queenly seat
Saw rank and valour at her feet;
Where royal smiles illumed the scene,
 Where, in a heaven of splendour placed,
Her pearly brow and noble mien
 Would, less than it should grace, be graced.
In vain the courtier urged his suit—
The door kept shut—the lady mute!

A merchant all his hoard display'd
Of costly silk and rich brocade;

Of jewels from the orient mine,
Of yellow gold an endless store,
“ And all, fair lady, shall be thine,
If at thy beauty’s dazzling shrine
My knee may bend, my heart adore.
For thee my venturous ships shall sail
Where costly perfumes scent the gale ;
And I will lay that treasure sweet,
An offering, at my lady’s feet :
Fair maidens shall around thee wait,
And watch the language of thine eyes ;
And thou shalt have a queen’s estate,
If thou wilt yield thee to my sighs.”
All would not do : the merchant’s prayer
Was, like his odours, lost in air.

When all had left, in hopeless mood,
That lady to her solitude,
It chanced that, in a sunny hour,
A wandering minstrel sought her bower—
One of those sunny hours, when Love
Delights him most in field and grove ;
When the young Mischief likes to be
By purling stream and shady tree ;
When a voluptuous languor throws
All nature into warm repose ;
When the faint bee has scarce the power
To hum around his honey-flower ;

The bright, soft, fragrant hour of noon,
In fair and aromatic June.
The bard had not the courtier's gear,
But he could soothe a lady's ear ;
He wore not knighthood's gilded spurs,
Nor deck'd his robe with costly furs :
He came in homely raiment clad ;
His lute was all the wealth he had ;
And thus, by love and beauty fired,
Burst forth the strains that they inspired :

“ Less brightly shines yon dazzling sun
Than those two lustrous eyes of thine ;
Those eyes, whose beams have all undone
This pierced and burning heart of mine :
Thy smiles, which from those roseate lips,
Like sunbeams from a mirror, start,
The splendour of this noon eclipse,
And flash like lightning to the heart.

“ How dim yon clear sky's azure hue
Appears when those white lids you raise,
Compared with thy bright eyes of blue,
Whose glance the ethereal soul displays.
Lady ! the whitest cloud is not
So white as thy translucent brow ;
Nor has this earth another spot
Containing aught so fair as thou.

" The winding stream, that softly flows
 With gentle murmurs through the mead,
 Cannot such soothing sounds disclose
 As from thy tongue of music speed.
 The bounding fawn, which stands to gaze
 Upon thy charms, (oh, happy fawn !)
 Less grace and majesty displays
 Than Araminta on the lawn.

" The gales of Araby the sweet
 Are borne on thy triumphant sigh ;
 And safely rests beneath thy feet—
 Thy zephyr feet—the tiniest fly.
 See ! Juno's regal gait display'd
 In every movement thou dost make !
 See ! Venus in thy form array'd !—
 My foolish heart, be still—or break !"

He ceased ; her raptur'd bosom swell'd,
 And in *her* eyes *his* eyes beheld
 What lovers' souls interpret best ;
 And sighs and murmurs told the rest :
 No wonder, if, in such an hour,
 That such a lay had such a power.
 Thus valour, rank, and wealth, assail'd
 The unwarm'd heart of beauty long ;
 But valour, rank, and riches, fail'd,
 And it was melted down by song.

SONG OF THE CEYLONESE WOMEN.

BY ALLAN CUNNINGHAM, ESQ.

[This song is supposed to be sung by the Ceylonese singing women on the King's birth-day, being the anniversary of the establishment of native juries, and the abolition of domestic slavery in Ceylon, through the beneficent exertions and at the instigation of Sir Alexander Johnston, while Chief Justice and First Member of his Majesty's Council of that island.]

First Singer.

THE sun is dancing on the streams,
The deer is bounding in his beams,
The reaper's in the fields of rice,
The air is incense all and spice ;
The cinnamon's sweet leaf around
Enriches, while it scents the ground ;
Far from the inland mountain comes
A breeze made all of balm and gums ;
Rich gems are gleaming underfoot ;
Above us glow the golden fruit.—
O come, rejoice, and dance and smile,
Ye daughters of this gladsome isle.

Second Singer.

Rejoice and sing, but think the while,
Ye children of this gladsome isle,
'Tis not our vales so broad and calm,
Our groves which breathe of nought but balm,
Our deer which through our woodlands bound,
Our gems which lighten all the ground,
Our pearl, our ivory, or the sums
Which merchants bring for musk and gums,

Our honey fruits, our vales of rice,
And, richer still, our groves of spice,
Which make us dance o'er golden sands
With free feet and unfetter'd hands.

Third Singer.

Green isle ! green isle ! I sing of thee
A loftier song, from feeling free :
Not all the gems of Yari's rills ;
Not all the gold of Candy's hills ;
Not all Columba's plains of rice ;
Not all Negamba's groves of spice ;
Nor gums, nor ivory, richer far,
From sweet Chilou to green Manaar ;
Nor all the scene the sunbeam views,
From high Hamaleel's peak of dews,
Green isle, broad mainland, rolling sea,
Are worth those charmed words—Be free !

Fourth Singer.

Leave sylvan tents and sacred trees,
Swart Moor, and milder Cingalese ;
The star-eyed panther leave at bay,
Thou roving and thou fierce Malay ;
Plume your starr'd turban, light your bower,
And dance, robed in your gemm'd badjour ;
Ye Bedah, far more fierce and rude
Than game ye chase through vale and wood ;
And, priests of Boodha, leave your halls—
A purer, loftier spirit calls—

A spirit which o'er land and sea
Has said to man—Awake, be free !

Fifth Singer.

Nor yet alone hath England's voice
Bid us in freedom rise, rejoice :
She gave us peace—her liberal store,
Her generous laws and sacred lore.
She came as comes the light of day,
To gladden, not enslave and slay :
She came—from our belated sight
Chased darkness and restored the light—
While following her triumphant train,
As flowers the sunshine and soft rain,
Came commerce, furrowing far the brine,
And men with words meek, mild, divine.

All sing.

A two-fold joy is ours—this morn,
Our king, our freedom, both were born ;
Great George, our isle's and ocean's lord,
A conqueror more with mind than sword,
Fulfil the birthright of his race,
And freedom gives at once and grace.
Nor less be sung through every part
A Johnston's head, a Johnston's heart ;
Gentle and just, his word, his pen,
Of foes and slaves made friends and men—
Sing—sing while high Hamaleel glows
In summer suns and Mutwal flows !

FAIRY GAMBOLS.

NIGHT's silver lamp ascends the skies,
By myriad splendid stars impearl'd,
And bids her midnight beauties rise,
To light and charm a wearied world.

Yon mould'ring turret's time-worn form
Her soft and trembling beams illumine;
She smiles amidst the coming storm,
And brightens from surrounding gloom.

Now the fleet-footed fairies lave
Their spotless limbs in pearly dew,
Or sit beside the lucid wave,
Or deck the scene that Spenser drew.

On some gay flow'ret's emerald stem
Perchance their magic feet alight,
Whose silvery sandals bear a gem,
Dropt from the starry sphere of night:

Or sprightly, o'er the spiral grass,
With giddy graceful ease they glide;
A dew-drop is their looking-glass,
Their mirror is the sleeping tide.

When morning opes her cloudless eye,
The fairies seek their mossy cell;
There in soft smiling slumbers lie,
Till waken'd by the evening bell.

ANNA.

AGATHA GHERANZI.

BY JOHN BIRD, ESQ.

THE joy of Mantua was great and undissembled at the approaching nuptials of the bravest of her sons with the fairest and most amiable of her daughters. Vincentio, the only child of the widowed marquis Petroni, had served under the viceroy Beauharnois, with honour to himself and credit to his native city, and had even attracted the particular observation of the penetrating and sagacious Napoleon, by his coolness and intrepidity on several occasions of great difficulty and peril. The youth, in common with most of his compatriots, had regarded the emperor as the destined emancipator of his country from her long slumber of thralldom and abasement, but a clearer knowledge of the character and views of that ambitious and selfish commander had long taught him the fallacy of his hopes ; when the reverses consequent on the battle of Leipsic dissolved the proud but baseless fabric of despotism, and restored the young warrior to the arms of a fond and doting father. The admiration that greeted his return to Mantua was loud and deserved. Toil and travel had but perfected the graces of his noble form : the ever-changing life and duties of a soldier had contributed only to foster the enthusiasm of his soul, the ardent and generous impulses of his nature. He had trod the red fields of war with unsullied step, and for him its laurel had no poison.

First among those who welcomed his return to his native city were the long-attached friends of his father, the count and countess Gheranzi, whose only daughter, with somewhat of a prophetic spirit, had been playfully betrothed to him in their years of childhood. Vincentio had left Agatha a blooming girl, lively as a fawn, and not less gentle; he found her a lovely woman, whose beauty was her least perfection. Amazed, delighted, enamoured, with the natural ardour of his temperament he sought and won her affections; and by families long united in friendship, and rich in ancestry and wealth, what more could be desired than that cementing tie which the union of children, mutually loving and beloved, was about to produce! The count Gheranzi, it is true, was once heard to say, that, had not Agatha rejected the prince of Castel-Monti, his house might have looked down on that of Petroni; but a gentle remonstrance from the more generous countess silenced the latent discontent which this observation seemed to imply. On the other hand, the marquis Petroni, who lived but in his son, hastened the nuptial preparations with an anxiety which seemed to border on folly; but he was declining in years and health, and it could not reasonably therefore be matter of surprise that he should be desirous, by the marriage of that son, to secure him from further wanderings. Two days only were to elapse before the celebration of the holy rite, to which all Mantua looked forward with impatient joy, when the marquis was suddenly taken ill, and in a

few hours breathed his last in the arms of his distracted child. The violence of the seizure had deprived him almost instantly of the power of speech; and, as it seemed, at a time when some fatal secret was labouring in his breast. The expiring struggles of humanity are at all times awful; but when to the throes of nature are added the pangs of conscience, how dreadful are the last moments of man! In vain did Vincentio attempt to tranquillize his wretched parent; even as his eyes glazed in death his looks were of sorrow and despair.

The count Gheranzi assisted at the last obsequies of the marquis, with great apparent grief for his friend and sympathy in the feelings of his successor; and from his lips, after the mournful ceremonies were concluded, Vincentio received the only consolation which his heart could then admit—an assurance, that after such reasonable delay as reverence for the departed claimed from affection and duty, the nuptials should be solemnized.

“I tremble at delay!” said the mourner.

“You need not,” replied the count: “I swear to you, by the soul of your lamented sire, that Agatha shall be yours.”

A few days only had, however, elapsed when a marked change was seen in the deportment of the count, who now seemed to shun the young marquis as sedulously as he had before sought him. Dark whispers were abroad, that the late marquis, from extravagance and a propensity to gaming, indulged in secret at

Venice and other places, was a ruined man; and each succeeding day served but to strengthen affirmations which none ventured to deny. Vincentio, awaking from a dream of grief, found himself suddenly abandoned by those whom he had deemed his friends; while a host of creditors were loudly clamouring for the discharge of obligations, the existence of which he had believed impossible. Alas! the dying agonies of his father were now explained. He knew too well the ruinous consequences of his infatuated career not to reflect on the approaching misery of a beloved son with the bitterest remorse. He felt too late how fatal had been a rivalry, never acknowledged but always existing, between the houses of Petroni and Gheranzi; and how unavailing had been his endeavours to rear the tottering fabric of his fortunes by the desperate expedient of gaming, till, drawn into a vortex from which he vainly endeavoured to escape, he at last owed his ruin to the very means by which he had hoped to avert it. These unwelcome truths were but too soon revealed to the heart-stricken Vincentio. Far, however, from brooding over evils that were irremediable, he roused at once the latent energies of his nature to grapple with the calamity, and extract from the bitter draught presented to him a salutary balsam, if such might be, to aid and strengthen him in the hour of trial. The amount of claims he found would leave him in possession of a fortune too limited to uphold the dignity of his house, yet still sufficing in some

distant spot to yield all that love could desire. Would the count under such circumstances hold his promise sacred? Alas! his conduct seemed but too evident of his purpose. Would Agatha herself accept a portionless yet not degraded noble? The question almost unmanned him.—“To lose her!—but no, I cannot, will not resign her. From her own lips will I learn my fate—and if she reject me——” The thought was too painful. With a desperation of purpose, in which the impetuosity of his temperament was but too apparent, he sought the villa Gheranzi.

The sun was just setting as he entered by a private gate, that led to the gardens; and sunset in that delicious climate is a scene of splendid beauty. The richly-blending hues of leaf and flower were now bathed in a flood of light, as resplendent as fleeting. Tint after tint, gradually receding in brilliancy, yet not less beautiful in the softer glow reflected from that crimsoned west which the sun had now forsaken, faded into shadow, unbroken save by the vivid fire-fly, that seemed to triumph in the swift-falling gloom which veils the repose of nature: and oh, how lovely is that repose!—Agitated as was the soul of Vincentio, the voice of passion yielded insensibly to the silent yet not less powerful influence of that sweet hour of stillness and serenity.

“Alas!” he exclaimed, “what is the splendour of courts or palaces to the flowery enamelling of nature

—the blue o'er-arching canopy of heaven?—In a spot like this—” A light step interrupted his meditations;—it was Agatha herself.

“ Vincentio here?” she exclaimed.

“ Ay!” cried he, seizing her hand with a melancholy earnestness—“ I am Vincentio still—art thou still Agatha?”

“ I am,” replied the maiden firmly.

He sank on his knee, and pressed her hand to his lips. “ Forgive me, Agatha, if I doubted thee for a moment. I am a wretched, bewildered outcast! Alas! it may be that you are yet a stranger to my utter destitution and misery!”

The tears of Agatha fell fast on his burning cheek. “ That misery, Vincentio, could alone excuse this unmanly burst of passion. I know much—perhaps not all;—tell me the worst.”

“ I am ruined, Agatha! and by whom?—my fond, misguided father! I might indeed”—and his eyes flashed fire as he spoke—“ I might yet whistle off these grasping creditors, and laugh their claims to scorn: they cannot compel—Away, away, unworthy thought!—shall I outrage the memory of my departed sire, and, to uphold my own name, abandon his to scorn and contumely? No, Agatha! not even for thee, all angel as thou art, could I blast the honour of my dead father!”

“ Vincentio! my own, noble Vincentio! dearer to

me in this lone hour than in thy zenith of fame and fortune! whatever be thy fate, Agatha is still thine!—By yon blue heaven I swear never to wed another!”

“My angelic Agatha!”

“Nay, nay, my friend, I but renew a vow yielded under happier auspices. My faith was given to thee alone;—art thou not still Vincentio?—Let all things change but woman’s love!—be mine like yon glorious star, that shines more brightly as the light of day recedes!”

“Is this well done, young man?” said the count, breaking hastily on their conference; “is it well done to intrude on the privacy of my daughter?—have the doors of my house been closed against you, that you thus seek entrance by unaccustomed paths?”

“Your pardon, count!” replied Vincentio somewhat proudly; “if to avoid the casual encounter of menials, who might look with scorn on my altered fortunes, need grace or pardon. I knew not that I should be so blest as to meet my Agatha here.”

“Well, well!” cried the count abruptly, “be your motives as they might, it is now time we should understand each other.”

Vincentio shuddered, but spoke not.

The count continued, with some embarrassment:—
“You must be quite aware that our projected alliance is now at an end.”

“My father?” cried Agatha faintly.

“At an end?” repeated Vincentio.

“The count does but jest with you,” exclaimed the countess, coming forward.

“My lady countess, we looked not for your presence,” cried the count peevishly; “and for jesting, it were ill-timed on this occasion. I speak with strong regret, but from a sense of duty which must not be controlled. When I promised my daughter to you in marriage, marquis, I pledged her to one of nobility illustrious as my own, and of wealth equal, if not superior. Prove to me that you are still the same, and Agatha is yours.”

“This is but mockery,” cried Vincentio; “you know too well, count, the ruin that impends over the house of Petroni: yet promises, my lord, are, or should be, sacred.”

“The honour of our house demands it,” interrupted the countess.

“Peace, peace, my lady!” cried the count; “you are too hot. What promise have I broken?—all engagements of this nature are conditional; and on one condition I am yet willing to fulfil mine.”

“And what condition is there,” exclaimed Vincentio, “that count Gheranzi can ask and I deny?”

The count seemed confused, but the swift-spreading shadow aided him as he proceeded: “I am not to learn that there are claims on the Petroni property which would absorb perhaps the whole; nor am I to be informed that it is at your option to admit or reject them. Shake off these incumbrances.”

“And shall I do so, count?” exclaimed Vincentio, his eyes lightening with indignation and scorn; “and would you take to your arms a son who had renounced the duty, the reverence, the affection of a child; one whom the finger of scorn would pursue as a renegade from all that man holds sacred or woman glorious?—Would you give your daughter, and such a daughter, to one whose wealth was purchased by infamy, whom the never-dying voice of an outraged parent would haunt in his halls of pride, aye even in the arms of love?—Oh Agatha! why am I compelled to this?”

“It is enough,” said the count; “our contract is dissolved.”

“Dissolved?” repeated Vincentio, in a voice of thunder; “then is there no faith in man!”

“Remember!” exclaimed Agatha faintly.

“I do remember,” continued her lover, “that unhallowed night, when, over the grave of him whose memory is dishonoured even by this parley, you, count, swore to give me your daughter—Nay, nay, hear me out—I was then rich—it matters not for words—I was esteemed so—I was the honoured, the illustrious, the almost deified marquis Petroni. What am I now? a suppliant—an outcast!”

“You are too warm.”

“It may be so; yet have I not cause?—What reservation was there?—none—by yon bright heaven I swear it!—To me, rich or poor, was Agatha affianced, and at your hands, in the face of heaven, I now claim her.”

A dead pause succeeded, which the countess was the first to break.

“Is this true, Gheranzi?”

“I have been absolved from my oath,” the count slowly murmured; “the holy father——”

“Name it not!” cried the countess passionately: “there is no power, save His in whose presence we now stand, that could absolve a free-will vow: and, oh Gheranzi!” continued his noble partner, more calmly, but with not less fervour, “can you desire it? If calamity hath overwhelmed the fortunes of Petroni, Petroni himself is still unsullied, and the house of Gheranzi, by adopting him as its own, will gain a treasure far greater than he has lost:—our wealth is ample.”

“And shall I bestow it on a beggar?”

“Oh shame, shame!” exclaimed the countess: “hear not, Vincentio, our degradation; hear not the wretched man, who for the vile dross of earth would barter even heaven.—Agatha, listen to a mother——”

“Say rather to a father,” interrupted the count, “since a mother so far forgets her duty.—Agatha, my curse, a father’s deadly curse, be on you—no knees to me——”

“Forbear, Gheranzi!” cried the countess wildly, “for the love of Heaven, forbear! Behold me, thy wife, the daughter of a princely house; behold thy weeping child, and him whom thy unhallowed words have stricken to the soul; behold us at thy feet, and breathe thy horrid imprecations if thou canst!”

“ If I can ?” cried the infuriated count. “ May, then the curse of Heaven——”

“ No, no, Gheranzi ! it will but recoil on your own head.—Oh, for the sake of her whom thy passion will destroy”—for Agatha now lay fainting at his feet—“ for his sake whose noble forbearance in this hour of trial might shame thy unholy wrath—how ? speak you not ?—are all my adjurations vain ?—Nay, go not, Gheranzi !—if we part thus, we part for ever.”

“ Then be it so !” exclaimed the count.

The countess looked wildly at him for a moment, pressed her hands on her forehead, and fell to the earth insensible. They hastened to raise her—alas ! in vain. In the violence of her emotion, the very strings of life had loosened ; a vessel had burst on the brain, and the noble, the generous countess was a corpse.

The events of some succeeding weeks must be passed lightly over. The count was for a time inconsolable, and the emotions of Agatha were such as to endanger her life ; during this period the agony of Vincentio was almost beyond endurance. The remains of the countess were borne to the family tomb with princely pomp and magnificence, which seemed intended as a feeble atonement to the dead for injustice to the living. Vain as is that last subterfuge of intruding conscience, it contributed to lull the remorse of the count, whose ruling avarice once more arose, as the better feelings of his nature grew less vivid, and rendered him as averse as before from the fulfilment of his engagements. The fading

cheek, the dim eye, and the pleading looks of Agatha had less power over his will than the reviving desire of an alliance with the prince of Castel-Monti, whom the knowledge of the altered fortunes of Petroni had emboldened to renew his pretensions. Vincentio, on the recovery of his mistress, had suddenly quitted Mantua, and was not yet returned. The count, reassured by his absence, had urged the addresses of Castel-Monti on Agatha with an earnestness which, in her enfeebled state of mind and body, the memory of her oath could alone have enabled her to resist.

"These continued refusals," said he, one day, when the prince, again repulsed, had left the palace with some indications of resentment; "these repeated refusals, my child, are unkind and undutiful. Petroni, it is clear, has wisely and justly abandoned his pretensions, and you are now therefore free." A faint shriek from Agatha interrupted his counsels—Vincentio stood before them.

For some time no one found utterance for feelings which were bitter enough in all.

"I stand before you, count," at length Vincentio said, "poor, but stainless. I durst not risk temptation, even for Agatha. My father's manes are appeased—his debts are no more!"

"And the wealth of Petroni is also no more?"

"It is nearly so, count."

"You know my determination—ask me not to repeat it."

“ Will nothing then change it? has the past spoken in vain?”

“ We thought you had relinquished this fruitless passion,” cried the count, evading the question; “ and the prince of Castel-Monti—”

“ How, Agatha! have you too forgotten your vow?”

“ A vow, Agatha!—what folly is this?” exclaimed the count.

“ Vincentio!” cried the maiden, “ I have sworn to you—I swear to you again, in the presence of my only parent, never to wed another. Oh, my father! you must, you will, forgive your poor Agatha, for her sake who is now no more, and in whose blessed name I also vow never to wed even my own, my best-beloved Vincentio, till your consent shall hallow our union!”

“ You have been unwise in this,” cried the count.

“ Agatha!” exclaimed Vincentio, “ though by this vow you have perhaps blighted my hopes for ever, I honour, I revere, the feeling from which it springs; and oh, if it be possible, I love thee more dearly than ever! Say not, count, that we must part. Can I, ought I, to relinquish that hope which, come weal or woe, shall shine my beacon, my guiding-star, through all!”

“ I will not be urged,” replied the count, in great embarrassment; “ let me know the present state of your fortunes: if there be any chance of a retrieval, I may yet be prevailed on to comply; but the honour of my house forbids me to bestow my child on one whose title

is his only possession. In a week we will talk of this again."

At the expiration of a week Vincentio again appeared, but with a gloomy earnestness in his manner, wholly different from his usual frank and unreserved deportment.

"I find," said he, speaking with great agitation, "that there are certain sums owing to my late father which time and perseverance may yet recover."

"It is well," said the count; "you talk now like a just and honourable man."—Vincentio started.—"I will not deal harshly with you," continued the count: "you are both young; much is due to the memory of our late regretted countess; and a year's delay will not be too much. If, therefore, on the festival of St. Michael in the ensuing year you prove to me that you are in possession of funds sufficient to uphold your dignity, Agatha shall be yours. If, on the contrary, your efforts are unsuccessful, you shall on that day renounce your pretensions, and, mark me! release her from the further observance of her rash and foolish vow."

"Your conditions are hard, I had almost said unjust," exclaimed Vincentio.

"They are at least unchangeable," replied the count drily: "you know the oath that Agatha has sworn to me, and you know also the only terms on which my consent shall ever be yielded to your union."

"You leave me, then, no choice," cried Vincentio mournfully: "but may I not see Agatha ere I depart?"

"For what purpose?"

"Alas, I know not!—Oh, count, you little know what you have this day counselled—Heaven grant that the issue may never recoil upon you."

He sighed and departed.

Agatha, informed by her father of the result of their conference, grew more composed, and by degrees regained much of that elasticity of mind which had shed its fairy beams over her earlier years. Naturally sanguine, and unversed in worldly affairs, she looked forward with hope, almost with confidence, to the result of those efforts which she understood from time to time employed the unceasing attention of Vincentio. Of the nature of those efforts little was known. His absences from Mantua were frequent, and often protracted; but the few domestics whom he yet retained, and who were ancient servants of the family, preserved a religious silence on all that respected their master: yet there were those who pretended to read in their dejected looks and faltering speech a tale of disaster and disappointment. The count himself observed that there was much mystery about the actions of Petroni, and even hinted his apprehensions that the hopes of Vincentio pointed to the same fatal source in which the ruin of his father had originated. After the lapse of a few months, however, brighter prospects seemed to open. It was ascertained that Vincentio had re-

mitted considerable sums to his steward, and had even directed certain repairs to be commenced in his palace, which seemed to indicate an intention of restoring it to its former grandeur. Thus time rolled on till one month only of the stipulated period remained to be accomplished, when Petroni suddenly presented himself at the villa Gheranzi. His pursuits, whatever they had been, had much changed him. His looks were wild, his features haggard—and there was a degree of ferocity in his manner utterly foreign to the mild and urbane dignity of his former character.

“I come, count, a suppliant, but to your justice rather than to your mercy. The task you have imposed on me is impracticable: either extend the time or reduce the demand. I have toiled when even the herdsman slept; I have dared that, which but for Agatha—” and he struck his forehead with his clenched hand as he spoke—“I had trembled even to look upon. —Nay, hear me out:—I have amassed a treasure which ought, which must be accepted as a release from further toil.”

“Name it,” replied the count.—“It is a good earnest,” continued he, returning the papers to Vincentio, “and requires but a little more exertion to secure the object of your desires. Nay, nay, no entreaties; I am firm, Petroni.”

“Say rather hardened,” exclaimed Vincentio, with bitterness; “but I have done: I bow to no man. On your head be the consequences of this fatal hour!”

Infuriated by conflicting passions, he rushed into the garden, where, at the foot of a temple which had been erected to the memory of the late countess, he beheld Agatha, seated and looking on the declining sun with a countenance in which peace, innocence, love, were sweetly depicted. He paused—he trembled; the big drops of emotion chased each other across his pale forehead, as he gazed on her who, still unconscious of his presence, seemed lost in happy musing.

“With thee—with thee, Vincentio—” she slowly murmured. He was at her feet.

“If you love me, Agatha—”

“Vincentio, what means this?” exclaimed the af-frighted maid.

“It means,” said he wildly, “that I am again re-jected, spurned, despised, by your relentless father; that, to gratify his ambition, his avarice, he would force me on courses which my soul abhors. Oh save me, save me, Agatha!” he cried, his tears bursting forth in an unrestrained flood: “I am lost—dishonoured—wretched here and hereafter, but for thee! Thy gentle hand can alone lead me back from paths which but for thee I had never trod!”

“Vincentio, what mean you?”

“That to win you from your father I must peril life, honour, my immortal soul!”

“Oh frightful! frightful! speak not thus! By what means can I—”

“Fly with me! this instant fly! and I am secure

and happy!—Happy! oh what a word to express the bliss, the rapture, of possessing thee!”

“ Vincentio, it must not be!” exclaimed the maiden firmly; “ rather let us at this moment bid each other an eternal farewell than violate an oath sacred in the sight of man and of Heaven. Nay, nay, look not thus upon me; fortune may smile on us yet.”

“ I cannot lose you!” cried he wildly: “ whatever be the issue, I must peril all.”

“ Oh Vincentio, what mean you?”

“ Ask not! know not!” he exclaimed; “ Fate thrusts me onward—whither I dare not look—You are the prize, Agatha, to gain whom nor earth nor heaven shall bar me.”

“ Oh hold, Vincentio!”

“ It is too late,” he cried, as he imprinted a burning kiss on her lips; “ even this may be the last!”

He looked on her with a countenance in which love and despair were strangely mingled, waved his hand, and was out of sight in an instant.

The agitation of Agatha remained long after the immediate effects of this last mysterious interview with her lover had passed away. Alas! the more she reflected on his dark insinuations the greater was her terror at their impending issue; yet, unable to comprehend or even to guess at the nature of his forebodings, she could but weep and wonder, and seek in the past noble career of Vincentio a trembling hope and assurance of the future. That he had left Mantua immediately on

quitting her she soon learned. She could not, therefore, if she would, have sought him; nor had she even the means of addressing a letter to him, as his old steward had owned to her, on inquiry, that he was wholly ignorant of the place of his retreat.

Time, which pursues its undeviating course through good and ill, passed on; and a few days now only remained before the expiration of that period on which the fate of Agatha depended. Nothing, however, had yet been heard of Vincentio, and her fears augmented almost to distraction as hour after hour stole insensibly away. At this momentous crisis the count received intelligence of the death of a relative near Naples, with the important addition of a large property having devolved on him. With the ardour of one whose whole soul was concentrated in the acquisition of wealth, he gave orders for their immediate departure to take possession of his newly-gained riches. In vain did Agatha urge the nearness of that hour on which her destiny seemed to rest. The count would hear of no opposition.

“Respect for the dead, Agatha,” said he, “would at all events oblige us to postpone the nuptials. Indeed, we stand altogether in an altered situation: if there was disparity of fortune before, how much greater is it now?”

“You would not break faith with Vincentio, my father?” exclaimed Agatha faintly.

“I am not yet called upon to keep it,” cried the

count pettishly; "when Vincentio claims the performance of my promise, I shall know how to answer him."

Agatha shuddered; she read in her father's eye the wavering of his heart. Alas! should Vincentio claim her hand at the appointed day, would her father fulfil his engagement? and should he fail, what must be then her part?—"To keep my oath!" she mentally exclaimed; "have I not sworn?"

They arrived at Rome in perfect safety; the count elated with his good fortune, and Agatha proportionately depressed at the probable consequences of this seemingly auspicious event. There they were advised to take an armed escort to protect them from the brigands who were reported to infest some parts of the road to Naples, and whose depredations of late had assumed a more daring and atrocious character. The count, however, loved money too well to part with it, unless in a case of absolute necessity.

"I have just learned, Agatha," said he to his daughter, the morning after their arrival, "that the prince of Casti will leave Rome to-morrow; and as he is said to have considerable treasure with him, he will, of course, take a proportionate escort: in his company, therefore, we may travel securely.—Why, girl, what are you thinking of?"

"Of the festival of St. Michael," replied Agatha reproachfully.

"True, true; the time draws near—two days only, I believe: the greater need, therefore, for haste, that

we may reach home in time for Petroni, who will certainly not grudge to tarry for us a short time; to-morrow, therefore, we start for Naples."

They quitted Rome at sunrise, to be in advance of the prince of Casti, who, the count feared, would travel with greater expedition than they could command. On reaching the house in the Pontine Marshes where they were to dine, nothing, however, appeared of the prince or his suite; and after having waited some hours for his arrival, the count had the mortification to learn from a courier who then passed, that his highness, from some unexplained cause, had deferred his journey till the following day. They had no choice, therefore, but to remain at a wretched inn of very questionable safety, or pursue their route to Terracina. In this exigency, the count, whose chief fears were for his wealth, of which he carried as little as possible, decided on the latter course; and speed was too consonant to the feelings of Agatha to meet with opposition from her, even had her apprehensions been greater than they were. As nightfall approached, however, the timidity of the count increased.

"We shall be late in Terracina, Agatha; and, to say truth, I like not this mountainous pass: it savours of danger.—Nay, nay, don't be alarmed:—look, girl, to the end of the vista, and see how gloriously the sun is setting—on Terracina, as I live, and the sparkling sea behind it!"

It was indeed a scene of brilliant beauty, suggesting

only ideas of peace and innocence. Alas! that the loveliest haunts of nature should be profaned by the lawless rapacity of man! They were already emerging from the pass, calmed and reassured, when a band of brigands, fully armed and masked, rushed from a cavern in the rock and demanded booty. The count, in tottering haste, yet not without an inward struggle, handed the contents of his purse, which, to his astonishment, was furiously repulsed by the robber, while Agatha, terrified and trembling at his violence, sunk half-fainting to the back of the carriage.

"This is but mockery," cried one of the party, in a dissonant voice: "we know you for the prince of Casti;—your treasure, or you die!"

"No! on my life! on my soul!"

"Perjure not yourself, old man; it will not save you here, and may damn you hereafter, if priests speak truth."

"No impiety," cried a hollow voice behind.

"You are deceived, on my soul!" exclaimed the count, in great trepidation: "I am no prince; I am a poor traveller, whom you but vainly impede.—Drive on, postillions!"

"At your peril!" cried the brigand who had last spoken, and who seemed the leader of the band, approaching the carriage window:—"we are not deceived, sir prince, and you escape us not. Your treasure, or you die!"

"Do I dream?" said the count—"that voice—"

"Delay is death!" exclaimed the brigand, in a voice of thunder: "will you yield?"

The count, seemingly paralyzed by some inward emotion, answered not.

"Heaven forgive me, then!" cried the brigand, as he levelled his carbine: "it is my last stake!"

"Hold! hold!" exclaimed the count, as the ball entered his heart.

Agatha, reviving from her trance, looked up, as the body of her dead father sunk on her knees; and at that moment the mask fell from the face of his murderer. It was Vincentio!—Astonishment, horror, and despair were depicted on his countenance. She sunk insensible at his feet.

On recovering her senses, she found herself in bed, with her only female attendant weeping at her side. "It was then but a dream!" she exclaimed; "yet thy tears, Marina, and, oh! that murdered form!" fixing her gaze on the dead body of her father, which, from want of room, had been deposited in the same apartment.—"Nay, hinder me not!" she cried, as she sunk back exhausted on the bed: "I must go to him—he is my only parent!—Alas! have I a parent?" The sense of her bereavement was too horrible for endurance. Convulsions succeeded each other with frightful rapidity; and in a few hours she was reduced to the brink of the grave.

Long did she remain in this wretched abode, hovering between life and death; and indebted, under Heaven,

for her recovery to the unremitting care of the gentle and affectionate Marina. Of the past she seemed for a time to have but a feeble and confused recollection. The sudden alarm, the fatal catastrophe, passed at intervals over her memory like an imperfect image, pale and indistinct; and once she saw, or dreamed she saw, the figure of the murderer, through the scanty curtains of her bed. It was no dream: the shade of her former lover—alas! he was now only a shade—hovered round her, unseen by her domestics, and ministered to her safety: he was, in fact, uncontrolled lord of the district, and his fiat was fate. Horror-struck at his crime, he had instantly fled the spot, leaving even Agatha, whose glance he dared not again meet, to the care of her attendants: but lost as she was to him now and for ever, her fate was still his; and his first after-course was to track her steps to the inn whither they had conveyed her, and the occupants of which were the mere creatures of his will. Strange that the crime by which he had hoped to secure the possession of her should have been the means of wresting her from his arms! Retributive justice, though often slow, is not the less sure. Once, indeed, a demoniac impulse, which her utter helplessness alone could have suggested, flashed across his excited imagination; yet, fallen as he now was, his better feelings recoiled with horror even from the thought of injuring such angelic purity. He but lingered round the spot, like an unearthly being over the grave of his hopes, till the reviving senses of Agatha warned him

to be gone ; when he departed, thanks to the inefficiency or weakness of the Roman government, none knew or inquired whither.

Youth and an excellent constitution at length prevailed ; and Agatha, now countess Gheranzi, revived to the misery and desolation that awaited her. With a celerity, which seemed to spring from a dread of encountering the cause of that misery, she fled the scene of her deprivation, and sought that lonely home from which happiness was for ever banished. Here a fixed but serene melancholy succeeded to those paroxysms of grief which had shaken her frame almost to dissolution. Yet, severe as was the task of again mingling with the world, she declined not such consolation as friendship might yield ; wholly disregarding, however, on the one hand, the splendid alliances which were urged on her acceptance, and, on the other, the counsels of those who would have persuaded her to retire to a convent, and dedicate her vast fortune to religious uses. Her sorrow was not of an ascetic character : to console the aged and miserable, to heal the wounds of sickness or misfortune, to feed the hungry, and to clothe the naked—these were the only alleviations to a grief which grew more calm, but not less intense, as the strong lights of her sufferings yielded to the soft shading of time. The perseverance of the prince of Castel-Monti, who only of her suitors continued to persecute her with unavailing addresses, disturbed for a space that serenity of woe which the virtuous alone can feel. Even he,

however, wearied and somewhat incensed at the firmness of her rejection, seemed at last also to have abandoned a fruitless pursuit.

To the catastrophe of that fatal evening she had never adverted ; nor did the public voice reproach her with a supineness, which was variously attributed to timidity or hopelessness of discovering the perpetrators of the deed. The crime was too frequent, and the atonement too uncertain, to excite more than a temporary interest. Vincentio, ever in her thoughts, but never named by her, where was he?—Did he still live?—Could he yet pursue that guilty course which had led him to the commission of a crime, involuntarily, indeed, as to the person, but not the less to be abhorred? Alas ! had he but made his peace with offended Heaven, his death were now the most welcome tidings that could have reached her ; but his fate was wholly unknown : he had never returned to Mantua, and his faithful steward, heart-broken at his absence, had sought from the countess intelligence which, he believed, she only could give. It was a heart-rending scene : the tears of the old man fell fast and unrestrained, while Agatha, torn by the conflict of warring passions, with difficulty struggled through an interview which recalled the past in all its vivid horrors.

The prince of Castel-Monti, though seemingly acquiescent in the rejection of Agatha, had kept a strict but unobserved watch on her actions. He had marked with surprise the long estrangement of Vincentio, who,

it was generally expected, would have appeared to claim the hand of the countess, now that every obstacle to their union was apparently removed. Long pondering on the strangeness of his continued absence, he had been led to suspect that it was in some shape connected with the death of the count ; and the shrinking, the alarm, of Agatha, at some slight insinuations which he had purposely dropped, had tended to strengthen his suspicions. If he loved her less than when he had first addressed her, he was not the less desirous of possessing her. His avarice was excited by her great accession of wealth, and his pride, which had been deeply wounded by her disdain of his suit, could only now be appeased by his final triumph. Could he but penetrate that secret, of the existence of which he was every day more firmly convinced, success was certain : once master of that, the rest followed of course. In this mood he had watched the departure of Vincentio's steward from the villa Gheranzi ; and determined, at all hazards, to profit by the occasion, he had, by the connivance of her major-domo, abruptly entered the presence of Agatha, while her cheeks were yet wet with the emotions of that fearful interview. Incensed at his intrusion, she replied to his artful questions as to the cause of her disorder with a spirit and self-possession which, though they baffled, did not the less irritate him. Finding, however, that he was but injuring the cause he had hoped to promote, he at length withdrew,

breathing secret denunciations of vengeance against the unfortunate countess.

The spirit that had borne her through this cruel attack faded with the disappearance of Castel-Monti, and a vague dread of impending evil, not the less painful because it was dark and undefined, took possession of her imagination. In that utter despondency of soul which so often follows strong excitement, she wandered into the garden; but the balmy gale of evening passed vainly over her fevered brow; and, abandoning herself to the indulgence of feelings which could not be repressed, she sunk down on the steps of that temple which had once before seemed ominous of ill, and wept without restraint. Did then the suspicions of the prince point at the real murderer of her father, and had his features been marked by her attendants? True, as Petroni, he was unknown to all except Marina, on whose fidelity she could at all hazards rely. But should he reappear in Mantua, might not the brigand be recognized in the marquis Petroni?—Might not she at last be compelled to stand forward as the public accuser of one to whom her heart still involuntarily cleaved—ay, even to pursue him to the death? A deep sigh disturbed her meditations: she looked up—Vincentio stood before her! That eye, that gaze, riveted on her countenance in sorrow, in love, in passionate adoration, could be only his; but the haggard face, the matted locks, the spare attenuated form, that seemed to indicate the last

stage of suffering nature, bore no trace of his former self. She hid her face in agony.

“Leave me!—fly, for the love of Heaven!—This fatal spot will be your death.”

“Oh might I but die thus,” he exclaimed, gazing wildly on her, “I were blest indeed!—But it must not be! I came but to look on you once more ere I yielded up this miserable being:—your pardon I dare not ask.”

“Oh yes! yes!—I do forgive you freely, and from my soul: yet oh! if you would not see me expire at your feet, begone!—already, perhaps, your steps are tracked.—Ha! a noise!—Be speedy—for your life——”

He heard it not, or if he heard, disregarded it; his soul seemed to have drunk in that sweet forgiveness, and to be venting its transports in humble praise and gratitude to Heaven. At this moment, the prince of Castel-Monti, at the head of her servants, rushed into the temple.—“It is he!” they all exclaimed, as they rushed forward to seize him; but Agatha, by a sudden impulse, which the intense love of woman could alone have inspired, threw herself before him, and, by gestures more impassioned than the words which died on her lips, commanded them to desist.

“You know not what you do, lady!” exclaimed the prince: “it is the assassin of your father!”

“I will avouch him to be the murderer of my master!” cried one of the servants, coming forward.

“And if my eyes deceive me not,” said Castel-Monti, with a sneer of exulting malice, which he could not

repress, "in that murderer I behold the marquis Petroni, the betrothed of his daughter."

Agatha, pale, cold as marble, bowed her head, but stirred not.

"Lady, his touch is contamination," continued the prince: "leave us to deal with him as he merits. The murder of thy father can only be expiated by the blood of his assassin."

"Oh fatal haste!" slowly murmured Agatha, disregarding the serpent-glance of the prince and the astonished looks of her own domestics.—"Cruel Vincentio! why fled you not?"

"I came but to die, Agatha; and thy forgiveness has severed the last link that bound me to life: yet Petroni must not die a felon's death. Pardon! sweet excellence!" he continued, drawing a stiletto from his belt.

"No, no!" she exclaimed, too well interpreting his fatal purpose, yet powerless to prevent it; "not so, Vincentio!—My life!—my fortune!—I will save you yet!"

He looked on her with eyes that beamed love, gratitude, almost exultation, as he buried the fatal weapon in his heart. Even as he fell dead at her feet, he caught at her upraised hand, and attempted to press it to his lips. Enraged at the sight, the prince snatched it from his grasp:—alas! it fell powerless from his own!—Agatha Gheranzi had ceased to live!



T. Uwins del.

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E. Pindar sculp.

THE HOP GIRL.

THE HOP GIRL.

BY MISS EMMA ROBERTS.

BLITHE March, with thee the infant Spring
Dares to spread her rainbow wing,
Flinging her softest shower of green,
Then first upon the hawthorn seen.
False March! beneath thy changeful hour
Droops the pallid primrose flower:
Like those fond hopes, too soon repress,
Dying within the youthful breast,
Thou'rt gone! And fled is April, too,
With her fair eyes of tearful blue;
And her rich violets, whose birth,
The earliest treasures of the earth,
Are like young love—too soon they lose
The purple light of their first hues.
And gentle May, thou too art past—
Spring's fairest daughter, and her last.
Gone is thy bright laburnum shower,
Flinging its gold o'er maiden's bower;
Faded thy snowy guelder rose,
And thy rich lilac wreath, that glows
Like amethysts, which proudly deck
Some high-born beauty's regal neck.
And June, fair June, has fled—in vain
The Zephyrs wooed her to remain,
With her young roses, bursting forth
Like meteors of the starry North,

Her flush of warm and crimson light,
Her days so long, and, oh, so bright !
Her meads, where incense-breathing hay
Seems as if there Arabia lay.
Sweet child of Summer, lovely June,
Why hast thou flown, and flown so soon,
Leaving us to the swart July,
To Afric's sun and Afric's sky,
And dark and threatening thunder-cloud,
With its stern music deep and loud ?—
Yet, rich in Summer's wealth, thy days
With all their fierce and fervid rays
Are welcome ! welcome, too, the flowers,
The fruits which thy warm sultry hours
Have nurtured, and which August brings
Upon her fast approaching wings.

The morning sun is now on high,
And beautiful the scenes that lie
Around yon hill, like the green vines
Which fair Italia intertwines,
The harvest of her glowing skies—
So our fair English vineyards rise :
And the rich clust'ring hop droops down,
Like carved and sculptured leaves, which crown
The vase where flows the Grecian wine,
And art's bright works are half divine.
Never did Grecian wreath appear
More graceful than these hop-leaves here.

And oh! that glad and sportive child,
Who, like a bird, as free and wild,
Nestles beneath the sylvan shades,
The living woof of these arcades!
Though lovely all around may be,
The eye delighted rests on thee,
With thy sweet laughing rose-bud face—
Hope hath such blissful dwelling-place!
Yet no!—hope is not pictured there,
For hope is somewhat touch'd by care;
And what does that fair face express,
But full and present happiness?
Never did queen bind diadem,
Or braid of pearl, or starry gem,
With so much glee upon her brow,
As those light leaves are braided now.
The imp is nearly lost among
The heap'd-up wealth around her flung,
Or twin'd in coronals, to wear
Upon her crisp and sunny hair.
Oh, it is something to have seen
The vision this fair child has been!
To feel that in a world like this
There can be smiles of perfect bliss!
I gaze upon thee, and my heart
Grows soften'd, thinking what thou art;
And half life's griefs come reconciled:—
Then bless thee! oh! thou lovely child!

LOVE.

BY MRS. HARRIET DOWNING.

LOVE cannot bear rude passion's blast ;
Neglect pales all its fires.
When once its brilliancy is past,
It struggles, but it cannot last ;
It flickers and expires.

And who that radiant light can blame,
If quickly it depart ?
So delicate, so pure a flame,
Which from ethereal regions came,
Must live in kindred heart.

Is it a crime in yon sweet flower,
The child of lovelier skies,
Because, exposed in killing hour
To blighting winds, to tempests' power,
It sickens, fades, and dies ?

Ah ! had it grown beneath the ray
Of genial, native sun,
Whose beams had cherish'd it by day,
And zephyrs fann'd it as they play,
Its life had not been done.

Then ye selected, sacred few,
Whose bosoms are Love's shrine !
Preserve a flame so bright, so true,
Glowing with each celestial hue,
And fed from source divine.

THE HOUSE OF CASTELLI.

BY THOMAS HARRAL, ESQ.

A BRIGHTER day never blessed the fertile plains of Italy—a softer, lovelier evening never smiled upon the bower of our first parents—a night of deeper glory was never pictured to the rich and fervid imagination of Hafiz, the bard of Eastern song, than that which preceded the natal morn of Castelli's heir. Every zephyr was balm, was perfume. Who that has once witnessed the dark splendour of an Italian sky, when the early morn has disappeared, can forget its awful grandeur—every radiant orb, perchance the abode of happier spirits, performing its destined evolution in the solemnity of silence !

It was in such an evening—such a night—that I beheld the marble ruins, magnificent even in their mouldering decay, of the Palazzo di Castelli. Yes, the noble structure was then in ruins ; but, in the thirteenth century, the period to which this little sketch refers, it was seen towering in all its beauty, its greatness, and its glory. It was then the hereditary demesne of the ancient family of Castelli.

The hour of midnight was rapidly approaching, when its venerable possessor, the representative of a long race of heroic ancestors, walked forth into the gardens of his palace to enjoy the cooling breeze of night. Those gardens, had they been seen by the impostor Mohammed, or by the deluded votaries of the veiled

prophet of Khorassan, might have been sighed for as the promised paradise. And what was the fabled beauty of the houris, compared with that of the one lovely being, whose sylph-like form, seen dimly through the shades of night, was raised with mingled feelings of delight, and rapture, and adoration, towards the brighter world above?

Il principe di Castelli had been fatigued in planning and superintending the preparations for the approaching day, in honour of the birth—the anniversary of the birth—of his son. The air was redolent with sweets—the breeze played refreshingly amongst the old man's time-thinned silvery locks. All around was bright, was beautiful; never had he seen the stars performing their courses more gloriously in the heavens. He was happy; yet—and he knew not why—a shade of troubled feeling came across his mind. Again his eyes were raised: he beheld, or fancied that he beheld, over the great western turret of the palace, a particular planet, whose blood-red orb seemed to dart rays of lurid light upon the chamber of his son. What might the omen portend? The prince had, in his early youth, been addicted to the study of the occult science; and, although he had since neglected the pursuit, he had never ceased to entertain a firm belief in the truth of its indications. Fear came over him as though he had been a child; for his son, the last surviving hope of his house, was far distant, fighting under the sacred banner of the cross in the Holy Land. It was during the time of the fifth

crusade, under Louis the Ninth, of France; and Giulio di Castelli, with a chosen band of knights and their retainers, had joined the army of that sovereign, in the pious hope of expelling the Saracens from Palestine—of again forcing the crescent to succumb to the cross.

The prince di Castelli, it has been said, had never withdrawn his faith from the science of the stars. It is not, therefore, to be wondered at, that, amongst the chief persons of his palace—one to whom he had for years assigned a handsome suite of apartments—was a celebrated astrologer, named Felice Il Dotto. To this sage, late as was the hour, the prince immediately determined to repair. He found him in his observatory, at the top of a lofty tower, which had been erected for the express purpose of enabling him more advantageously to prosecute his learned and mysterious art. Il Dotto was no tyro in astrological lore: he was deeply read in the works of Albumazar, the orientalist—he had studied under the far-famed Michael Scott—he was possessed of astronomical and magical talismans from Babylon—he had sympathetic stones, engraven with the heavenly signs, which were thought to have power over the spirits of the three regions—he could divine by the rods, by the crystal, and by the antimonial cup—he was profoundly skilled in the black and in the white magic, though he practised only the latter—and he had the angels Raphael, and Gabriel, and Uriel, and Zequiël, under his command.

“ Il Dotto !” said the prince di Castelli, as he entered

the observatory:—"Il Dotto!" he repeated; but the mystical adept, absorbed in meditation over an astrological figure of the heavens that lay before him, heard him or heeded him not. "Il Dotto!" exclaimed the prince, in a louder and somewhat impatient tone; when at length the sage looked up, and the prince continued: "Seest thou yon baleful planet streaming its red and fiery glare over the western turret? Doth it bode evil to the house of Castelli? Speaks it of death? Tell me, what of my son?"

"Await the arrival of another day," answered Il Dotto: "twice to-night have I drawn his horoscope—twice have my calculations been broken; some sinister influence prevails—let us wait another day."

"Nay, but the morrow is the birth-day of my son: give me the response of the stars to-night, or I shall not sleep—I shall not be myself to-morrow."

Again Il Dotto cast a figure; but again he was unsuccessful. "It avails not," said he; "the stars will not be compelled; the time is not auspicious—I can tell thee nothing till to-morrow."

"But thou hast other arts," replied the prince: "exert thy deepest skill. Fear not my courage; I can face spirits of the upper, of the middle, of the lower sphere: command them, therefore, into my presence, and let them tell me of my son."

Il Dotto would willingly have refrained from the attempt; but the suit of his noble patron was urgent, was peremptory. On the central portion of the floor he

spread a rich, but much worn, ancient carpet, wrought in India by the sacred hands of a Brahmin in honour of the druids of the White Island, from whom the priests of Brahma are by some thought to have descended. It was embroidered with the signs of the zodiac, according to the astronomical system of the Egyptians. In the first of the four corners appeared the figure of a fierce warrior gloriously crowned, and riding upon a crocodile; in the second, mounted on a pale horse, a demoniacal king, with a leopard's face and griffin's wings; in the third, an archer, with a serpent's tail, a hawk perched on his right shoulder, and bestriding a dromedary; in the fourth, an armed chief, with the face of a lion, bearing a lance and a flag, and spurring forward a huge dragon breathing smoke and flame.—Il Dotto then cast the slippers from his feet, replaced them with a pair of perfumed sandals, arrayed himself in a costly linen robe, once the property of a famous Eastern magician, and covered his head with a coif of green and crimson velvet, from which depended three triangular lappets, terminated by tassels of pure gold. With his wand of ebony he drew a large circle on the eastern wall of his chamber. Within the circle he inscribed certain cabalistic characters of mysterious import. On a marble slab which stood near him he prepared to kindle a fire of aromatic herbs, odoriferous woods, gums, and spices. The fire was lighted, the sage's lamp was extinguished, the invocations were pronounced, and the fragrant suffumigation of the most potent spirits of the

earth—Zeminar, the monarch of the north; Gorson, the king of the south; Amaymon, the king of the east; and Goap, the prince of the west—proceeded.

The prince di Castelli sat in breathless expectation on the opposite side of the chamber. Ere the charmed fire had sent up its last, faint, quivering, blue flame, Il Dotto thrice again passed his ebon wand around the circle. At his request, the prince approached, and placed himself on a tripod in the centre of the embroidered carpet. The flame expired—the chamber was in utter darkness—a silence that might almost be felt prevailed. Faintly and slowly, a low, distant, rumbling sound was heard: a feeble, misty light, as of the earliest dawn, occupied the circle to its fullest extent. As the light gradually increased, remote strains of military music broke fitfully upon the ear. The sounds approached—the light increased—the sun arose, flashing a blaze of heat and splendour over a champaign country. White tents were seen in the distance—the din of arms came on—the battle-charge was heard—two hostile armies met in furious conflict. The shouts of Christians, the yells of infidels, arose to heaven. All was wild confusion. The clash of weapons, the cries of the wounded, pierced the ear. Suddenly the field was cleared. Then again the galloping of horse was heard—a countless host of Saracens fled across the fatal plain—the banners of the cross, with the brave cavaliero di Castelli at their head, were seen in quick and fierce pursuit—the trumpet-

sound of victory filled the welkin with its roar! Instantaneously a mighty crash was heard—and Castelli and Il Dotto were left in the solemn darkness of night.

* * * * *

Visions of glory hovered around the pillow of Castelli's lord. Yet were not the slumbers of the aged prince unbroken: they were feverish and disturbed; and ever and anon the waking consciousness of impending evil darted across his brain. The morning arose, fresh, brilliant, and beautiful. It was the happy morn of Giulio di Castelli's birth. Gay flags, the proudly triumphant colours of the house of Castelli, were streaming and undulating with graceful splendour from every turret, and spire, and pinnacle, of the palace. The columns, the statues, the arches, the fountains, with which the wine-clustered plantations were profusely enriched, were garlanded with flowers of every hue—full strains of music, and the peasants' song of joy, arose upon the gale—and in every quarter, near and remote, the heart's revelry abounded.

The first repast was over, and the prince di Castelli was preparing to meet troops of assembled guests in the grand saloon of the palace. Whence was that bugle sound? and whence that messenger covered with dust, and his foaming steed bearing him down the old avenue of limes? It was a courier with dispatches from the Holy Land; and his tidings were happy ones, for they announced a great and glorious victory achieved by the prowess of the young lord of Castelli over the hosts of

the infidel. Joy! joy to the old man his father! And he was joyful—and he blessed the stars of heaven in their beauty—and his soul was raised in grateful thanksgiving to the Supreme Lord!

There was high feasting that day within the walls of Castelli's palace; and the song and the dance prevailed—and the purple mist of evening descended in the vale, and floated around the hills—and the bright, young moon arose, and, for a time, gilded with her soft and silvery radiance every distant object. The moon sank; and, as the night came on, one dazzling blaze of artificial light illumined the gardens of the Palazzo di Castelli. Abroad, thousands of many-coloured lamps glittered in every tree: every flower-decked arch and column was thickly gemmed with their resplendent fires. In the walks, too, and within the marble walls of the palace, rich festoons and chaplets, composed of roses and carnations, and hyacinths and anemones, and every beauteous flower that Italia's clime can boast, relieved with the tender, vivid, and brilliantly variegated greens of the jasmine, the laurel, the myrtle, and the geranium, ran from pillar to pillar, diffusing odours, and receiving lustre from transparent lights, displayed in never-ending variety of device.

Amidst the breathing sorcery of the scene, whose is that blithe and airy form, arrayed in virgin purity, that rests with fond solicitude upon the arm of the prince di Castelli, as he moves slowly through the admiring crowd? Her soft and graceful air—her com-

plexion, blending the fairest lily with the loveliest rose—her golden hair—her full blue eyes of light—seem to raise her above earth's brightest beauties. It is Rosaura, the young marchesa d' Obizzi, the orphan heiress of that great and honourable house. Around her waist is a zone thickly set with the finest pearls; over her snowy bosom is a necklace of corresponding beauty; within her hair appears one simple, modest rose of the faintest bella-donna tint; and over her shoulders is lightly thrown a pale blue scarf. It was the very dress which she wore, even to the rose and the scarf, on the morning when Giulio di Castelli left his paternal home to make war upon the enemies of the christian faith.—Rosaura was the beloved ward of the prince di Castelli; she had nearly completed her sixteenth year; she had been affianced to Giulio from her birth; and, upon his return, she was to become the bride of him whom her young heart worshipped.

The hour was late—the guests had departed—Rosaura, with her maid, had retired to her chamber—and the prince di Castelli, glad to escape from the fatigues of the day, went forth alone into the nearest orange-grove of the palace. Wandering farther than he had intended, at every step he inhaled the breath of flowers, and the garden air rushed upon his cheek in all its refreshing coolness. He was absorbed in meditation—all his thoughts were thoughts of happiness. On his return, the sparkle of fountains from the yet unextinguished lights met his eye; presently afterwards, the

low and soothing murmur of a distant waterfall reached his ear ; and, as he approached his palace, the soft and melancholy echo of a harp was borne upon the wind. The sounds were from Rosaura's chamber. She had taken her harp—for *her* heart, too, was filled with kind and gentle musings, and she had sung to it a sweet song of love.

Chance, or some secret impulse, again directed the eye of Castelli towards the western turret of the palace ; and, blazing over it in portentous glare, the same blood-red planet that he saw the night before still shed its baleful rays. Notwithstanding the visionary forms that he had seen raised by Il Dotto's art—notwithstanding the confirmatory news of the morning—notwithstanding the joyous revelry of the day—a shivering sensation passed over the frame of the prince. Again he repaired to the magician's tower ; and there again he found Il Dotto seated beneath a lamp of figured gold, that shed an almost dazzling refulgence upon his turbaned head. A celestial globe of large dimensions stood before him ; themes, and positions, and horoscopes, were confusedly spread on the table. Il Dotto had not mingled in the festive throng : his air was grave, and sad, and abstracted. A spirit of anxious inquiry for the welfare, for the destiny, of his son, revived with all its force in the bosom of Castelli. Strange as it seemed, every sidereal calculation of Il Dotto throughout the day had failed. The ceremonies of the preceding night were therefore repeated in all

their solemnity. The carpet had been spread—the fire had been kindled—the circle had been traced—the cabalistic characters had been inscribed—the lamp had been extinguished—the prince was seated on his tripod—the chamber was in darkness and in silence. Soft music, as of the song of spirits, was heard: it was the self-same air, but slower in time, more plaintive, more melancholy in its cadences, that Castelli had heard from Rosaura's harp not an hour before. Gradually the circle became illuminated: a stately edifice—Castelli started on beholding a pictured semblance of his own palace—appeared; and issuing from its portal was a warrior knight—it was Giulio—leading a richly caparisoned charger. By the warrior's side was a lovely maiden—Ah! it was Rosaura d'Obizzi! but, instead of a robe of virgin white, which she had worn at the departure of her betrothed lord, she was attired in a sable vest and veil: her look was pale, mournful, and dejected; and, instead of the cerulean scarf which she had bound upon his arm as the sacred talisman of love, the scarf which she now wore was black. In the far distance a shadowy and undefined form, of gaunt and terrific aspect, arose. The aged noble shuddered; perspiration, in large cold drops, bedewed his temples; he groaned audibly—the phantom palace sank in one vast sheet of flame—all was dark and silent as the grave!

Rosaura slept sweetly; but Castelli's night was a night of horrors.—Another morning dawned: alas! unlike its predecessors, it ushered in no day of bright-

ness! The lark sang not in heaven—the smaller species of the feathered choir were mute—and the sun had passed his meridian before he shone forth in his wonted splendour. Castelli was sad, but he gave no tongue to the anguish of his heart. To-morrow—what was to-morrow? It was intended as another day of rejoicing; for it was the birthday of Rosaura. The prince, troubled as he was in spirit, caused every requisite preparation to be made; and in the gentle society of the young marchesa he sought for that consolation and repose of mind which he found not in himself.

The day passed—the shades of evening had come on—the crescent moon was riding brightly, yet serenely, in the firmament, her glories now and then momentarily obscured by a light flitting cloud. The sky had not yet attained its dark deep blue—the stars were yet but faintly seen—when Castelli, restless, impatient, and agitated, went forth, once more, to gaze upon the western turret. There—there—increased in magnitude and in power—still blazed that blood-red orb, whose rays had first created consternation in the breast of the widowed and now lonely prince. Once more—ah! for the last time, he said—once more he would visit *Il Dotto* in his tower!

Involuntarily—almost unconsciously—the prince di Castelli turned into a walk leading towards the chapel. He approached the sacred edifice with awe—he entered its walls with a sensation of dread: the close of the vesper-hymn died upon his ear, as the priest and the

choral train were about to retire into the cloister. Three waxen tapers burned in a recess before the altar; but the nave and aisles of the chapel were lighted by the mild splendour of the moon, whose rays fell streaming through the richly stained glass on many a costly monument and tomb. Contrasting with the variegated light thus produced, large and deep masses of shadow were formed by architectural projections, and by the military trophies and monumental records of the departed great.

In passing towards the altar, Castelli saw, partly concealed by the massy sepulchre of one of his most renowned ancestors, a female form—it was Rosaura's—kneeling as in humble and devout supplication. A moon-beam fell upon her cheek—her full eye was raised to heaven—her lips moved—she bent her head—she breathed another prayer, another blessing on her beads. Whiter than the veil she wore was that cheek of pale and placid loveliness. Rosaura, when she saw Castelli, would have retired; but the prince stepped forward, embraced her, kissed her cold forehead, pressed her affectionately, fervently to his bosom, and, without speaking, passed on. Scarcely had he left her, when a low, deep, hollow groan was heard. He started, looked around, and ere he could again reach Rosaura, the gigantic armed statue of a former prince di Castelli fell, untouched, from its pedestal, immediately before him. The sound produced by the fall of the huge mass, with its clashing armour of steel, upon the

stone pavement, was appalling. Rosaura shrieked: an ice-bolt seemed to pierce the heart of Castelli; for a mysterious, awful prophecy, darkly connected with the fate of that statue, had long threatened his princely race. For a moment the old man supported himself by grasping the carved figure of a cherub projecting from the angle of a tomb. He then turned to Rosaura, who had sunk motionless and senseless to the earth. The moon had suddenly become overcast; and the only light within the chapel was from the tapers before the altar. Rosaura, however, slowly but partially recovered; and, with much difficulty, the aged prince succeeded in bearing her to her apartments.

The midnight-hour had struck ere Castelli reached the tower of Il Dotto. The sage was seated, as on the two preceding nights; but his raiment was black—black from head to foot—and he changed it not during the awful solemnities which ensued. Few were the words that passed between Castelli and Il Dotto. This time the stars were not mentioned. Every ceremony that had been before performed was gone through now with, if possible, more deep attention. Il Dotto seemed as though he had been prepared, not only mentally but corporeally, for some great, some decisive event. When Castelli ascended the tripod, Il Dotto, placing a dried root of vervain in his hand, enjoined the strictest silence. “Whatever you may see,” said he, “whatever you may hear, retain your seat firmly, and let not the slightest sound escape your lips. To violate this in-

junction *may* be fatal." Castelli bowed assent. The trumpet-sound of victory was heard: it was heavenly music to the ear of Castelli! and, oh! how beautiful was the landscape which appeared within the magic ring! The sun was setting, in all his gold and purple glories, behind the distant hills. It was a sunset that only once beheld could never be forgotten—it was a sight to transport the fond imagination into the sphere of angels and beatified spirits. Yet was it not a scene for the painter's pencil, or even for the poet's pen: it was too radiant, too magnificent, too gorgeous, too sublime; but, raising the mortal to immortality, it softened and expanded, and gave to the rapt soul of Castelli the glowing, the dazzling, the awe-inspiring prospect of a future and a better world.

"Look again," said Il Dotto; "look, but speak not." The scene was changed. It was night—deep night—darkness that might be felt. Then came a strange unearthly light; and then the vault of heaven was filled with shooting stars, and flashing lights, and flaming meteors, and vast globes of fire exploding with terrific sound; and then the lightning's fierce and lurid glare, darting and hissing in arrowy and serpent forms, as it preceded the loud, rattling, crashing thunder-burst which shook all nature to its adamantine base. Castelli trembled—shuddered—but spake not.

It was dawn—the mist was clearing from the hills—the sun arose in tranquil splendour. In the distance, on the left, lay the Saracen host encamped; the fore-

ground of the picture was occupied by the christian army, busily marshalling for the fight; and, elevated upon the right, stood the magnificent tent of the red-cross conquering chief. That chief was Giulio di Castelli. His attendant page had nearly completed the task of arming him for the field. The scarf—Rosaura's love-pledge—was upon his arm. To place the casque upon the warrior's head was all that remained. And by whom was that casque placed? Not by the youthful page—not by the trusty squire—whose love as well as duty had bound him to his master's service. In the grim features—the gaunt form—of the figure by whom that office was performed, the prince di Castelli recognised the dim shadow which, on a former night, had met his then undistinguishing gaze. The form was DEATH'S! How cold was the thrill which ran through Castelli's heart!

Once more the scene was changed. The battle raged in all its fury. Conflicting squadrons, by turns, chased each other off the field; and still, with desperate energy, the fight was maintained. Again the red cross triumphed—again the infidel was routed with incalculable slaughter—again the air was filled with shouts of victory! Castelli's heart beat quickly, loudly, exultingly. Anon was seen the leader of the Saracen host, pursued at utmost speed by the triumphant chief—by Giulio di Castelli! The warriors wheeled round and round in many a swift and mazy circle. And now the infidel turns his steed and rallies—and now the chiefs

retreat a few paces—and now their meeting eyes flash fire—and now, with more than human strength, they hurl the lance—and now they rush, horse to horse, hand to hand, sword to sword, in mortal combat. What were the feelings of Castelli's lord? For a moment, by mutual consent, as it were, to recover breath, the hostile chiefs again retreat; and then, again, in rapid whirl, they seem to burst upon the very spot—the charmed spot—where sat the aged, breathless parent. Ah! now they meet more fiercely, more wildly, more recklessly than before. The sword of Giulio is raised—it falls to cleave the skull of the infidel! No, not so; by a dexterous movement he evades the blow—rallies—rushes upon his opponent. By their dreadful collision the chiefs are unhorsed: they recover—they fight—Giulio staggers—reels—is falling to the earth! “My son!” frantically exclaimed the prince, rushing forward to receive him in his arms, and striking with deadly force against the wall of the now dark chamber. A shock, as of an earthquake, was simultaneous with the interdicted exclamation of Castelli—with his involuntary rush towards the magic scene; and the tower of Il Dotto rocked, shook, and trembled to its foundation.

* * * * *

On the birthday of Rosaura there was mourning in the palace of Castelli. Its princely owner was no more; and Rosaura too—the loved, the lovely, and the gentle one—was in the kingdom of the blessed. She had met her lover in the dim visions of the night;

in the depth of sleep her pure spirit had passed away.
Giulio and Rosaura were united in heaven.

* * * * *

Giulio had been slain in single combat by the leader of the Saracens, on the morning of Rosaura's birthday, as prefigured by the magic art of Il Dotto; and thus was fulfilled the prophecy—" *When the statue of the renowned ANTONIO DI CASTELLI shall fall, the son, the father, and the bride, shall perish, and the succession of an ancient race be extinguished for ever.*"

SONNET.

BY RICHARD HOWITT.

OH lay me not beneath the poisonous yew,
Nor the dark cypress; lay me not beneath
The mountain's shadow, nor where falls the dew
Upon the flowerless solitary heath.
In gloom or solitude I would not lie—
But in some quiet, green, and flowery nook,
Where the soft winds may through the branches sigh,
And blend their whisperings with the murmuring brook.
I know 't will matter not, when I am dead,
Where this frail form with dust shall mingled be;
Yet soothes in life to think no being's tread
Shall haunt my grave, who felt nor thought with me;
Far from the city's swardless tombs to rest,
Even where I sprung and grew, in Nature's breast!

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H. Richter. pinx.^t

Pub. by R. Ackermann 1828.

H. C. Shenton. sculp.^t

THE LOGICIANS.

Antithesis.
Grant
a Beginning.
A Time must
have gone afore
but
Empty Time
is
Nothing;
Ergo
The World
never did
Beginne.

Thesis.
The Time
of
Passed
Existences
is
Countable
Ergo
The
World
did
Beginne.

THE LOGICIANS.

BY THOMAS HOOD, ESQ.

“Metaphysics were a large field in which to exercise the weapons logic had put into their hands.” SCRIBLERUS.

SEE here two cavillers,
Would-be unravellers
Of abstruse theory and questions mystical,
In tête-a-tête,
And deep debate,
Wrangling according to forms syllogistical.
Glowing and ruddy
The light streams in upon their deep-brown study,
And settles on our bald logician's skull :
But still his meditative eye looks dull
And muddy,
For he is gazing inwardly, like Plato ;
But to the world without
And things about,
His eye is blind as that of a potato :
In fact logicians
See but by syllogisms—taste and smell
By propositions ;
And never let the common dray-horse senses
Draw inferences.
How wise his brow ! how eloquent his nose !
The feature of itself is a negation !
How gravely double is his chin, that shows
Double deliberation ;
His scornful lip forestals the confutation !

O this is he that wisely with a major
And minor proves a greengage is no gauger!—

By help of ergo,
That cheese of sage will make no mite the sager,
And Taurus is no bull to toss up Virgo!—
O this is he that logically tore his
Dog into dogmas—following Aristotle—
Cut up his cat into ten categories,
And cork'd an abstract conjuror in a bottle!
O this is he that disembodied matter,
And proved that incorporeal corporations
Put nothing in no platter,
And for mock turtle only supp'd sensations!

O this is he that palpably decided,
With grave and mathematical precision,
How often atoms may be subdivided
By long division;
O this is he that show'd I is not I,
And made a ghost of personal identity;
Proved "Ipse" absent by an alibi,
And frisking in some other person's entity:—
He sounded all philosophies in truth,
Whether old schemes or only supplemental;
And had, by virtue of his wisdom-tooth,
A dental knowledge of the transcendental!

The other is a shrewd severer wight,
Sharp argument hath worn him nigh the bone;

For why? he never let dispute alone,
A logical knight-errant,
That wrangled ever—morning, noon, and night,
From night to morn: he had no wife apparent
But Barbara Celarent!

Woe unto him he caught in a dilemma,
For on the points of his two fingers, full
He took the luckless wight, and gave with them a
Most deadly toss, like any baited bull.
Woe unto him that ever dared to breathe
A sophism in his angry ear! for *that*
He took ferociously between his teeth,
And shook it like a terrier with a rat!—
In fact, old Controversy ne'er begat
One half so cruel
And dangerous as he, in verbal duel!
No one had ever so complete a fame
As a debater;
And for art logical his name was greater
Than Dr. Watts's name!—

Look how they sit together!
Two bitter desperate antagonists,
Licking each other with their tongues, like fists,
Merely to settle whether
This world of ours had ever a beginning—
Whether created,
Vaguely undated,

Or Time had any finger in its spinning:
When, lo!—for they are sitting at the basement—
A hand, like that upon Belshazzar's wall,
 Lets fall
A written paper through the open casement.

“O foolish wits! (thus runs the document)
To twist your brains into a double knot
On such a barren question! Be content
That there is such a fair and pleasant spot
For your enjoyment as this verdant earth.
Go, eat and drink, and give your hearts to mirth,
 For vainly ye contend;
Before you can decide about its birth,
 The world will have an end!”

THE FAREWELL OF DAY.

FAREWELL, farewell! I must away,
Veil'd in my robe of misty gray;
For the shades of night are gathering fast,
The clear sunshine from the wave is past;
And yon first star of the welkin sheen,
The star of eve, is faintly seen.

The bee has forsaken the violet's vest,
The twilight is lulling each bird to rest,
The lotus has sunk on the shaded stream,
And the daisy has veil'd her starry beam;

Yet the night-flowers' bloom and the night-bird's lay
Ye shall hear and see when I'm far away.

But weep not for me : I shall fade in the west,
Where the sea-waves shall murmur above my rest,
And shall lull me to sleep through the dreamy night,
Till again I appear with the dawning light,
Till again I return—and the joyous earth
Shall brighten and blush with the daylight's birth.

Again will I come with to-morrow's dawn,
When the dew is brightest o'er lea and lawn,
And waken each voice in your summer isle ;
And the ocean-depths shall rejoice and smile,
And the woods shall ring with a joyous lay—
“ Come forth to the dawning—away !—away ! ”

Yet ere I return the shadows will close
Over those who will sleep in their last repose ;
For, ah ! who shall tell of the with'ring blight,
Of the sorrows that come with the darksome night,
Of the budding rose, of the cheeks of bloom,
That may wither and fade in that hour of gloom ?

But my tale is told, and I must afar,
For the Night is come in her sable car ;
The moonlight is rising above the sea,
And a soft voice is singing afar for me :
It bids me depart from each grove and dell,
And I must away—farewell, farewell !

F. M.

THE HALT ON THE MOUNTAIN.

A TALE OF THE SPANISH WAR.

BY MISS EMMA ROBERTS.

THE day's march had been long and wearisome, and still the exhausted party looked in vain through the lonely sierras in search of a human habitation. Roland de St. Pierre, the commander of a small detachment of French voltigeurs, became aware that he had missed the direct track, and that it was useless to expect to reach the outposts of the army on that night: he therefore made up his mind to spend the hours of darkness under the shade of one of those spreading cork-trees which made his present route a path of exceeding beauty. He halted his followers, and offered them the immediate repose of which they stood so much in need: unwilling, however, to relinquish the hope of obtaining refreshment after their harassing fatigues, the soldiers rallied their flagging spirits, and desired to proceed onward, upon the chance of finding the hut of some goatherd, which might afford a slight repast to assuage the cravings of their appetites.

It was a calm, lovely, autumnal evening; all was so hushed and tranquil, that not the slightest breeze agitated the leaves of the forest-trees: the dull tramp of the soldiers alone broke the deep silence; for, toil-worn and faint from long abstinence, they had ceased from the light catches and merry roundels which had

heretofore beguiled their march ; and melancholy feelings, in unison with the sombre gloom around, began to steal over the mind of the youthful commander, destined to make his first campaign against the unoffending allies of his ambitious master. Roland troubled himself little with political questions ; he sought to win rank and honour by the aid of his good sword, and had received his first summons to march into Spain with the enthusiastic delight of a heart panting to distinguish itself in some well-contested field, and reckless what sphere was selected for the theatre of his achievements ; but he had that morning encountered scenes revolting to a mind unaccustomed to the horrors of war :—whole villages stretched in black ruins upon the desolated plains ; farms, once smiling and prosperous, still smouldering in the flames which had reduced them to heaps of ashes ; human bones strewed upon the greensward, and half-decaying corpses tainting the sweet air of heaven, the frightful relics of those devoted peasants who had dared defend their hearths and their homes from the spoiler's hand.

Roland's unpractised heart grieved over the horrible devastation which greeted his shuddering glance, and he was surprised to find how deep an impression the ghastly spectacle of the morning had left upon his mind. No trace of war or carnage defiled the purity of the landscape which he now trod. The gurgling runnel leaped clear and limpid over the rocks, its sparkling current unstained with blood, and nought

save the perfume of the orange-blossom came mingled with the aromatic fragrance of the thymy pastures ; yet was the solitude so profound, the stillness of the coming night so awful, that, in his present state of languor, all the characteristic gaiety of his temper and nation was insufficient to remove the oppression which weighed heavily upon his soul.

The dim twilight faded away, and darkness, made more gloomy by the thick foliage above, succeeded ; wearily the voltigeurs dragged their jaded limbs along, and, just as they despaired of advancing farther, the sudden illumination of a moon upon the wane showed them at a considerable distance a roof, whence issued a thin column of smoke. Animated by this exhilarating prospect, the tired party pressed eagerly forward to the spot. Upon a closer inspection, they discovered the promised haven to be an outhouse, lofty and extensive, which had evidently been attached to a superior mansion, now levelled with the ground. A broken trellis, from which the untrained vine wandered along the damp earth, fountains choked with grass and fragments of sculptured marble, showed that the sword and the firebrand had performed their deadliest operations ; but the work had not been sufficiently recent to display the most frightful ravages of war : time had thrown a slight veil over the wreck, and the moon glanced upon flowers springing up uncultured in a garden which had been defaced by hostile feet, and upon a rank vegetation of weeds, waving like banners from the prostrate walls.

The high dark front of the barn-like building, which promised shelter for the night, frowned grimly in the moonlight: the unglazed windows were secured by strong wooden shutters, and the most dreary silence reigned throughout the interior; but a faint light, issuing from some of the numerous crevices in this dilapidated structure, gave tokens of habitation, although the inmates, whoever they might be, preserved a sullen silence for a considerable period, neither deigning to answer, nor seeming to hear, the supplications and threats with which the French soldiers alternately solicited and demanded admittance. Before, however, these rough guests had exhausted all their patience, a door opened, and the flame of a pine-wood torch threw a strong light upon the face and figure of the portress, as she stood upon her own threshold. Her tall spare form towered above the middle height; but if Nature had moulded it with a careful hand, its beauty was totally obscured by a cumbrous garment of sackcloth, girt about the waist with a cord. Her long gray hair, which streamed wildly from beneath a scanty covering of coarse black stuff, and the rigid lines in her gaunt countenance, gave her the appearance of age: but Roland, as he gazed upon her with an undefinable sensation of awe and wonder, saw that she had scarcely passed, if she had reached, the summer of her life; and that there was also an air of dignity in her demeanour, which ill accorded with the meanness of her habiliments and the squalid poverty with which she was surrounded. A

ghastly smile passed across her pale and haggard face as she bade the weary party welcome; and though want, and wretchedness, and disease, had preyed with ravaging effect upon her features; though her eyes were sunk in her head, her lips parched and wan, and her skin wrinkled and jaundiced, Roland perceived that she still retained lineaments of severe and almost superhuman beauty: and a vague feeling of the existence of some mysterious danger came across his mind, as he observed the silent workings of that extraordinary countenance, while she bestirred herself with fearless alacrity to provide for the accommodation of men, whose intrusion upon her solitude must have been any thing but pleasing.

Ashamed of the dread which involuntarily crept over him—since he knew the impossibility, from the depopulated state of the country, and the strong *cordon* of troops with which the province now occupied by the French army was surrounded, of there being any concealed ambush even in this secluded spot—he strove to banish the apprehension of impending evil, and to make himself as comfortable as circumstances would admit: still he could not withdraw his looks from his hostess; and though not expecting to make any discovery from her answer, inquired whether she did not feel some alarm while living alone in so dreary a solitude.

“What should I fear?” she calmly replied: “I have lost every thing but life, and that is now of so little

value, that its preservation is not worth a thought. And why," she continued, "should I wish for the protection of my countrymen?—they are more gloriously engaged in the great and holy cause which has armed all Spain in defence of its liberties."

Somewhat reassured by the undisguised frankness of this speech, Roland contented himself with a scrupulous examination of the place, which he still could not help fancying had been inauspiciously chosen for the night-halt of his party. Nothing alarming met his eye: the furniture was rude and scanty, the building ill calculated to conceal arms or snares of any kind; and what could a band of nine stout soldiers apprehend from the utmost malice of one woman? Struggling, therefore, with the forebodings of his spirit, he ate his portion of the frugal meal which was set before him with a keen relish, but declined the cup of wine offered at its completion, from a natural antipathy to the fermented juice of the grape, and a particular aversion to the vintage of Spain. The voltigeurs, delighted to obtain food and rest, unattracted by the person of the lone female who administered to their necessities, and more diverted than angry at her avowed enmity to their country, saw nothing to excite their suspicions; and their commander, perceiving that no one participated in the uneasy doubts which pertinaciously clung to him, was unwilling to betray his dread of lurking danger to his inconsiderate companions, lest they might attribute the communication to some ignoble feeling.

The repast ended, the young officer was conducted by his singular and painfully-interesting hostess up a ladder to a sort of loft, occupying the upper part of the building. At first he disliked the idea of separation from his party, but perceiving that he could keep a watchful eye over them through several large apertures in the floor, he became more reconciled to an arrangement which would enable him to observe all that passed, without attracting attention by his vigilance. A coarse bed was spread in one corner of the room; but, too much agitated to think of repose, he took up a position which gave him an uninterrupted view of the premises below. A wood fire burned brightly; and within the influence of its genial warmth the toil-worn soldiers had stretched themselves at length upon the floor, and, wrapped in their cloaks, resigned their weary spirits to a death-like sleep. The lone inhabitant of the dwelling had withdrawn to a distant corner, and, in the fitful blaze, the dark drapery which enveloped her spare form could scarcely be distinguished from the inequalities of the floor which formed her couch. So profound was the slumber of the wayworn voltigeurs, that their breathing was not audible in the chamber above: a dead silence prevailed, disturbed only at intervals by a rustling sound, so slight, that Roland deemed it to proceed from the wing of some night-bird sweeping along the eaves. The fire, unreplenished, began to moulder away, the figures of the sleepers became indistinct, and drowsiness crept unconsciously over Roland's frame:

how long he remained in utter forgetfulness of his situation he knew not, but he was roused by a clear sweet voice, singing in low yet distinct tones the following ballad :

The Moors have rear'd the crescent high, the cross is lowly
laid,

And vainly to their patron saints the Spaniards shriek for aid :
Sorrow and desolation reign throughout the bleeding land—
But raise exulting shouts to Heaven, for vengeance is at hand !

Our warriors lie in mangled heaps upon the gory plain ;
Our fathers, and our husbands, and our brothers, all are slain :
But we will nerve our woman's arms to wield the flaming brand,
And teach our proud and ruthless foes that vengeance is at
hand !

This lay was evidently a fragment of the countless relics of the eventful struggle between the Spaniards and the Moors, which, in days of old, had so gloriously terminated in favour of the christian cause ; but the coincidence of the words with the peculiar circumstances in which he was placed alarmed the French officer : he groped his way, by the imperfect light, to the spot whence the sound proceeded. “ Who and what art thou,” he exclaimed, “ whose warning song has so effectually chased slumber from my eyelids ?”

“ An enemy !” replied the same clear soft voice ;
“ but one who is sated, sick of shedding blood !—Force a passage for me through the decaying panels of the wainscot, and I will set you free !”

“ Stand aside then !” cried Roland ; and at one effort the worm-eaten barrier gave way : a flood of moonlight

passed in, and revealed a slight fair girl, whose countenance, bearing a striking resemblance to that of the female who had inspired him with such a strong feeling of awe, though pale and thin, was still so exceedingly beautiful, that the admiring gazer could not fancy that it had lost a single attraction from the calamity, whatever it might be, which had made such fearful havoc in the frame of her companion.

"Follow me," she cried, "and quickly: the delay of an instant may cost your life."

"I will but stay to rouse my party," returned Roland, struck with sudden surprise to find that they had not already gathered round him, disturbed by the crash of the falling wainscot.

"They will wake no more in this world," said the stranger: "look not to them, but save yourself. The poison has performed its work, and they are as the dust beneath them."

Rushing to the ladder, Roland, reckless of personal danger from the lapse of time, threw himself into the room below, stirred the fading embers, and the blaze that sprung up, as it caught a fresh pine faggot, confirmed the dreadful truth. The pulses of the soldiers had ceased to beat; they breathed not—moved not; and their convulsed and distorted features told the horrid story of their fate. Roland stood shuddering and aghast amid the senseless clay around him; bolts of ice shot, in rapid succession, through his heart. Were these inanimate bodies the late companions of his toil,

men vigorous with life and health, who but an hour before had shared his march, stiffening in the cold grasp of death, murdered, and murdered before his eyes?— Drops of agony burst from his brows; and, drawing his sword in gloomy desperation, he exclaimed—“I will stay and avenge you!” The fair vision whose voice had broken his repose had followed him to the spot; and, preserving amid the appalling scene the same calm melancholy expression of countenance which seemed habitual to her, again addressed him.

“Justice,” she cried, “claims this sanguinary deed, and vengeance is beyond your reach, unless the blow should fall on me. Strike if you will, and spare not; for dearer lives have fallen beneath the murderous weapons of your countrymen.”

The French officer slowly dropped the point of his sword; he saw, indeed, that it would be worse than vain to abandon himself to the indignation which filled his heart; but, continuing to gaze upon the ghastly faces of his comrades, as they lay, bereft of sense and motion, on the earth which was so soon to close over them, a sickening sensation crept through his frame: he could bear no more; and, clasping his hand across his eyes, moved from the spot.

His companion, taking advantage of this change of mood, seized his cloak, and drew him to the ladder. They ascended it in silence, crossed the two upper apartments, and gained the ground through a wooden balcony, furnished, according to the custom of the

country, with a flight of steps. Roland, in a few minutes, found himself in a wild and tangled path, with his preserver still at his side.

"I have saved you from death," she cried; "but my task is not yet ended. A secret avenue, which cannot be trodden without a guide, leads to the road at the mountain's base: I will conduct you thither in safety; and, stranger, employ your rescued life in generous efforts to meliorate the sufferings of the hapless Spaniards: interpose your authority in aid of the weak and defenceless, and snatch them from the wanton butchery which spares neither sex nor age. Look on yonder shapeless ruin: once it smiled joyously in the moonlight—once a happy peasantry crowded to its now broken walls, to pay the tribute of glad and grateful hearts to their beloved lord: a family, blessing and blessed, made the air around them melodious with the hymn of praise and thanksgiving—a gush of song for ever flowing, like the mountain stream. On the last day that tones of cheerfulness issued from human lips upon that desecrated spot, we celebrated a festival—the betrothing of my elder sister—and merrily were struck the cords of the gay guitar, and lightly, to the spirit-stirring sounds of the castanet, our flying footsteps touched the ground. Suddenly an armed band burst in upon our harmless revelry. There was a grotto carefully concealed, wherein our anxious friends placed Estella and myself for safety: through a fissure in the rock we saw the barbarians enter. I lost vision,

sense, and recollection, when, vainly struggling with overpowering numbers, my father fell; but Estella, incapable of moving, or withdrawing her eyes from the scene of slaughter, and acutely, miserably, alive to all its horrors, turned a stony gaze upon the unequal contest, and saw, one by one, our parents, our three brave brothers, her lover, our friends and servants, perish by the unpitying hands of their assailants. The streams of blood, flowing down the pathway, penetrated the grotto, and, as I lay upon the damp ground, my festal garments were drenched with the vital current of all I loved on earth. The work of murder accomplished, the Frenchmen indulged themselves in pillage; and having seized every thing of value, our home, our once happy home, was devoted to the flames. Vainly did we hope that the smoke would suffocate us in our retreat; but the wind blew it away, and we were saved to execute a dreadful deed of vengeance. Three days passed, and at length, sated with plunder and with blood, our merciless enemies retreated: the sound of their bugles died upon her ear, and Estella, the fair, the gracious, the idolized Estella, emerged from the cave, with her golden tresses changed to dull gray—the beaming radiance of her eyes quenched—her flesh withered away—the gaunt spectre of her former self. She swore a fearful oath upon the mangled pile of our murdered relatives, and fearfully has she performed it. For every precious life taken on that fatal day, by her frail and feeble hands have ten been sacrificed. My spirit grows weary of

this constant slaughter; and when you refused the wine, and Estella, perceiving your suspicions, fled to procure the assistance of a trusty friend, the Holy Virgin, to whom I pray incessantly, urged me to effect your deliverance, and I obeyed the mandate."

The narrator of this horrible tale paused, and Roland, bursting into a passionate exclamation, turned round to offer his fervent thanks to the fair and luckless creature to whom he owed his life, but she had vanished: the broad road lay before him, and no trace of his conductress appearing, he lingered for a moment and then pursued his way. The morning began to break as he trod the solitary path, and, but that he was alone, the agile voltigeur could have fancied the whole night's adventure a feverish dream: the rustling of the leaves, the twittering of the birds, were the only sounds that broke the stillness; he missed the light songs and lighter laughter of his late companions, and strode along, unheeding the distance, almost choked by the tumultuous emotions which crowded to his heart. As he approached the outposts, a dropping fire from the lines announced to the young soldier that preparations for action had commenced, and he only arrived in time to join his division, which was immediately engaged in a fierce contest with the enemy. Roland, wound up to the highest pitch of excitement, fought with desperate energy, striving, in the impetuosity of the onslaught, to banish the frightful scene which was ever before his eyes. The day, however,

notwithstanding the bravery of the troops, was not auspicious to France; evening saw the whole of the army in full retreat; and Roland, when bivouacking in a secure position, found himself in a distant province from the mountain scene which had proved so fatal to eight of the most gallant fellows in the service.

The beauty of Estella and Magdalena, the daughters of the count de los Tormes, was celebrated throughout Spain, and the tragic tale of their supposed murder formed a theme for the minstrels, who, while dwelling upon their virtues and their loveliness, incited every generous heart to avenge their wrongs. Some of these popular lays found their way to the French camp. Roland needed no auxiliary to perpetuate the recollection of these unhappy females; his thoughts dwelt continually on the fair form of Magdalena: insensibly he associated this gentle creature with all his future schemes and prospects, and many romantic visions were disturbed by the gaunt spectre of her stern sister, starting up, like a destroying angel, between him and his fairy hopes. Roland, a man, and a Frenchman, could not understand the possibility of owing his life to any cause save an impulse of tenderness in his favour. Unaccustomed to reflect deeply upon religious influence, he smiled at the alleged interposition of the Virgin, and admired the womanly contrivance which had so artfully veiled her own wishes under the pretence of obeying the commands of Heaven. Without too closely scanning his intentions,

he felt an irresistible desire to snatch the ill-starred Magdalena from the horrible situation in which she was placed; and already well acquainted with the Spanish language, he spared no pains to render himself so completely master of it as to enable him to pass for a native.

The fortune of war gave Roland the opportunity which he had so long desired: he was stationed in the neighbourhood of the humble residence of the sisters, and, in the disguise of a muleteer, he ventured to approach the fatal spot. Taking the same road which he had formerly trod, the bold mountain peaks frowned above him; the thick forest of cork-trees spread its umbrageous shade around; and the ruined mansion, with its grass-grown gardens, brought sickening recollections to his heart. Accustomed to death in every shape—by the sword, by the bullet, and by the axe; by lingering tortures, and by wasting plagues—often fighting ankle-deep in blood, and treading on the corpses of the slain; though lightly regarding these horrors, he never could banish from his memory the scene of that dreadful night, when, by the funereal light of the pine-wood fire, he gazed upon the blackening faces of his comrades, as they lay in death's ghastly embrace on the floor. Often in his gayest revel did the lights, and the music, and the wine-cup, vanish from his eyes, and the dark hut and the dead were before him.

Now he was roused from his gloomy reverie by the same sweet, clear voice which had once broken upon

a dangerous slumber: he looked into a green dell below, and saw Magdalena, kneeling at a wooden cross, surmounted by an image of the Virgin, and singing her early matin hymn. Roland was by her side in an instant; and, with the confident vivacity of his country, poured out with passionate vehemence a thousand protestations of love. Magdalena, at first amazed, distrusting sight and sense, and listening with apparent patience, merely to be certain that she heard aright, no sooner caught the truth, than, starting from the ground, her fair melancholy countenance dilating with scorn and rage, she cast a look of ineffable contempt upon the handsome suppliant, and clinging to the rude altar before her, said—

“But that I loathe the sight of blood, presumptuous miscreant! thy heart’s best vein should drain upon this outraged shrine! Begone!—judge not of me by the craven spirit that brought thee hither!”—And before he could make a single attempt to appease her just indignation, she had fled.

The contemned lover lingered long and fruitlessly on the spot which had witnessed his disappointment: reluctantly obeying at last the dictates of prudence, which urged the folly of remaining to be discovered and sacrificed to the vengeance which he had provoked, he slowly and sullenly retreated. Though no longer daring to entertain a hope of inducing the fair Spaniard to exchange her dreary solitude for a life of luxury and ease, still the image of Magdalena haunted his ima-

gination; her dazzling beauty, her noble sentiments, her touching history, could not, would not, be forgotten. A third time the means of visiting her dwelling-place presented themselves; and, almost without a purpose, Roland again approached the ruined hovel:—he found her grave! A mound of green turf, a rude cross, inscribed with her name and age, marked the last resting-place of one of Spain's fairest flowers. Her sister had assumed a soldier's habit, and had joined the Guerillas.

TO TIME.

BY THE REV. CHARLES STRONG.

TIME! I rejoice, amid the ruin wide
That peoples thy dark empire, to behold
Shores against which thy waves in vain have roll'd,
Where man's proud works still frown above thy tide.
The deep-based pyramids still turn aside
Thy wasteful current, vigorously old;
Lucania's temples their array unfold,
Pillar and portico, in simple pride.
Nor less my joy when, shelter'd from thy storms
In earth's fond breast, hid treasure bursts the sod,
Elaborate stone in sculpture's matchless forms.
Oft did I mock thee, spoiler, as I trod
The glowing courts, where still the Venus warms,
And stern in beauty stands the quiver'd god.

FAREWELL.

BY CAPTAIN M'NAGHTEN.

WE 'VE parted for the longest time we ever yet did part,
And I have felt the last wild throb of that enduring
heart ;
Thy cold and tear-wet cheek has lain for the last time
to mine,
And I have press'd in agony those trembling lips of
thine.

As thy fond arms around me twin'd in that most sad
embrace,
I could not trust my eyes to dwell upon thy anguish'd
face ;
But oh ! I felt the burning tear, as it roll'd down thy
cheek,
And thy deep silence told me more than angels' tongues
could speak.

I could not say *Farewell* to thee—that word I could
not say,
But mutely did I bless thee, as I tore myself away ;
And like the ling'ring scent of flowers, when bright
hues disappear,
Thy last kiss still is on my lip, thy last sigh in my ear.

As with an eagle's flight the ship goes dashing through
the sea,
I almost curse the fav'ring winds that bear me far from
thee ;
And though I near my native land, this joyless breast
can find
No prospect fair to cheer it on, since *thou* art left behind.

The heart which has so lately been from thy caresses
torn
May have to bear as many wounds as thou know'st it
has borne ;
And Fortune, if she has not done her worst, that worst
may do,
And still with her relentless shafts my future path
pursue.

But while *thou* art upon the earth, though sever'd we
may be,
Thou 'lt be the blissful star of hope, my dearest, still
to me ;
And one sweet thought shall bear me up, and lighten
every pain,
It is—to clasp thee, and be clasp'd to thy fond breast,
again.

I go, regardless of what fate may be in store for me ;
I have a soul for any ill that will not fall on thee :

I wander almost reckless forth, whatever may betide,
The world before me where to choose, and Providence
my guide.

But still my heart will rest with thee, where'er my
steps may rove ;
Tho' other beauties I may find, I'll know no other love.
Bright eyes on me alike may fond or angry glances
throw,
And breasts with love, or hate, or rage, alike unheeded
glow.

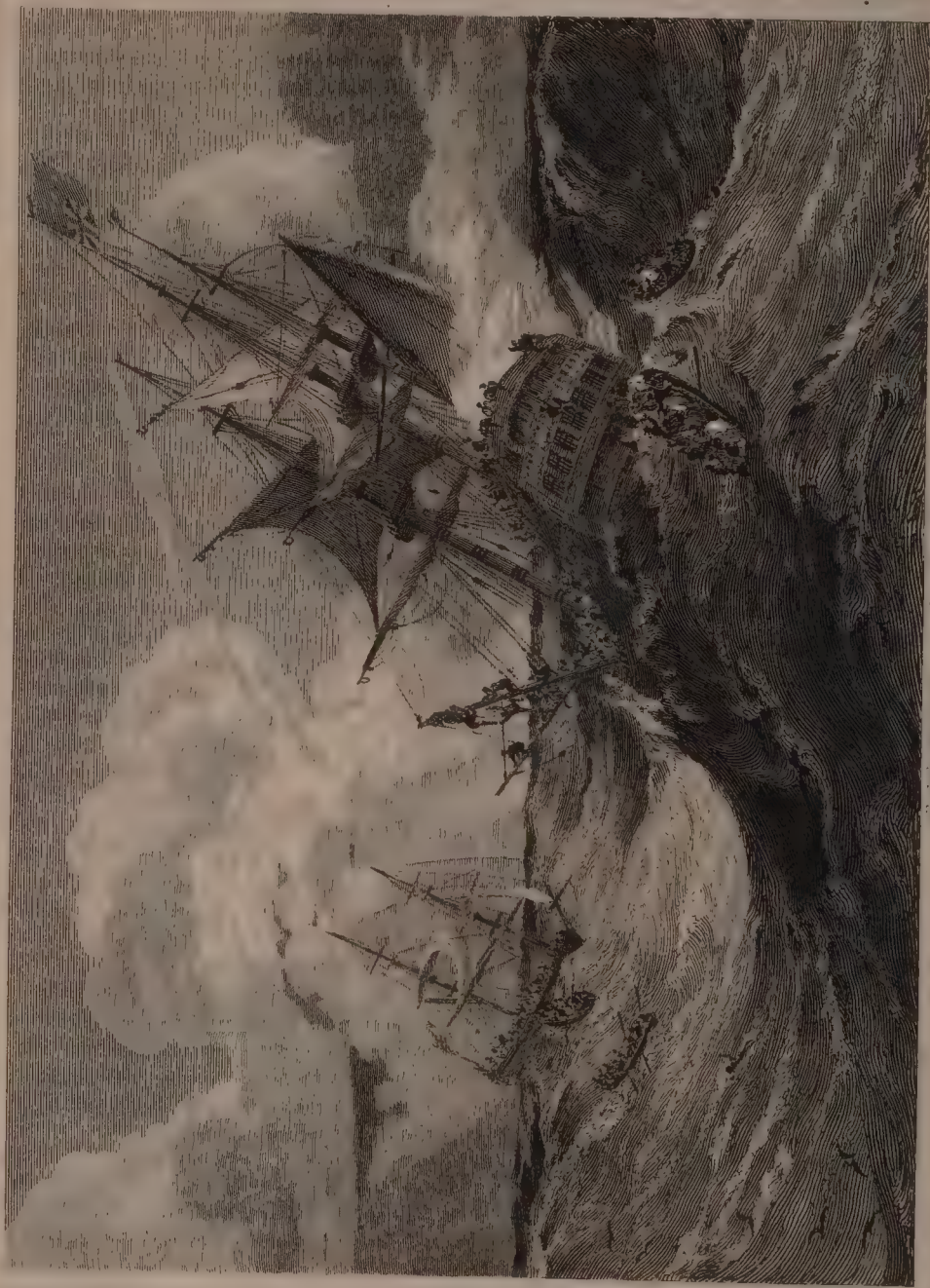
There *may* be cheeks as fair as thine, and smiles as
lovely too ;
And eyes there *may* be clear and soft as thy dear orbs
of blue ;
And tones like thine *may* greet me from some other
dulcet voice ;
But while my heart with life may beat 'twill know no
second choice.

For 'tis not in the eye or cheek, though thine so beau-
teous be,
Nor in the form of fairy mould, where none may rival
thee,
That I can find that link of strength which ne'er will
rend apart ;—
No, no ! that link which nought can break is in thy
tender heart.

'Tis *there* the sweetness dwells which gives to all thy
 charms a grace,
And sheds the beauties of the soul all o'er thy match-
 less face ;
Thence come those looks of dearest love which sparkle
 in thine eyes,
And thy fond vows of lasting faith that purest source
 supplies.

To me what were the richest lip that ever blandly
 smil'd,
The softest voice, the warmest glance, that ever man
 beguil'd,
Unless each smile, and tone, and look, young Love
 himself should bring,
Like thine, still from the heart's store fresh, as water
 from the spring ?

May Heaven my best of all beloved, my beautiful,
 restore
To these fond arms—to feel the pangs that parting
 gives no more !
And may its angels every ill from thee, my sweet,
 repel,
And guard thee in thy loneliness !—My precious girl,
 Farewell !



THE KENT, EAST INDIAMAN.

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE KENT EAST-INDIAMAN.

BY THE REV. HENRY STEBBING.

THERE is a fearfulness in the solitude of the ocean which every one feels, under whatever circumstances he traverses its mighty depths. Night, with its storms and tempests, may add terror to the sensation ; but there is in the very vastness of the waters, in the awful uniformity of their murmurs, and in their unchanging aspect, a loneliness so deep and perfect that the human heart has no passion, either of hope or fear, which it does not deepen or overcome. The moonlight of a desert solitude, the gloom of evening or midnight in a ruined city, may carry the traveller's thoughts through years of bygone happiness ; but it is in his passage across the deep, in the hush and loneliness of the ocean, that the visions and bodings of his spirit become palpable and real. The "world of waters" is a strong and beautiful expression. It speaks of new forms and new modes of existence ; of a separate part of creation, in which the substantial realities of life are lost in dim and indistinct visions ; and where the farthest waves meet the horizon we seem to see the actual brink and verging-step of eternity.

It is not surprising, when the ocean itself is so fitted to awaken images of awe and wonder, that we should listen to the adventures of mariners with a deep and intense interest. No romance can ever be so full

of rich imaginative eloquence as the relations of our olden navigators. While writing their simple statements, the awful associations in their memories seem to have put a new spirit into their hearts, and we follow their recitals as those of men who have seen creation in its strangest forms and elements. Of the fearful accidents and perils to which the wanderers of the deep are liable we have naturally had fewer details since the modern improvements in navigation; and it is not often, therefore, that we now meet with those appalling pictures of desperate hardihood and suffering in which the chronicles of our early naval history abound.

Among the few memorials of this kind which relate to events in our own times, none, perhaps, is more fearfully interesting than that of the burning of the Kent East-Indiaman. The circumstances attending that catastrophe were few, but terrible. The struggle of the perilous hour was one of rapid and withering anxiety; and the descriptions which have been given of it present the whole scene to the mind with a strong and glaring distinctness that appals the imagination. It is hardly possible to conceive a situation in which human nature could be surrounded with greater horrors—horrors which must have appeared to start up from the wild caverns of the deep itself; for there was no preparation for the thoughts, none of those signs of approaching peril which precede the whirlwind or the tempest: but, almost in an instant, the crew of the lonely vessel found themselves assailed by an enemy

against which human foresight could have provided no protection.

There is a something in the misfortunes which happen at sea that awakens in our bosoms a more than ordinary sympathy with the sufferers. The loneliness of the ocean, as we have said, is, even in idea, fearful to the mind, and the complete separation of those who are on its paths from the rest of mankind makes us follow them in our sympathies as if they had once been sharers of our home. This feeling is of course deepened when any of the objects of our pity have been actually known to us, or have once lived in our own neighbourhood. How many a village tale of war or shipwreck has been handed down from generation to generation, because some one whose name is in the parish register happened to be present! How often has the circle round the winter hearth in the most inland county of the kingdom listened tremblingly to the howling blast, because the son or the husband of some one in the town was passing over the deep!

It happened that the writer of this article was residing, in the beginning of 1825, in a small and rural village, of which he was the curate. Among the simple inhabitants of a country parish there will now and then be found a family, whose long residence in the place and established character for sobriety have given them a certain rank among their neighbours, of which few know the importance but those skilled in village politics. Such, however, was the family of the parish clerk, who

was himself a fine specimen of the English peasant, when his head has become hoary with honest and successful industry.

The old age of this happy-hearted man was green with the blossoms of a second spring. He had saved out of his small gains enough to keep him from the fear of want, and he used to boast that, through a long life and with a large family to bring up, he had never once been chargeable to his wealthier neighbours. He had three sons and a daughter living. Of the former, two were at home and the third in the army. It was after this absent child that the old man's heart was continually yearning. He would have resigned all his little wealth to bring him home, and yet he had that sort of pride which would have prevented his expressing a wish for his discharge, had it been offered. Often has the writer heard a long tale of the youthful exploits of this son, and seen the father weep and laugh at the same time; and sometimes, just as he seemed about to repeat his regret that he was not at home to cheer his old age, he has heard him end his lamentation with a proud expression of thankfulness that he had such a son to serve the king.

From all, indeed, that the writer could learn of this young man, he was highly deserving of his father's love. By a little scholarship and a good deal of attention to discipline he had in a short time been made a serjeant; and there was a prospect, if he should be sent on foreign service, of his acquiring further promotion. This at

length occurred; and his regiment was one of those whose detachments were on board the Kent, when the catastrophe took place which exposed so many to destruction. There is no suffering to which we are liable in the present state of existence more terrible to the heart than that of uncertainty respecting the fate of friends; and this the virtuous old man whom we have been mentioning was doomed to suffer in its most dreadful form. It happened that tidings of the burning of the Kent arrived on a Sunday: the old man listened to them with a firm brow and a swelling heart; and the only alteration in his appearance during the service was a slight bowing of his head, as if he bore a burden for which his strength was unequal. It was a considerable time before it was known who had perished and who had been saved; and week after week did the robust frame of the anxious parent become more and more feeble, and his gray hairs almost visibly heavier with sorrow. There was not a soul in the little parish that did not respect the old clerk, or, rude as were their expressions, did not commiserate his misfortune.

It was on a bright evening, when the disconsolate father, seated in his arm-chair and endeavouring to enjoy the setting sun, was conversing with some old men of the village who were gathered round him, that the writer met not far from the cottage a group of villagers running and shouting as if in truth mad with joy. They were all too breathless to answer his inquiries; and as he looked across the fields several other persons were

seen hurrying on in the same joyous manner. His curiosity was soon satisfied, by finding that the son of the old clerk was the object which had roused the village, and that he was now hastening on to the embrace of his parents.

It was not many days after this that every particular respecting the burning of the Kent was known through the country for ten miles round; and such was the delight with which the clerk's son was listened to, that the daughter of an opulent farmer had much to do to secure him for herself, though her father offered him his discharge and a snug farm next his own. At last, however, she succeeded; and should any one wish to hear again the awful story of the Kent and her crew, let him go down to the parish of S——, and the clerk's son will tell him, how on the wildest track of the wild ocean the fire-spirit overtook them; how in the helplessness of despair they heard the signal of their distress reverberating among the mountainous waves; how, as the waters were let in, the vessel grew steady amid the up-rushing flames; and how, when the *Cambria* came in sight, and her boats were heaved into the ruddy glare of the burning ship, hope grew fierce in its doubtfulness; till at last they stood on the deck of the friendly vessel, and, looking back on their short but fearful track, they saw the majestic bark, which had passed over the waters like a conqueror, become a mighty pillar of fire in the vast desert of the ocean.

LOVERS' VOWS.

BY MISS ELIZA RENNIE.

I LOVE thee, I swear ! but, as man's fleeting breath
Fadeth quickly away,

I plight my faith only by things that in death
Pass more swift to decay.

I ask not the stars, which for ages have run
On unfaltering feet

To wait on their bright golden master the sun,
For my witnesses sweet ;

Nor the rocks, which, when even your fame shall be
past,

Still unshaken shall be ;

Nor the sky, which shall shadow this earth to the last ;

Nor the broad glittering sea ;

Nor the moon, which, in spite of all poets may say

Of her changing her vest,

Will shine in the same robe of silver as gay,

When I've long sunk to rest.

These are not the vouchers I seek for my truth ;

But lend me thine ear,

And learn by what tokens I'll love thee in youth,

And in age be sincere.

I will love thee by all the bright perishing things,

Which seem yet the more lovely, because they have
wings

By the soft mist that shadows then melts from the
mountain;

By the diamonds that sparkle then burst in the fountain;

By the impress the foot in the yellow sand traces,
Which the next sweeping billow for ever effaces;

By the dew-drop that beams in the violet's blue eye,
Till the sun, like a lover, the gem kisses dry;

By the arrowy lightning's red transient glare,
Which shoots like Hope's visions athwart the dark air;

By the delicate rainbow's fugitive shades,
Which, born of the storm, in the sunlight soon fades;

By the music the proud ship calls out from the tides,
When carving her way through the ocean she glides,
Which murmuring sighs while her sail is in sight,

Then in silence the blue sever'd waters unite;

By the butterfly bright, which, in noon's glowing hour,
Shines on the breast of some favourite flower,

Happy and gay, yet, at evening's close,
Slumbers in death with the self-same rose:

By all of these symbols, so fading and fleet,
My oath I confirm, and my promise repeat;

And if, for new pledges my truth to attest,
More light and more fickle I sought than the rest,
Broken vows, faithless love—these my emblems should
be,

Even such as I've found, false deceiver, in thee.

THE MERCHANT'S DAUGHTER.

BY W. H. HARRISON, ESQ.

ALVAREZ de Rameiro was the son of a Portuguese marquis by an English lady of great beauty and considerable fortune. The match was particularly obnoxious to the family of the nobleman; and Alvarez, at the death of his mother, found himself heir to her English estates and to the cordial dislike of his Portuguese relations: but he was of a light heart and free spirit, and found an antidote to their coldness and neglect in his contempt for their opinion. It naturally followed, however, that he was often, as much "upon compulsion" as from choice, left to the society of his own reflections, which, as he possessed a tolerably well-stored mind and a clear conscience, were very endurable company.

In one of the solitary rambles, in which it was his wont to indulge, he found himself in the vicinity of the pleasure-grounds attached to a villa within a league of Lisbon, the country residence of a British merchant. As he approached the garden, which was separated from the road by a deep moat, he perceived walking on a slight elevation or terrace a young lady, whose form and countenance were so entirely to his taste, that his eyes followed her with an earnestness, which, had she observed it, might not have impressed her with a very favourable notion of his good manners. Whether he was desirous of quenching the incipient flame in his bosom, by rushing into the opposite element, or of

arriving at his object by the shortest possible cut (overlooking in his haste the parenthesis of the ditch) it is neither possible nor essential for me to state; but certain it is, that the lady was roused from her meditations by the noise of a sudden plunge in the water, and, on turning round, she saw a portion of a mantle floating on the moat, and immediately afterwards the hapless owner floundering about, either ignorant of the art of swimming, or incapacitated for efficient exertion by his cloak and appended finery.

The lady did not shriek out, for she knew that the gardener was deaf, and that her cries would not reach the mansion: she did not tear her hair—for, unless she could have made a rope of it, there had been little wisdom in that—but she did better: she seized a rake, and, approaching as near to the moat as she could, literally hooked him into shallow water, whence he was enabled to gain the terrace, where he stood before her dripping like a river-god, and sputtering thanks and duck-weed in great profusion. Never did human being present a more equivocal appearance than did Alvarez on this occasion, covered as he was with mud and weeds. The damsel, at the sight of him scrambling up the bank, was almost induced to exclaim with Trinculo, "What have we here?—a man or a fish?" And indeed, until "the creature found a tongue," it would have been no easy task for Linneus himself to determine the class of animals to which he belonged. No meeting between fair lady and gallant knight could

by possibility, be more unromantic; nay, 't was the most common-place thing conceivable: whatever may have been the cavalier's sensations, she did not fall in love with him; for her first impulse on seeing him safely landed was to laugh most incontinently; and love, as my friend the corporal hath it, is "the most serious thing in life."

"I pray you, senora," said Alvarez, as soon as he recovered himself, "to accept my humblest apologies for intruding upon you so extraordinary an apparition."

"Apparition!—nay, senor, you are encumbered somewhat too pertinaciously, methinks, with the impurities of earth to be mistaken for any thing of the kind; unless you lay claim to the spiritual character on the score of your *intangibility*, which I have not the slightest inclination to dispute: and as for your apologies, you had better render them to those unoffending fishes whose peaceful retreat you have so unceremoniously invaded; for you have raised a tempest where, to my certain knowledge, there has not been a ripple for these twelve months."

"Indeed, fair lady, I owe them no apologies, since but for you I had been their food. Yon moat, although not wide enough to swim in, possesses marvellous facilities for drowning."

At this instant the merchant himself entered the grounds, and approached the scene of the interview. His daughter immediately introduced her unbidden guest. "Allow me, my dear papa, to present to you

a gentleman who brings with him the latest intelligence from the bottom of the moat. Behold him dripping with his credentials, and the bearer of a specimen of the soil and a few aquatic plants peculiar to the region he has explored, and of which, having landed on your territories, he politely requests you to relieve him."

"You are a saucy jade," said the merchant; "and, but that I know your freaks ever stop short of actual mischief, I could almost suspect you of having pushed him in."

"Nay, papa, that could not be; we were on opposite sides of the moat."

"You forget, lady," rejoined the cavalier, who began to recover his spirits, "that attraction is often as powerful an agent as repulsion, and that therefore your father's conjecture as to the cause of my misfortune may not be altogether groundless."

"I beseech you, senor," said the daughter, "to reserve your compliments for your next visit to the Naiads of the moat, to whom they are more justly due, and cannot fail to be acceptable from a gentleman of your amphibious propensities. I hope our domestics will be careful in divesting you of that plaster of mud:—I should like the cast amazingly."

During this colloquy the party were approaching the mansion, where Alvarez was accommodated with a temporary change of attire; and it is certain that if the damsel was not captivated by his first appearance, her heart was still less in danger when she beheld him encased

in her father's habiliments—"a world too wide" for him—the merchant being somewhat of the stoutest, while the fair proportions of his guest were not encumbered with any exuberance of flesh.

Thus originated the acquaintance of Mr. Wentworth and his fair daughter with the most gallant of all Portuguese cavaliers, Alvarez de Rameiro; an acquaintance which, as their amiable qualities mutually developed themselves, ripened into friendship. Alvarez exhibited a frankness of manner which never bordered upon rudeness and was equally remote from assurance; while the liberality of his opinions indicated an elevation of mind that the bigotry amid which he had been educated had not been able to overthrow. These qualities well accorded with the straight-forward disposition of the Englishman, who probably found them scarce in Lisbon, and rendered the society of the young foreigner more than ordinarily agreeable to him.

It happened, one afternoon in the summer, that the merchant and Alvarez were enjoying their glass of wine and cigar, while Mary Wentworth was attending to some plants in a grass-plot before the window. Mr. Wentworth had told his last story, which was rather of the longest; but as his notions of hospitality, in furnishing his table, included conversation as well as refection, he made a point of keeping it up, and, with this general object rather than any particular one—for he had great simplicity of heart—he filled his glass, and, passing the decanter to his guest,

resumed the conversation : " It has occurred to me, Alvarez, that your attentions to my Mary have been somewhat pointed of late—fill your glass, man, and don't keep your hand on the bottle ; it heats the wine."

" Then, sir, my conduct has not belied my feelings ; for I certainly do experience much gratification in Miss Wentworth's society, and her father is the last person from whom I should desire to conceal it."

" Then have the kindness to push the cigar-dish a little nearer, for mine is out."

" I hope, sir, that my attentions to your daughter have not been offensive to her ?"

" I am sure I don't know, for I never asked her."

" Nor to yourself, I trust ?"

" No, or you would not have had so many opportunities of paying them."

" They have occasioned you no anxiety or uneasiness, then, sir ?"

" Nay, your own honour is my warrant against that, and I have the collateral security of her prudence."

" May I, then, without offence, inquire whither your observations tend, and why you have introduced the subject ?"

" In the first instance, simply for want of something else to talk about ; but, now we are upon the subject, it may be as well to know your views in paying the attentions to which I have referred."

" When I tell you honestly that I love your daughter, you will not, with the confidence you are pleased to

place in my honour, have any difficulty in guessing them."

"Guessing is not my forte, and therefore I ever hated riddles; they puzzle the understanding without improving it. Speak out."

"Why, sir, with your sanction, to make her my wife."

"Then you will do a very foolish thing; that is, always supposing that my daughter has no objection to your scheme; and we, both of us, appear to have left her pretty much out of the argument. Pray, is she aware at all of the preference with which you are pleased to honour her?"

"I have never told her, because I know not how she would receive the declaration; and I prize your daughter's good opinion too dearly to desire to look like a simpleton before her."

"Well, there's some sense in that. By the way, Alvarez, without any particular reference to the subject we are discussing, let me exhort you, whenever you make a declaration of your love to a woman, never do it upon your knees."

"Why not, sir?"

"Because it is the most inconvenient position possible for marching off the field; and, in the event of a repulse, the sooner a man quits it the better."

"But, sir, I maintain, and I speak it under favour, and with all deference to the sex, that the man who exposes himself to the humiliation of a refusal richly merits it."

"As how?"

"Because he must be blind, if he cannot, within a reasonable period, find out whether his suit be acceptable or not, and a fool if he declares himself before."

"You think so, do you? 'Then be so good as to push over that plate of olives; and, as I said before, in reference to your matrimonial project, I think it a very foolish one."

"In what respect, sir, may I ask?"

"In the first place, it is the custom in England for a man and his wife to go to church together; and you were born a Catholic."

"Only half a one, sir; my mother was a Protestant."

"And a heretic."

"No, sir; my sainted mother was a Christian."

"You do not mean to call yourself a Protestant?"

"I do, indeed, sir."

"Then, let me tell you that your religion is the most unfashionable in all Lisbon, and somewhat dangerous withal."

"Have you found it so?"

"Nay; I am of a country which is given to resent as a nation an injury done to an individual member of it; and as a British fleet in the bay of Lisbon would not be the most agreeable sight to the good folk of this Catholic city, I presume I may profess what religion I please, without incurring any personal risk: but you have no such safeguard; and, although my daughter might have no great objection to your goodly

person as it is, she might not relish it served up as a grill, according to the approved method, in this most orthodox country, of freeing the spirit from its earthly impurities."

"You talk very coolly, my dear sir, upon a rather warm subject; but I assure you I am under no apprehensions on that score."

"Well, admitting that you are justified in considering yourself safe, do you think that an alliance with the daughter of a merchant, and a foreigner, would be otherwise than obnoxious to your family?"

"Why, as to that, my affectionate brothers-in-law, not reckoning upon the pleasure of my society in the next world, have not been at much pains to cultivate it in this; and therefore I apprehend I am not bound to consult their wishes in the matter."

The conversation was here interrupted by the entrance of Miss Wentworth, and the subject was of course changed.

The explanation which had taken place between the merchant and Alvarez was followed by an equally good understanding between the latter and the young lady; and it was finally arranged among them that Mr. Wentworth, who had been eminently successful in his commercial pursuits in Lisbon, should only remain to close his accounts, and convert his large property into bills and specie, for the purpose of remitting it to London, when the whole party, Alvarez himself having no ties to bind him to his own country, should embark for

England, where the union of the young people was to take place.

But, alas! "the course of true love never did run smooth;" and scarcely had the preliminary arrangements been completed, when the merchant was seized with an inflammatory fever which terminated in his death, leaving his daughter, who loved him to a degree of enthusiasm which such a parent might well inspire, overwhelmed by sorrow, a stranger in a foreign land, and without a friend in the world but Alvarez, whose ability to protect her fell infinitely short of his zeal and devotion to her service. Still, however, he could comfort and advise with her; and she looked up to him with all that confiding affection which the noble qualities of his heart, and the honourable tenor of his conduct, could not fail to create. But even he, her only stay, was shortly taken from her. The Holy Office, having gained information of their intention of quitting Lisbon with the property of the deceased merchant, availed itself of the pretext afforded by the religious profession of Alvarez to apprehend and confine him, as the most effectual means of delaying the embarkation, relying on ulterior measures for obtaining possession of the wealth of their victims.

Mary Wentworth's was not a mind to sink supinely under misfortune, for she had much energy of character; but this last blow was enough to paralyze it all. She had no difficulty to guess at the object of the Holy Office, and she knew that if any measure could avail

her in this emergency, it must be speedily adopted. But the power of the Inquisition was a fearful one to contend with. There was but one man in Lisbon who could aid her, and to him she was a stranger; yet to him she determined to appeal.

The name of Sebastian Joseph de Carvalho, marquis of Pombal, will be familiar to those who are conversant with the history of Portugal as that of the prime minister of king Joseph; to which elevation he appears to have risen from circumstances of extreme indigence and the humble rank of a corporal. He is represented to have been a man of enlarged mind, uncommon personal courage, and great decision of character. On the other hand, he is said to have exhibited a haughty overbearing spirit, to have executed justice with extreme severity, and evinced a cruel and ferocious disposition. It is, nevertheless, universally admitted, that in the majority of his political acts he had the good of his country at heart, which is evidenced by the wisdom with which he met, and the success with which he alleviated, the public calamities consequent upon the earthquake at Lisbon in 1755 — by the salutary restraints which he imposed upon an arrogant aristocracy, as well as upon the tyranny of the Inquisition—and by the decided measures by which he contributed to overthrow the power of the Jesuits. In person he was of gigantic stature; and his countenance was so singularly marked and imposing, that a nobleman, who had opened his carriage-door

with the intention of assassinating him, was deterred from his purpose by its awful and terrible expression.

To this man, whom the boldest could not approach without awe, Mary Wentworth resolved to appeal. It was night when she presented herself at his palace, where she was refused admittance. While, however, she was parleying with the sentinel, Carvalho's steward, who had accompanied his master on his embassy to the court of London, approached the gate, and, being interested by her English accent, caused her to be admitted. He inquired the nature of her business with the minister, which she briefly explained to him.

"Alas, my daughter!" said the old man, "I fear your errand to Carvalho will prove a fruitless one. I may not safely procure you an interview; but your countrymen, while I sojourned among them, were kind to me, and I would peril something to do you this service.—Follow me."

He preceded her up a flight of stairs, and, pointing to a door partly open, at the end of a long passage, he said: "There, in that room, is he whom you seek: may God prosper your errand!" With these words he disappeared by a side-door, and Mary approached the apartment which he had pointed out as that of Carvalho. The door was sufficiently open to admit her; and, entering, she found herself in a spacious and lofty room, from the ceiling of which depended a lamp immediately over the head of the man at whose frown all

Lisbon trembled; and when she beheld his gigantic form and ferocious countenance, she felt that nothing short of the stake which depended on the interview could induce her to persevere in seeking it.

His head rested on his hand; his brow was strongly knit; and his eyes were intently fixed upon some papers. The rustling of her dress, as she drew near the table, attracted his attention. He did not start, but, raising his eyes, looked coldly and sternly upon her; and, without uttering a word, appeared to wait for an explanation of so extraordinary an intrusion.

Mary possessed shrewdness and discrimination enough to perceive that, with a man of Carvalho's strength and decision of character, nothing was more likely to prejudice her cause than circumlocution. She therefore entered at once upon her story, and told it in the fewest possible words, concluding with an appeal rather to his justice than to his feelings: and in this she did wisely. He listened without interrupting her, or betraying in his countenance the slightest indication of the effect of her appeal. When she had ended, he waited a few moments, as if to ascertain if she had any thing more to say. His reply was—"Senora, were I to try my strength with the Holy Office upon every occasion of its oppression and injustice, I should have constant occupation, and gain little by the contest. I am not omnipotent: I have checked the power of the Inquisition, but I cannot crush it, or, credit me, not one stone of that hated edifice should stand upon another. Your

case is hard, and I compassionate it ; but I fear I can do nothing to aid you in obtaining redress. You say your father was a British merchant ; what was his name ?”

“ Wentworth, senor.”

“ Wentworth !—I have good cause to recollect him. Of all my political opponents, that man, if not the most powerful, was the most persevering and unbending. I adopted certain measures which he considered to militate against the commerce of his country, and he combated them with all his might ; but he did it like a man, boldly and open-handed. In the very heat of this controversy, when the feelings of both parties were at the height of their excitement, I was walking, unattended, in the streets of Lisbon, when a mob collected upon my path, and dark looks and threatening gestures were gathering around me. I am not a man to fly from a rabble : I frowned defiance upon my assailants, who continued to press upon me ; and some of them unsheathed their daggers. On a sudden, and from behind me, I was seized by a powerful hand, dragged into a house, the door of which was instantly closed, and found myself in the presence of your father. ‘ Carvalho,’ said he, ‘ you are my enemy and my country’s ; but you shall not die a dog’s death while I can protect you.’ He kept his word in defiance of the threats and imprecations of the rabble, declaring that they should pull his house upon his head ere they violated its sanctuary. A party of military at last arrived and dispersed the rioters. Your father, at parting,

said, with a smile, 'Now, Carvalho, we are foes again.'—And is he dead?—Then have I lost an enemy, whom to bring back to earth I would freely surrender all who now call themselves my friends. Marvel not, lady, that I am somewhat rough and stern; ingratitude hath made me so. This city was once a ruin; gaunt famine was even in her palaces, and the cry of desolation in her streets. I gave bread to her famishing people, raised her from the dust, and made her what you see: but I sowed blessings, and curses were the harvest that I reaped. I have laboured day and night for the good of this priest-ridden people; and, because I have consulted their welfare rather than their prejudices, there is not a man in Lisbon who would not plunge his dagger into my heart, if he had courage for the deed. A sense of gratitude to any human being is new to me, and, trust me, I will indulge it. The debt I owe your father, and which his proud spirit would not permit me to acknowledge as I purposed, I will endeavour to repay to his child. Yet how to aid you in this matter I know not. I have to combat the most powerful engine of the church, which on this occasion will have the prejudices of the people on its side."

The minister paced the room for a few minutes, thoughtfully and perplexed; at length he resumed: "The holy brotherhood are not wont to do their work by halves, and you will be their next victim. I know of but one way to save you and him for whom you intercede: it is replete with peril, but it shall be dared.

Go home to your dwelling: tell no one that you have seen me; and, happen what may, I will be with you in the hour of danger, if it be to perish by your side."

Alvarez had been a prisoner three days, during which his treatment was in no respect rigorous, when he was summoned before the inquisitor. The hall of audience, as it was termed, was a spacious chamber, in the centre of which, upon an elevation or platform, about three inches from the floor, was a long table, covered with crimson cloth; around it were placed chairs decorated with crosses; at one end of it sat the inquisitor, and at the other the notary of the Holy Office. At the extremity of the chamber was a figure of the Saviour on the cross, which nearly reached the ceiling; and immediately opposite was a bench appropriated to the prisoners during their examination. The inquisitor wore a kind of cap with a square crown; the notary and the prisoner were of course uncovered. Alvarez was first commanded to lay his hand on a missal which was on the table, and swear that he would truly answer the interrogatories which might be put to him. He was then desired to sit down upon the bench which was at the left hand of the inquisitor, who, after a pause, said: "Senor Alvarez, you are doubtless aware of the accusation upon which you have been summoned before this tribunal."

"Conscious of no offence which should have subjected me to the loss of my liberty, I hesitate not to pronounce the accusation false, be it what it may."

"You speak rashly, senor; the Holy Office is not wont to proceed upon slight grounds. I pray you, therefore, to examine your conscience, and see if—not recently, perhaps, but in the course of your life—you have never committed any offence of which it is the peculiar province of the Inquisition to take cognizance."

"I can only repeat what I have already said: and if any man have aught against me, let him stand forth."

"The Holy Office, for wise reasons, does not confront the accuser and accused, as is the custom in ordinary courts; neither is it our wont to declare the nature of the charge, which we rather refer to the conscience of the delinquent: but, willing that you should meet, with as little delay as may be, the accusation which has been brought against you, I will read it. It recites that, having been born of an English mother, you have embraced the tenets of the falsely-called reformed religion, to the danger of your own soul and the scandal of the true faith; that you have of late been in habits of close intercourse with a pestilent heretic of the same country, since dead, and that you are on the point of marriage with his daughter, also a heretic, contrary to the canons of our holy church. This, senor Alvarez, is the charge: what have you to urge against its truth?"

"God forbid that, in hesitating to confess what I believe to be the true faith, I should deny its divine Author! You have reproached me with my English

parentage; and if the religion of Cranmer, of Ridley, and of Latimer be heresy, then am I a heretic; and, if the cup which was presented to their lips may not pass from mine, may God give me grace to drink it as they did, holding fast by the faith to which I have linked my hopes of Heaven's mercy!"

"Nay, senor Alvarez, the Holy Office is not willing that any should perish, but rather rejoiceth in the exercise of that mercy which is in its discretion: and, although the offence of which you have confessed yourself guilty hath incurred the penalty of a death of ignominy and torture, we have power, by deferring the execution of the sentence, to give you time to repent; so that, upon a renunciation of your errors, you may finally be pardoned, and received into the bosom of the church.—By a law, whereby the goods of heretics are confiscated, those of the deceased merchant, Wentworth, become the property of the church; and as, from your connexion with him and his daughter, you cannot but be informed of the nature and disposition of his wealth, I call upon you, as you would propitiate the Holy Office by assisting in securing its rights, to put it in possession of all you know upon the subject."

"Behold," said Alvarez, with a burst of indignation which startled the inquisitor, "the cloven foot of the Evil One! Now listen to me. The robber of the mountains hath kept faith, and the lion of the desert hath spared his prey; but with the minions of the Inquisition there is neither faith nor mercy. I know that

he, upon whom your dungeons have once closed, stands upon the brink of the grave, and that his life is beyond human ransom. Were I to answer the question you have so insidiously proposed, I should not only betray the trust reposed in me by a dying father and make his child a beggar, but I should strengthen the hands of an institution which, if its power were equal to its will, would make this beauteous world a howling wilderness. I will neither betray my trust nor deny my faith: by God's grace, the last act of my life shall not involve the double guilt of treachery and apostasy."

During this speech, the countenance of the inquisitor was gradually losing that hypocritical expression of mildness, under which those holy functionaries were accustomed to mask the most cruel and vindictive feelings; his face became flushed with rage, and he exclaimed, when Alvarez had finished: "You vaunt it bravely, *senor*! we will now try that persuasive power which is wont to make our guests marvellously communicative."

"You may wring the blood-drops from my heart, but you will not rob it of its secret."

"Away with him to the torture!" roared the inquisitor, and immediately quitted the apartment, while Alvarez was conducted by another door, and through a long passage, into a spacious chamber, from which the light of day was entirely excluded. The lamp, which was suspended from the centre of the ceiling, was just sufficient to render distinct the tribunal of the inquisitor,

the instruments of torture, and the familiars who were appointed to apply them, and whose grim pale features and frightful habiliments imparted additional horror to the scene. The remoter parts of the room were involved in darkness. Alvarez looked towards the tribunal, and immediately recognized the inquisitor by whom he had been previously examined, and who now addressed him with a taunting smile, and said, "Well, senor Alvarez! we have met again: have you brought your boasted courage with you?"

"He who hath laid this trial upon me, and for whose truth I suffer, will give me strength to bear it."

"You will need it all, senor, when your turn shall come; but we do all things in order: we have one here before you, by whose example you may profit. Bring forward the other prisoner!"

Alvarez turned his eyes in the direction in which the inquisitor looked as he spoke, and, with feelings of agony and horror which no language can adequately describe, he beheld in the intended victim his own Mary! A shriek proclaimed that her feelings at the mutual recognition were not less acute than his, and she fell back, apparently lifeless, into the arms of her terrific attendants.

Alvarez turned to the inquisitor, and addressed him, for the first time, in the tone of supplication. "If," said he, "there be one instrument of torture more dreadful than another, let me be its victim: tear me piecemeal, limb from limb; but, for the sake of Him

whose all-seeing eye is upon you, spare, oh spare, this beauteous work of his hands! Oh, if you have a human heart, you cannot look upon such loveliness and mar it!—Oh, if yon image of the blessed Jesus be not set up in bitter mockery of his meekness and his mercy, I beseech you harm her not!”

“Nay, senor,” replied the inquisitor with a laugh of irony, “you drew so captivating a portrait of our mercy in the hall of audience, that it were gross injustice in us to prove it false. Let the torture be applied to the female prisoner!”

The preparations to obey the mandate aroused Mary Wentworth from her swoon; and a faint, and, of course, ineffectual struggle was all she could oppose to the application of the first instrument of torture intended to be used, namely, the thumb-screw. It was, therefore, soon fixed, and the attendants waited the word from the inquisitor to draw the cords. This he was in the act of giving, when, from the gloom in which the extremity of the room was involved, a voice of thunder exclaimed “Forbear!” and immediately the speaker advanced to the front of the tribunal, his arm, however, enveloped in the folds of his mantle, concealing his face to the eyes.

The inquisitor angrily inquired who it was that presumed to interrupt the proceedings of the court, and directed the attendants to seize him. The stranger spoke not a word, but, slowly dropping his arm, discovered the stern and haughty countenance of Carvalho.

The inquisitor started, as if a spectre had risen up before him, but immediately recovered himself.

"Senor Carvalho," said he, "this visit is an honour for which we were not prepared: may I beg to be informed of its object?"

"Simply the liberation of these prisoners."

"Upon what authority do you demand it?"

"My own will."

"Much as we respect that, senor, it were scarcely sufficient warrant to us for their surrender. The circumstances under which they were arrested are such as utterly to preclude us from according to you the courtesy you ask."

"As for your respect, I know well the standard by which to measure it. The circumstances attending their arrest have been reported to me, and leave me at no loss to account for your reluctance to give them up; and as for your courtesy, I pray you keep it until it be asked. I did not come to sue for their liberty, but to demand it."

"It may not be, senor; the prisoners must pass to their trial, where they will have justice."

"Oh, doubtless!" said Carvalho, with a bitter smile, "such justice as the wolf metes out to the lamb, and the vulture to the dove."

"I pray you, senor, to reflect upon the unseasonableness of a jest upon an occasion like this."

"In good sooth, jocularly is not my wont, or a jest within the torture-room of the Holy Office, from any

other than an inquisitor, would possess too much of the charm of novelty to be forborne. But, credit me, I was never more in earnest than I am now. Be this the proof. Before I ventured to obtrude myself into your reverend presence, I left instructions with the commandant of artillery, in obedience to which, if I be not with him in half an hour, he will open a fire upon your walls. Now I depart not alone; and you, who best know how the light of day will accord with the secrets of your dungeons, will make your election between surrendering the prisoners or seeing this edifice a smoking ruin."

"Senor Carvalho," said the inquisitor, who had witnessed too many awful instances of the minister's veracity, as well as of his power, to doubt, for a moment, that his threat, if disregarded, would be fulfilled with a terrible punctuality, "in yielding to this extraordinary exercise of power, I feel it my duty, in the name of the Holy Office, solemnly to protest against this interference with its privileges; and you will not be surprised, if, in our own justification, we find it expedient to appeal to the pope."

"So did the Jesuits; and in order that their memorial might not miscarry, I sent the appellants after it by ship-loads, until his holiness heartily wished the appeal and the locusts that followed it in the Red Sea. You will do wisely to profit by the warning which their example should convey to you."

Having said this, he turned towards Alvarez and

Mary Wentworth, and, passing an arm of each through his own, led them unmolested through the several gates of the prison. Mary glanced at his countenance, and perceived that the sardonic smile which had marked it while in the presence of the inquisitor had passed away, leaving in its place his wonted sternness, softened, she thought, by somewhat more of solemnity than she had hitherto observed him to assume. He walked on between them in silence until they arrived within a few paces of the principal street in Lisbon, when he stopped, and said: "Here we part: I have risked my power, and, it may be, my life, to save you. But be that my care; all I ask of you is, get you out of this city, for it is no abiding place for either of you. There is an English vessel in the bay; this officer" (beckoning to him a person in uniform, whom, for the first time, they observed standing within a few yards of them,) "will assist you in getting your effects on board: follow them, with all despatch; for twenty-four hours you are safe; beyond that time I will not answer for your lives. Let me hear of your arrival in England. May God bless and keep you!—Farewell!" He pressed the hand of each, and they saw him no more.

It is scarcely necessary to add that the advice was followed: before half of the allotted time had expired they were on their voyage, which proved safe and prosperous.

HAMET TO HIS CONQUEROR,
AFTER ATTEMPTING HIS LIFE.

BY MRS. HARRIET DOWNING.

REPENT!—ah, no! my soul shall still be free,
Dark as it is, from such ignoble stain.
The recreant vow shall never spring from me,
To purchase at thy hand a gilded chain.
Still let me find my solace in disdain.

Then hear me swear, by yon dark vaulted sky,
That might I now unweave the web of fate,
Undo that deed for which I soon shall die,
And win thy love, as now I court thy hate;
Might I, like thee, all coldly vegetate,
Like stagnant stream exist, I know not why,
My passions chain'd, my soul all lethargy,
I'd be the thing I am—awake to know
Excess of pleasure, or extreme of woe—
A thing all nerve, whose rapid, boiling blood,
Rushes like mountain torrent through my veins,
Bearing, within its wild impetuous flood,
Delights ecstatic—agonizing pains!

THE FAREWELL.

Now begone, my little Book!
Lovely eyes on thee will look,
Like the sunlight on the stream,
Making all thy beauties beam.
Lips, the crimson tint of love,
Will along thy pages rove,
As the evening breezes' sighs,
Waking up the rose's dyes;
As the touch of fairy feet,
Making all the sweet more sweet.

Come, thou grave and gray-hair'd sage,
Turn not from my little page.
In the little sea-shore shell
Loveth not the pearl to dwell?
What upon the monarch's brow
Doth like living sun-rays glow,
But the little diamond stone?
What, when Night is on her throne,
Shooteth living light afar,
But the little azure star?

Come, thou lover, on whose eyes
Dreams of absent beauty rise,
In my little page thou'lt find
Balmy medicine for the mind,

Tales of Truth and Constancy,
Tried by land and tried by sea ;
Tried by sorrow, tried by time ;
Love still living in its prime ;
O'er the clouds of human ill
Soaring angel-pinion'd still.

Come thou maiden, sweet and young,
Like a lyre with silver strung,
Like the breathing violet,
Still with morning's kisses wet ;
Like a sweet bird in its nest,
Stranger to the world's unrest,
Ere upon the breeze it flings
The rich painting of its wings :
Thou shalt find a wond'rous spell
In my little oracle—
Solemn story, high-toned song,
Of the ages buried long ;
Tales of softness, thoughts sublime,
Golden fruits that mock at time ;
Blooms that, borrow'd from the skies,
Tell on earth of paradise.

Now to all a fond farewell !
Wintry blasts around me swell ;
On the hill and on the plain
Hangs the cloud and falls the rain.

Yet thou 'lt beam, my little book,
By the Christmas fireside nook;
Yet thou 'lt spread thy silken wings
By the Ganges' glittering springs;
By the wave where summer smiles
Ever on the Spicy Isles;
Then across the Atlantic main,
By the mighty Indian plain;
By the mounts of gold and steel
Sparkling through thy groves, Brazil;
By the northern waters wide,
By the Hudson's rushing tide;
By Ontario's mighty lake,
By the forests deep that shake
O'er the central mountain-spine,
Whence, to bathe the burning Line,
Whence, to cheer the frozen pole,
Twice a hundred torrents roll:
Till thy rapid flight is done,
Circling with the circling sun;
Till again the ripen'd year
Send thy beauty round the sphere,
Led by love and friendship's chart,
Thine the voyage of the heart.
Now is wound my gentle spell;
Now to all a fond farewell!

Αριαδνη.

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